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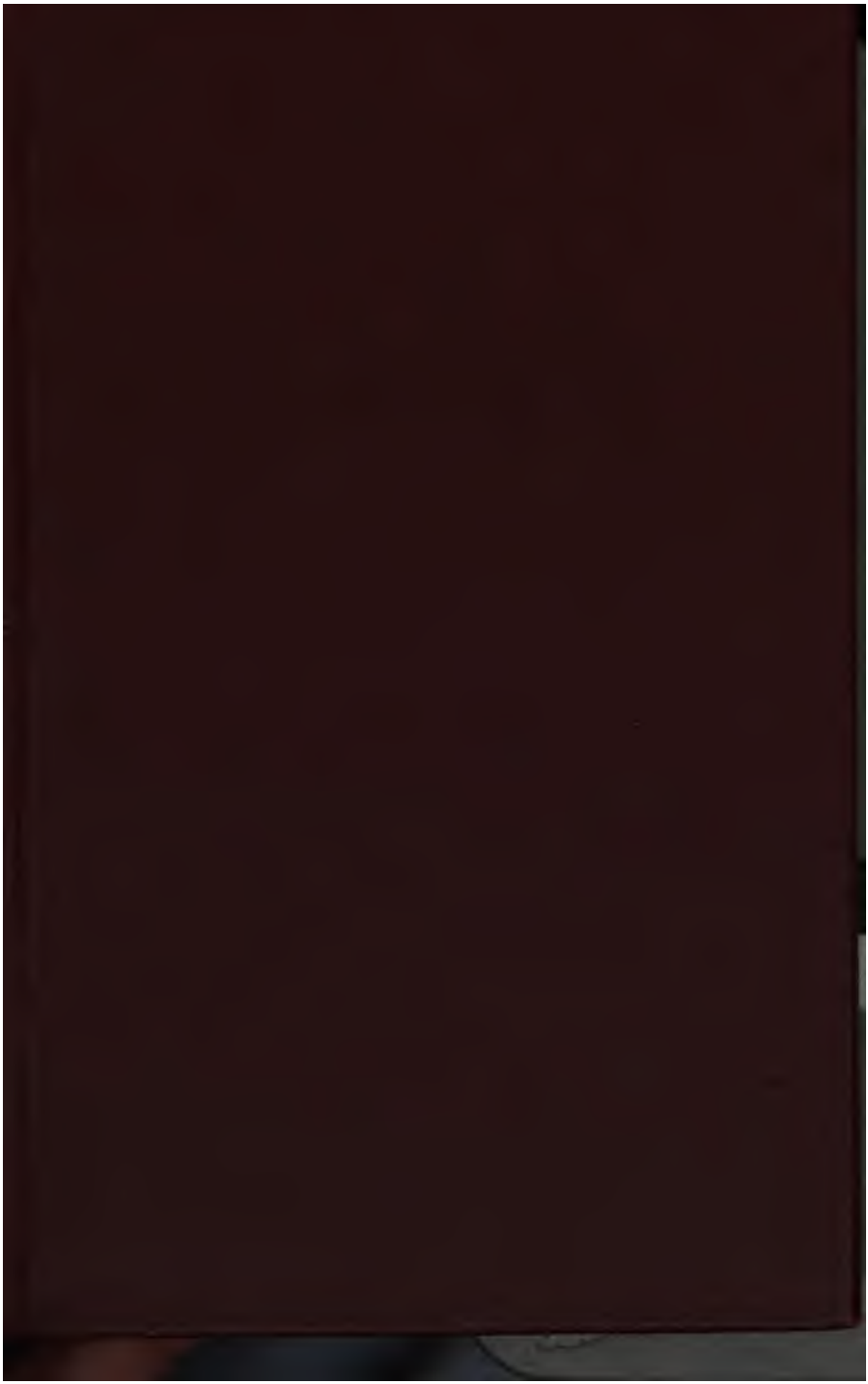

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MEMORANDA

OF THE

EXPERIENCE, LABORS, AND TRAVELS

OF A

UNIVERSALIST PREACHER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CINCINNATI:
JOHN A. GURLEY, PUBLISHER.
1845.

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PREFACE.

When a man takes it upon himself to write his own history, he is, we may suppose, either moved thereto by a propensity to egotism, or he is persuaded that he is fulfilling a duty to the public, by presenting a record of instructive facts; or facts, at least, which he judges will profitably engage the attention of the reader. With the former of these motives, the author feels that he is liable to be charged; with what truth God only knows, for he confesses that he himself does not; in his own partial judgment, however, he stands acquitted of it altogether, and his sole inducement seems to be the latter named one. He puts forth these memoranda *now*, because he thinks the most eventful period of his life is past. His memory freshly retains the incidents of that period; many are living who can attest their verity if it should be doubted; and moreover he judges that the matters of his history will interest the present generation in a manner that they cannot the generations to come.

Of course the author will be readily pardoned—perhaps thanked, to boot—for not having furnished a full and circumstantial autobiography. For what is he, that the public should care to know where he was born, or when, or who were his ancestors, or how he behaved himself in the nursery, and so on? There *are* individuals in regard to whom even such particulars are interesting, but the author is far from deeming himself one of these. In short, the biography of an eminent personage, however common-place may be its details, is interesting *because of the individual*. On the contrary, what is related of a common person, if it prove interesting at all, is so only on its own account. The reader will please to include the

following narrative within the latter category, and he will be thereby saved the trouble of inquiring:

"Why has this gentleman judged himself of such importance as to have given us his history, whilst many amongst us, greatly his superiors, and who have rendered far greater service to the cause of truth, are passing away without leaving any record of themselves behind?"

Such inquiries it is hoped, will be superceded, or at least, satisfactorily answered, by what is above written—and if so, the author's main purpose in this preface will have been accomplished. THE AUTHOR.

Cincinnati, Ohio, 1845.

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MEMORANDA

OF A

UNIVERSALIST PREACHER.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's early Religious experience—Begins soon to exercise himself in Public—Undertakes a Journey to the West—Returns and sojourns in Bristol, Pensylvania—Some adventures there with his friend Ben.

My public career may, in some sort, be said to have commenced as soon as I became a professor of religion, which was in my seventeenth year; I was then a resident of Philadelphia, of which beautiful city I can hardly divest myself of the impression that I am a native, from my having resided in it since so early an age. My mother church was the Episcopalian; in her creed and ritual I was very strictly educated; in the baptism she ministered to me "I was made—so she taught me to profess—a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven;" for which important favor, if but the half of it be true, God only knows how large are my obligations to her. In my thirteenth year, after being duly catechised for the occasion, I was *confirmed;* what that meant I knew not; the tradition about it among us juveniles was, that from thenceforward the responsibility of our guilt was shifted from the shoulders of our god-fathers and god-mothers to our own; I felt, for my part, no particular thankfulness for the transfer. It may be, that the majority of the subjects of confirmation in that church understand the purpose of the rite about as well as we did.

My religious experience, when I came to have any, was not according to what was then inculcated by my mother church, though she now enjoins the same, especially that branch of her which is termed the *low*, or *evangelical* party, and which corresponds to what is termed the *new school* in the Presbyterian denomination. Mixing

much with the Methodists, and other puritanic classes, I had imbibed the notion that religion is the result of a direct energy from heaven on the heart; hence the subject was shrouded in a vague and dream-like obscurity; I looked for dreams, and supernatural appearances, and as others commonly professed to have experienced things of the kind, I was often tempted to be angry because the Lord did not vouchsafe the same favors to me.

Yet I must own that I experienced nothing in harmony with those fancies; there was a perfect naturalness, and simplicity, in the manner of my becoming a subject of religion; no lightnings flashed, no thunders rolled, no pulpit declamation disturbed the sleep of my conscience; I was alone with an aged relative—my mother's mother—she was about to leave me and go to reside in Charleston, South Carolina, and she was condoling with me on the utter loneliness in which I should be left at her departure—an orphan, and only child—without relative of any sort to go to—isolated, as it were, from the rest of humanity. The kind old lady was moved almost to speechlessness. "But never mind, my dear," she concluded with affected cheerfulness, "you have God for a father, after all, and you will need no other friend—will you?" I answered not a word—how could I? My heart was full, and ached to relieve itself of its overflowing emotion; like Joseph, when so moved by his brother Judah's pathetic appeal, I wanted a secret place to weep in. I had often heard, before, that God was my father; it was a trite truth, but I had never *felt* that truth before. For many days and nights after that I experienced a sort of bliss in weeping; a sense of my heavenly Father's love, and of my own ingratitude, so dissolved my heart in tenderness, that I supposed it never would be susceptible to any other emotion, and when for the first time I bowed my knees in secret, and felt that my soul was communing with its invisible but everywhere present Father, I am persuaded that I experienced a portion of the bliss which spirits feel at God's right hand.

Still I judged not myself to have experienced *conversion*, for, according to the technical signification of that term, among the Methodists, conversion is the second of several mystical degrees, which have at different times to be taken, in order to the completion of the christian character: conviction, conversion, sanctification, and perfection,

are, in their view, so many steps in the ladder of ascension to heaven, and yet, from the second of these rounds the subject can step into paradise without troubling himself to climb the remaining two! I, for my part, had been favored with no preternatural visitations—I had undergone no swoonings; nor had I heard any voice whispering in my ear that my sins were forgiven. I therefore judged not myself to have been converted. And great was my grief and mortification on that account, especially as I was in the habit of witnessing the process in others on almost every Sunday evening, at which times—as the preachers said—"the Lord was on the giving hand," which I took to mean that he was in a more liberal fit than usual; in this interpretation, however, I may have done them injustice, as I never to this day, have inquired the particular meaning of the phrase, or whether it has any. Howbeit many of the converts got through the operation in a marvelously short time, whilst I prayed, and prayed, earnestly and long, to no effect save that of expending my religious fervor and hardening my heart. Alas! my efforts to get at the bottom of this mysterious business were similar in result to that of which the poet Cowper speaks, of—

> "—— dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

I continued, nevertheless, to love and reverence God as my Father, and to serve him according to my crude conceptions of the service he required. I had happiness, too, in those days—*unutterable* happiness; more intense, certainly more ecstatic, than I have ever enjoyed since, though, I must own, less uniform, and subject to far more serious drawbacks, than is the religious enjoyment of my later years. "If ignorance is bliss," saith a poet, "'tis folly to be wise." However that be, (and I confess it hard to dispute the deduction,) it is nevertheless true that deluded fanatics in religion commonly exhibit a more rapturous state of feeling than belongs to the more sober and enlightened christian; but, then, the latter is not as often, nor as deeply, depressed as they—he is not panic-stricken with their alarms—a comet affrights *him* not—the thunder to *him* is not the voice of God's wrath, nor do meteors, to *his* disturbed fancy, bode the ruin of the world; from bug-bears of this sort the truth has made

him free. My spiritual horizon remained but for a little while unclouded; a friend of mine, whom I had not known to be a Deist, put the Age of Reason, D'Holbach's System of Nature, and other similar works into my hands, the reading of which made me wretched beyond description. Oh, how dark to me—how drear were a few weeks following my perusal of those books! I was now a friendless orphan once more; from heaven's throne bent over me no Father's watchful love; secret prayer had lost its object; my meditations went not rapturously up to a world of bliss as before; my only prospect, alas! was through a vista of sorrow-beclouded years in this cold world, to a grave, from which was to be no resurrection.

In this state of mind I first read the Night Thoughts, and Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses, with a zest which words would feebly describe. I also read Paley's Evidences, and his Horæ Paulinæ, which, with several other works in defense of divine revelation, completely re-established my faith in the Christian religion. No language would adequately represent my bliss, when returning from an unusually interesting meeting, one Sabbath afternoon, I renewed, in the secrecy of my chamber, my spiritual intercourse with my Father in heaven. Let it not excite the reader's scorn, when I tell him, that the meeting referred to was an African one, and the preacher as illiterate as negro preachers usually are, for so much the more did the simplicity and eloquence of sentiment which marked the sermon affect me—it seemed the very inspiration of truth. And as I looked over the large congregation, and observed the rapt delight which beamed in almost every countenance, I was forced to own that the religion which could thus sway and felicitate that mass of individuals, who otherwise might be spending the day in crime, or hurtful dissipation, would be degraded by a comparison with the cold and barren abstractions of infidel philosophy. I think so still. Since that period, thank God! no doubt has ever, but very passingly, clouded the heaven of my faith.

A lad named William Taylor, and I, used to go out amongst the brick-yards in the suburbs very early on Sabbath mornings, to sing and pray together, where none could see or hear us, but He to whom our devotions were addressed. We continued this practice for a year or two, whenever the weather would admit of it; we

also used to take books with us to read, of a character to fan and feed the devotional flame. Such as Baxter's Saints' Rest, Rowe's Devout Exercises, Kempis' Imitation of Christ, St. Augustine's Meditations, etc., thence, our custom was, to return in time for public worship to the old Academy, on Fourth street; the Southern wing of which was used by the Methodists as a place of religious meeting. Thomas Burch was then the preacher there. I used to like him much; he was more metaphysical, and less vociferous, than were the most of Methodist preachers at that day, and, moreover, he sat his face against the irregularities by which the worship of that people is apt to be disturbed. From my recollections of him, I believe Mr. Burch to have been a man of sincere piety and an excellent spirit. Doctor Sargeant, also, used occasionally to occupy the desk at the Academy; *his* stand against fanaticism was firm and uncompromising. I remember, that once, when a preacher named Cox, had in the forenoon sermon vindicated the duty of always speaking of religion whenever it was practicable—never letting an occasion pass without introducing it as a main topic, etc., Doctor S., in the evening, advised against such a course, pronouncing it to be fulsome in itself, and annoying to others. "Many people's religion," said he, "evaporates in words, when *actions* would be far more to the purpose." He was not far wrong there, I think.

But no preacher holds so pleasant a place in my remembrance of those times, as John Summerfield. I heard him shortly after his arrival from England, and, at intervals, till near the time of his death. His appearance was very youthful, very meek, indicating no consciousness of his being an object of the public idolatry. His eye was large, and had the brilliance, and his countenance altogether the sort of unearthly beauty, which subjects of pulmonary consumption are apt to exhibit. His voice was winning, mild, and musical—his language simple, unambitious, and easy in its flow—his action unstudied, seldom employed, yet when it was so, it was grace itself. Mr. Summerfield was apt to be thrillingly affective in some of his passages, by reason of some uncommon beauty, or sublimity of thought, which seemed the spontaneous product of the theme, or of the occasion. There were other and rival lights in the firmament of Methodism in his day, but I doubt whether

before or since, any ever shone with so steady and placid a brilliance.

It was not long ere I begun to exercise myself in public in two different ways; one was by visiting the city almshouse on Sunday afternoons, for purposes of exhortation and prayer. In this business I was joined by several lads of about my own age. We commenced on the rule of visiting the men's wards on one Sabbath, and the women's on another, alternately; but we soon found reason for departing from this arrangement, and giving our attention exclusively to the men, for *they*, we found, were almost wholly neglected, while the women's apartments were literally overrun; and that, too, by successive troops of men, and boys of different ages. Although at all times very dull of perception in most things, I yet was soon sensible to the indelicacy of a practice of that sort, and I now look back on it with feelings of decided revulsion. A young female once beckoned us to her bedside, and begun complaining to us in moving accents of the harsh treatment to which she was sometimes subjected; in our simplicity we were lending a pitying ear to her tale, when she sprung from her bed, *en chemise*, and, pulling a strait jacket from under its foot, was proceeding to show us in what way they confined her in it when her mad fits came on! A general but half-suppressed giggle from the various beds, made us sensible of the ludicrousness of our situation; we were not long in making our escape from the room; how sheepishly, is left for the reader's imagination. This incident (only one of many which we witnessed) determined us to refrain entirely from visiting the female wards. Only a Sabbath previous we had figured in a still worse scene: a female (from what motive God only knows) gave us the number of a certain room, with a particular request that we should visit it; we did so; we looked at each other in mute astonishment at the bold-faced character of the inmates, and the little concern they gave themselves at the various states of nudity in which we found them. A Methodist-looking man was on his knees at prayer by one of the beds, but no one seemed in the least to be heeding his petition; we knelt until he had closed, and, on rising, one of us had missed his handkerchief and another his hymn-book! It may easily be guessed into what company we had stumbled. We were glad to escape without making any noise about our losses.

Saying nothing of the *indelicacy* of such intrusions into the sick chamber of females, what shall be said of the annoyance, on their part, of having squads of grown and half-grown saints trooping through their apartments, and vociferating their crude notions of religion, as if the circumstance of their being more favored in point of health or worldly condition, gave them a title to be wiser than those who were less so? It were pity, indeed, if pious females were wanting in sufficient number, to minister to their own sex in their sickness and poverty, that the office must be left to the less delicate administration of men and boys; but truth is, that men, with less piety and purity of heart than women, in general, assume to be exclusively privileged in the matter of imparting sacred instruction, except in the nursery, and other equally obscure departments.

Another way in which I publicly exercised myself, was by taking part in the debates of the Berean Society, which was composed principally of Universalists, and held its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings of every week, in the Northern Liberties and the Southwark Commissioners' Halls. It is probable that no one individual, of the orthodox faith, participated for so long a time in these discussions as I did, and for the reason, probably, that I had less sense than others to perceive that the Universalists gained on the public attention and confidence in proportion as they were opposed. In the infancy of the institution these debates were conducted with great zeal and animation; men of learning and eminence in orthodox churches engaged in them, but these, one after another, withdrew, and left the business of battling with heresy to ignorant men and boys. My own opposition to Universalism was very sincere. I viewed it as a most dangerous delusion. I had more than once heard my tutor in Latin (a Presbyterian clergyman) for whom I had great respect, say, that without the possibility of doubt, both the preachers and hearers of that faith would be eternally damned. This was sufficiently high authority for me. Nevertheless, though sincere, my opposition was characterised by a calmness of manner, and a readiness of concession, where candor required it, which led my opponents to predict, and my friends to fear, that I was in the end to become an advocate of the faith I was laboring to destroy—a thing, God knows, which was far

enough from my purpose at the time. Several of my friends remonstrated with me on the danger I incurred in attending those meetings, and some of them, privately, made such representations to my grandmother (the aged relative aforementioned—she had returned from Carolina) as induced her to beseech me, with tears, to refrain from attending the Berean debates. I ought, perhaps, to have obeyed her, but, in truth, the poor old lady knew absolutely nothing about the matter. She had been told that Universalists denied God, and Christ, and heaven, and all things sacred, and held to people's robbing, swearing, murdering, etc., by natural right. As a thing of course, I felt the more determined to continue acting my part in these meetings from the fact of my doing so being opposed on so unreasonable grounds: and, moreover, how large an interest my vanity may have felt in the matter, the Lord, who knoweth all things, only knoweth; for I got far more credit for ability in those debates than I was fairly entitled to; my appearance was extremely youthful; I looked, by several years, younger than I really was; this led to an exaggeration, on the part of the hearers, of the very trifling degree of talent my arguments exhibited. One evening, having made the concluding argument, I was surrounded by several of the members, when the meeting broke up, who were anxious to correct the mistakes they said I had committed. Seeing me thus beset, the celebrated Abner Kneeland approached us, and, laying his hand caressingly on my head, remarked, "Let the lad alone, he did the best he could, and will make a good Universalist preacher one of these days." Some few of the members, however, judged it a derogation from the dignity of the meetings to allow the privilege of the floor to so juvenile an opponent; among these was a Mr. P., a glazier, an uncommonly shrewd and talkative old man, and the nearest approximation to absolute rotundity of person, of which I can conceive the human animal capable; he was familiarly known to many by the *soubriquet* of Old Putty. This old man stoutly opposed my being allowed to participate in the discussions, and laid much stress on the circumstance that my beard had not yet begun to show itself. After several had advocated my right to be heard in defence, I had the good fortune to turn the laugh of the house on Old Putty, by retorting, that if he succeeded in voting me down on the score of a

want of beard, I should depute a he-goat to conduct the argument against him in future. This *jeu d'esprit* completely turned the scale in my favor.*

My own decided opinion is, that I was *not* qualified to debate in those meetings, neither in point of information nor ability, but I then had a less just notion of myself, and, truth to say, we usually *know* less, in proportion as we *learn* more; nearly a score of years have since elapsed, during the most of which I have been a tolerably diligent student, but I am now infinitely less of a master-of-all-knowledge than I then supposed myself.

Conformably to a recommendation very common with the christians amongst whom I moved, I used frequently to read the Bible on my knees; my *ostensible* object was *truth;* but, in reality, I sought it for arguments in support of my creed; and when I lighted on a text which seemed to favor it, how devoutly did I use to thank God for such a help against the heretics of the Berean Society! "O thou, who seest in secret!" is not the truth often *thus* sought for, and are not thine oracles too often *thus* read? Yet would I not presumptuously arraign the sincerity of any in this matter, for not only should I fall myself into the same condemnation, but I know, also, that the mind is easily led to deceive itself under pious pretexts, and in favor of its long-standing prepossessions. That truth should be sought in a devout and humble spirit, and that the Bible, in the true spirit of it, may be thus, and *only* thus understood, I with all my soul believe; but that a devout and humble spirit is more likely to be possessed on one's knees than in any other attitude, is, to me, far from self-evident.

It was by slow degrees, and without human authority, that I assumed the profession of a minister of the gospel: my first sermon was preached in the village of Attleboro, Bucks County, Pa., from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"—which, to the present day, is a very favorite text with me, and a text to the truth of which I most devoutly subscribe. I was then but a little over twenty years old. Shortly afterwards I

* A Mr. Elwell, of Springboro, Ohio, but formerly of Philadelphia, and a prominent member of the Berean Society, recently refreshed my memory as to the first of these incidents. For the latter I am indebted to a Mr. Nelson, also formerly of that city, but now living near Millersburgh, Kentucky.

undertook a journey on foot to the western country, in company with two young Kentuckians, whose glowing descriptions of the beauty of that region stimulated me to the boyish adventure; I proved, however, quite unequal to the fatigues of it, for by the time of our arrival at Green Village, (145 miles from Philadelphia) I was taken ill of a billious intermittant fever, and my companions were compelled to proceed without me. My illness continued, in a greater or less degree, for nearly six months, during which time I wandered from place to place according as my feeble strength and scanty means permitted. For the first three weeks I tarried with a Methodist family in Green Village; they prayed night and morning, and said grace before and after meat with great strictness; they also held prayer-meetings in their house. As I, in those days, took my estimate of people's piety from such things, I judged them to be exceedingly good christians, and felt happy to have fallen into such quarters, although their style of living was coarse in the extreme, and I was charged for it at tavern rates; no matter, where so much piety was, nothing wrong could be, thought simple I. When, however, they found my funds to have got low, and, consequently, that the prospect was faint for a pecuniary recompence for such trouble as they might be at on my account, they *considerately* advised me to go farther —a change of air might do me good; yet they were quite doubtful if I should not die somewhere on the road, and therefore, this hospitable and pious family would willingly have stript me of such trifling valuables as I possessed, under the pretext of wanting something to remember me by: "it was better," they said, "that my *friends* should have these things, than that they should fall into the hands of *strangers*." For the credit of humanity I must record, that during the whole term of my sickness and wanderings, I met with no such instances of cold and heartless selfishness as was exhibited by this family; on the contrary, I was everywhere sympathised with, and ministered to, with a kindness which never waited for solicitation, nor asked for other proof of my need than my pale face and attenuated figure exhibited. The reader must not, from this account, infer anything to the discredit of Methodists generally; they are, as the poet Savage says of priests, "like other men; some bad, some good:" had I fallen into the hands of another Methodist

family, the next day, their conduct might have been the exact reverse of that here recorded. I have a thousand times learned that denominational titles are not the certain indications of *qualities*, either good or bad; and that of even the *worst* parties, it holds true, equally as of individuals, that "none are *all* evil."

On the second night after my departure from Green Village, a young man found me lying in a woods near Chambersburg, incapable of rising without assistance. With much importunity he gained my consent to his carrying me home to his father's house; when arrived there, I found six members of the family down with the same disease as my own—for, as I afterwards learned, it prevailed throughout that whole region at that time—nevertheless, for nearly a month I was ministered to in the kindest manner, and with unwearying cheerfulness, during which time they neither inquired my name, country, business, nor creed, and refused, at the end, to listen to any promise of a future compensation. Does the reader wish to know what was their religion? I must inform him, then, that they belonged to that extensive class which religionists contemptuously style, "the world's people;" nevertheless, they were good Samaritans to me.

On the day that I lay in the woods where the young man found me, I once, impelled by a burning thrist, made my way to a cabin within sight to get some water; finding nobody within, I betook myself to the pump which stood in the yard, but its handle being some five feet long, of solid iron, and a large nob at the end, of the same metal, after the old Dutch fashion, I could not work it in my feeble state, and was fain to go on my knees and drink out of a trough which stood under the spout, in which a hog or two were at the same time sporting their snouts. While thus employed, the woman who tenanted the cabin returned, and of her I obtained a drink. She was of an unusually robust figure, with a blooming countenance, and might have sat to a painter for an impersonation of health. She expressed great sympathy for me; said she could hardly endure to see me tottering from her humble cottage without offering me its shelter, "for you look," said she, "as though you could not survive the night, without the best of care. But," she added, "my husband is from home, and I cannot, therefore, invite you to be my guest." Well, after being for nearly a month with

my hospitable friends, "the world's people," and nearly the whole time delirious, I was telling them of my interview with this woman, and remarking on her uncommonly healthful appearance. "*She is dead and buried!*" exclaimed several of them, at once. Yes, within two weeks after I saw her, that blooming woman was in her grave, and the then pale and tottering wanderer, who, as she thought, could hardly live to see the morrow, yet lives to record the fact after a lapse of over twenty years.

Supposing myself sufficiently recovered, I left my kind entertainers, and proceeded to Chambersburg, (only four miles off,) where I lingered for several days—for I was yet far from well—and supported myself by selling my watch at less than a fourth of its value; being still delirious, I labored under the impression that they would drive me out of the place if they knew me to be sick, I therefore constrained myself to wear as cheerful a face as possible, and as I needed to lay down for the most of the day, I found an angle at the back end of the Court-house, where I could do so unobserved, and be screened from the sun by a jutting wing of the building. Such, on the hard ground, was my sick couch by day, and at night, I lodged at the White Horse tavern, kept by a Mr. Snyder. I have more than once, long since then, lodged at the same tavern, under circumstances far different.

Finding it but seventy-five miles from Chambersburg to Baltimore, where I had an uncle, (my mother's only brother,) whom I had not seen for many years, I set out for that city, in the hope of being able to reach it by short stages. The season was towards the latter end of Autumn, when the nights begin to be cold; I suffered no little from that circumstance in crossing the South mountain, which I did, from the northern foot to the summit, after sunset, and took lodgings at the summit tavern, where I arrived shaking with an ague. I was put in the same room with a wagoner, who had been there for several days indulging in a drunken debauch, his six horses and loaded wagon standing there idle, meanwhile. No less than five times during the night, this unfortunate man called out to me, that he was on fire and burning up, and so piteous were his groans and cries for water, that I as often left my bed to get him some, groping my way down the strange stairs and into the yard, at the risk of my neck. "Never taste liquor, my young friend," he would

again and again exclaim. "O, for God's sake avoid it, if you don't wish to be the wretchedest being in existence. O! my heart is on fire! it's on fire! O! if you would shun my fate, young man, never taste liquor—never!" Yet, when I left my chamber next morning, which, as may be supposed, was somewhat late, the landlord informed me that this wretched man had already drank eleven drams.

My next stay was for three days with a simple-minded Dutch family at the southern foot of the mountain. Gettysburg was but a few miles off, and of this they talked as though it was some large metropolis; it made them dizzy, they said, to go there, there were so many things to be seen, and so much noise and bustle. Yet it is but an ordinary sized country town! Proceeding on, at the rate of six or eight miles per diem, I reached the Cross Keys tavern, over the Maryland border, where by the humane landlord, and equally humane wife, I was detained in spite of myself for full six weeks, and every benevolent attention was gratuituously rendered me. It was with some difficulty, and not till they had procured me a passage to Baltimore in a wagon—stages did not then run on that road—that I could get this kind couple to consent to my leaving when I did, for they insisted that I was not yet sufficiently recovered. Nor, indeed, was I, but I affected to be so, from a reluctance to tresspass longer on their liberality. These people were Roman Catholics.

Pale as marble, emaciated, and shivering in a thin summer garb in the middle of December, I presented myself to my uncle, who recognized me because of a likeness I then bore, as he said, to my mother in her last illness. I remained with him until I had so far regained my health and strength, as to justify my setting out for Philadelphia, which, from Baltimore, is distant one hundred miles. The route in those days was through a sparsely peopled and wild sort of country; the several small streams which intersected the road were without bridges, and in that wintry season, for it was early in February, the journey on foot, through mud and snow, proved a most toilsome one. At Havre de Grace I crossed the Susquehannah on the ice, in my stocking feet, for as it had frozen but the night before, it was so exceedingly slippery that I could make no progress over it in my shoes; its width at that place is fully a mile, I should think;

I know that I thought it doubly that, as it creaked under my weight at every step. I tarried for a night at Elkton. A strange event had recently transpired near there. An old gentleman having made a visit of several days to his son, at Wilmington, had requested the latter to accompany him through a certain extensive woods, on his route homeward, as some robberies had recently occurred there and he feared to pass it alone. The son, accordingly, armed himself, and accompanied his father to a point where the road ceased to be dangerous; they there exchanged adieus in the most affectionate manner, and having shaken hands, were in the act of parting, when the son's hand accidentally struck the trigger of a loaded pistol which he carried in a girdle, to be ready for instant use, and the ball entered the old man's heart! Thus the very means he had adopted for his safety, proved the occasion of his death. How little we know what an event will bring forth!

Shortly after my return to Philadelphia, from the suffering and toilsome journey I have described, I went to live in Bristol, twenty miles northeast of Philadelphia, and most "cozily situated," (as Laurie Todd would say,) on the shore of the Delaware; I remained there for something more than a year, and boarded during the major part of the time with an excellent Methodist family named T——. In conjunction with a son of this family, Benjamin by name, I used to hold some two or three religious meetings per week, and, between us, (though I was not a member,) we added not a few to the Methodist society there.

Benjamin T., the son of my host there, was by about two years my inferior in age, but, as I unaffectedly think, my superior in mental endowment, especially of the kind requisite for public speaking. In close reasoning I think I excelled him, and in verbal accuracy, also; but he far surpassed me in mental force, in compass of voice, in grace of action, and in impassioned volubility. I am not sure that I did not envy brother Ben, as I was wont to call him, on the ground of his outshining me in these respects; be that as it may, my efforts to improve him were ardent and unremitting, and if this should be deemed incompatible with envy, I would hint, that it is quite possible my vanity was as largely concerned in the business as my benevolence.

O, me! how many amusing anecdotes could I relate of those days! How Ben and I used to exhort the congregations by turns; how we used—by stipulation—to groan for each other, ejaculate amens, and the like, in order that our pious exercises might have the more effect. Upon my word, this is as true as gospel, and that, too, without necessarily implying any impeachment of our sincerity, for conscience winks at much duplicity when it is practiced in the name of religion. Ben could *arouse* a congregation better than I, he could alarm their fears, too; my softer voice and manner, better fitted me to address the tenderer feelings; hence, we were well qualified to act together by reason of the very contrasts between us.

We were wont at times to resort, on moonlight nights, to the grave-yard of the Episcopal Church, for the purpose of making speeches over the tombs, founded on the epitaphs thereon inscribed. Peace to thee! sacred and venerable fane! and peace to those who slumber in thine ancient graves! In the picture which memory paints of, at once, the most suffering, and yet most happy period of my life, thou, venerated pile, art a prominent object, and she loves to linger about thy quiet and picturesque precincts.

Where brother Ben and I full oft retir'd,
With zeal to excel our youthful bosoms fir'd,
When evening on the earth had spread its gloom,
To muse and spout o'er many an ancient tomb.
There (though none heard) we spoke a world of sense,
No pulpit e'er displayed such eloquence;
Between us both most lengthy words were said—
What pity they were wasted on the dead!
We never saw—'tis true we ne'er did look
To see—if any of the tombstones shook,
Or any ghosts were charmed out of their places,
With saucer eyes to stare us in our faces,
And question who we were, what there we did,
Or blab their secrets about money hid—
Murders committed—heirs wrong'd of their estate—
What us awaited in our future fates,
And other things that would to time's end reach,
According to the creed old ladies teach.
These we never saw; but we *have* seen the trees
Shake rather hard—perhaps 'twas by the breeze,
All else was still as when a parson preaches,
Lest any fuss might interrupt our speeches.

But Ben, alas! proved in the end quite unsteady; his notions of himself were very towering; he strongly in-

clined, moreover, to run aground, and wreck his bark, on the lee-shore of female fascination; and, oh! with how many wrecks of saintship is that dangerous coast bestrewn! Ben loved, after exhorting in meeting, to indulge in soft relaxations amongst the pretty sisters of the church. I foresaw his danger from this source, and interposed my frequent and earnest counsel in order to save him. But Ben was incorrigible; he soon fell under church censure, and lost his license to preach. The loss of his religion soon followed; he doffed his round-bellied coat; put himself under the tuition of a doctor in the village to be initiated into the mysteries of body-curing, instead of soul-curing, and in a marvelously short time Ben could pour forth the technicalities of the medical science as volubly as he formerly did those of divinity. I had ceased to be a resident of Bristol when this change in his affairs came about, and was living in Sweedsboro', New Jersey, where, however, I was fully informed of all that had transpired, and in reference thereto I perpetrated the following piece of doggrel satire, in a letter to his father:—

Some events have occurred, or *con*curred, I might say,
On my purpose of writing to throw some delay;
However, to pay you for waiting some time,
I will send you some scraps of my wisdom in rhyme,
But for fear you should think me a jingling pest,
I will rhyme but a part, and make prose of the rest.
And first, for a hint—for in poetry I find
I can slip out a hint rather best to my mind—
'Bout the sphere of my thoughts an inquiry has hover'd
Whether Ben has, in culling of simples, discover'd,
That religion belongs to the dire febrile train,
And, like most other fevers, deranges the brain?
If so, 'tis a wond'rous discov'ry, I own,
And I think that in mercy its cause should be shown;
And were I as much of a doctor as poet,
I would ding out some technical phrases, and show it;
For the cause being shown we could soon find a cure.—
I say *we*—I'm too fast—I mean Ben to be sure,
For what is *our* knowledge of cures? A mere puff,
When compared with his quackship's who pounds doctor stuff;
Why, only to hear him harangue! Such great words
Never came from a common man's mouth. Among birds
There is one called the magpie—to hear him, you'd swear
He had been in Ben's drug shop, and learn'd to prate there.

At this distance of time, I can render no particular reason for the severity of these allusions to my old chum; possibly, as I deemed myself to be a saint, and him to

have "fallen from grace," I merely used a saint's privilege of abusing a reprobate. It may be, however, that my motive was really the benevolent one of goading Ben, by the stings of sarcasm, to a renewal of his christian vocation. He never did renew it though—I grieve to record it—but he became an inebriate, and died such. Alas! for thee, my old friend.

CHAPTER II.

Is prone to the sin of poetry-making—more about Ben—Religious swoonings—Eccentricities of Father S.—Devotes himself permanently to the ministerial profession.

I was somewhat given to the folly of poetising in those days—as I yet am,when I ought to know better,—I was even flattered by many with the idea that I really was a poet of no common promise—a judgment in which my vanity very cordially coincided. I will not, even now, affect the humility of denying that I believe myself to have been a tolerable versifier, which is not stretching my pretensions very high, inasmuch as it is a talent quite common with boys and boarding-school misses; whereas, to be a genuine poet is the privilege of but here and there one to millions—"a remnant according to the election of grace." While living in Bristol I wrote a pompous piece, entitled "Midnight," which, by my associates, as ignorant as myself, was lavishly praised. But what most elated me in regard to it, was the applause it gained me from a Philadelphia clergyman and teacher of the ancient languages, who was up at Bristol spending a short vacation. He, and a student of his, named Johnson, (now an Episcopal clergyman,) and Ben, and myself, were crossing over to the opposite shore in a skiff, on an afternoon as beautiful and as bright as my hopes; the student whispered me to hand him the poem, and he would subject it to the great man's inspection; the rowing was suspended, whilst by his direction, it was slowly and distinctly read to him. With a heart palpitating, meanwhile, like a culprit's, pending sentence, I awaited the oracle's decision. Conceive my delight, reader, when it proved one of unqualified approval. "Your fortune is made," whispered Ben in my

ear, "for Mr. —, is a judge capable of criticising Homer himself." Mercy on us! what simpletons young fellows are when about passing into the adolescent state! The life-in-a-garret fortune of a poet would be fine ground for gratulation, truly! No, no, my friend Ben, you were mistaken, and the oracle was not qualified to discriminate between high-sounding jingle and poetry. The thing was sufficiently orthodox in sentiment, however, and I will present a few stanzas, from about forty of which it was comprised, as a sample of its tone and style.

'Tis midnight, dark and solemn silence reigns.
In this dread hour the guilty mind obtains
No rest; but, like a tempest-beaten bark,
Tis tost, amid the waves of anxious thought,
Whilst gathering storms alarm; the mind thus fraught
With horror, is than midnight's gloom more dark.

The night is drear when o'er the darken'd sky,
Black clouds before the driving tempests fly,
And lightnings flash around, and thunders roll,
And drear the night of death, when on the verge
Of untried worlds, where foams the angry surge
Of the dark rolling Styx, appears the soul.

But Oh! when hope's last glimmer disappears,
When black remorse the guilty bosom tears,
Then ev'ry horror thought can form lurks there—
What tongue of man—what pen, though dipt in hell—*
Can the dread state of such a being tell?
Great God! how dark the midnight of despair!

How many sailors on the rolling wave
In this dark hour, whose gallant hearts might brave
All common ills, are clinging to the shroud.
Whilst Death is stalking ghastly through the storm,
Yet to the brave he seems no frightful form,
Who hope their sun shall rise above the cloud.

How many Sent'nels pacing to and fro
Their destined stands, to watch against the foe,
Are ruminating on the bloody stage,
Whilst many partners in the past day's fight,
Have been forever hurried from their sight,
And wafted home beyond commotion's rage.

* * * *

That rumbling noise which meets my ear so late,
Must be the grating of the churchyard gate.
Ah, yes, here comes the Sexton, with his key,

* Think of the extravagance of converting hell into an ink-stand?

He's been preparing a long home for some
Poor child of clay, thus, when my hour is come,
The grim man's spade will scratch a hole for me.

Thus God decrees, and his decrees are just,
From dust we came, and we return to dust.
Life, like a spider's web in the sun's ray,
Presents its gilded rubbish to the eye,
Till, like a tempest from the low'ring sky,
Death comes, dread blast, and sweeps the web away.

'Tis one o'clock! the wakeful-time piece cries,
From hill to hill the direful echo flies:
Time rolls along; ner waits the king of dread
To parley with his victims, the pale shroud,
The winding-sheet, and coffin, cry aloud,
"Prepare! ye soon must slumber with the dead!"

Awake! ye slumb'ring Atheists, and resolve
Who made those countless shining worlds revolve?
By whom through space were glaring comets hurl'd?
Who wing'd the spirit, so that it can soar
To heaven, and its star-spangled heights explore?
You'll know when the same hand shall burn the world

Those blazing orbs which deck yon sable dome,
Shall soon be quench'd in night's eternal gloom,
Yon moon, just peeping from behind a cloud,
And glancing through the shade a smile serene,
Shall weep in tears of blood amid that scene,
And night's dark mantle shall all nature shroud.

The following are the two closing stanzas of the poem, the latter of which might lead one to suppose that I had, agreeably to the old-fashioned Calvinistic requisition of the candidates for their communion, worked myself up to a willingness to be damned for the glory of God.

Thy guardian arms, Jehovah, shall defend
My midnight hours, thou ever-present Friend;
And when my heart is void and dark, thy grace
Shall cheer its gloom, thy love possess its void,
And when my body is by worms destroyed,
Then shall my spirit rest in thine embrace.

But should my sins so manifold, weigh down
My soul beneath thy just indignant frown,
So that I cannot praise thee with the blest,
Still, O my God! my suff'ring soul shall tell
That thou art just, and from the depths of hell
Thy mercies count, and groan thy praise distrest.

Ben and I used to unite in most of our employments and pastimes; together we rambled—bathed—sailed—fished—prayed—read—studied Latin, and dipt into Greek—dabbled in both, would more truly express the fact; we were seldom seen apart except when he was engaged in gallantries, and in that matter I left him the field to himself. One lovely summer afternoon, however, I set out to go a whortle-berrying with two young sisters of the church, but meeting the father of one of them, he predicted a rain at hand, and *she*, therefore, declined going; the other, expressing a determination to persevere, I could do no less than accompany her. So we borrowed an umbrella, and, with each a pail on our arm, on we went. We had hardly reached the swamp ere the clouds had gathered darkly, and the thunder began to mutter; anon began to fall rain-drops as large as cherries; we were convinced that an unusually heavy thunder-storm was at hand, but, being full two miles from the village, and nearly as far from any house, we had nothing left but to make the best of a bad bargain; so we seated ourselves on a dry spot, and brought the umbrella over us as near to the ground as possible, and, by sitting close, thought we might thus escape. But the rain pattered on our frail roof—then dashed—then poured—and the lurid lightning flashed—flashed—then darted down in angry bolts. As our umbrella proved but a poor defence, and the bushes around us hung temptingly full, we concluded to throw the former aside and go to picking, which we did with so good a will the rain pouring down on us in torrents the while, that by night we succeeded in filling two common sized water-pails. We deferred our return until dark, judging that our drenched and bedrabbled figures would not show to advantage by daylight.

Although I mixed much with the Methodists, and preferred them to all other christians on most accounts, yet I never could regard the noise and rant of their worship with favor; I often tried to reason myself into an acquiescence in it, but, if I ever succeeded in doing so, my moral sense would recoil at it in spite of me; I found it hard to resist the persuasion that the faintings, convulsions, paralyses, etcetera, which frequently came under my notice, were not resolvable into animal sympathy, or hysteria. However, a case fell under my notice, at Bristol, which puzzled my philosophy not a little. A most

interesting girl, of about twelve years old, and of a highly respectable family, was several times affected at our meetings in a manner for which I could not on natural principles account; she would lose all consciousness; her limbs and joints would become so rigid that no one could bend them; her eyes, meanwhile, would be wide open and turned upward, and a beautiful smile would rest upon her countenance. This case was, for some time, a poser to me; I could not resolve it into hypocrisy, for the girl was young and guileless; no, I was forced to own that the direct power of God was in the matter, and I rejoiced at being compelled into that conclusion—I really did—I make the declaration with great sincerity, for my heart has ever inclined to the superstitious extreme in religion, but my phylosophy, being of a cold and scrutinizing character, has usually refused to bear it company. I most heartily sympathize in the sentiment so prettily expressed by a poet (Woodworth, if I mistake not) who remembers, he says, when the blue sky above him seemed heaven itself to his fancy, and but a short distance off; he concludes by saying—

"It was a childish vanity,
But still 'tis little joy,
To think I'm farther now from heaven,
Than when I was a boy."

Alas! of how many a pleasing fallacy of our youth are we robbed by the soberer reason of our riper age! I can speak experimentally on this point, for immediately subsequent to my becoming a subjeet of religion, I rejoiced when the deep thunder uttered its voice, because my Father seemed nearer to me then than usual. O! be ever mine the innocency of heart which will make that Father's voice a welcome sound to me, whether heard in the startling thunder-peal or in the soft breath of evening! But to return to the case in hand. I was walking one day with a brother of the girl, himself a Methodist, and a student for the ministry—when he suddenly inquired of me, "What think you of those paroxysms by which my sister is affected at our meetings?" "Your question surprises me," said I, "the girl is certainly not acting a part in these cases?" "O, no; far from it, I believe her to be perfectly passive in them." "Well, then," I added, "what *can* I think of those affections, but that they are instances of the direct influence of God's spirit on those who sin-

cerely worship him? I have persuaded myself that such *must* be the fact, in your sister's case at least." "You are mistaken, however," he replied; "the doctrine of direct divine influences may be true—indeed, as a Methodist, I am bound to believe it is, but my sister's case affords it no confirmation; she knows absolutely nothing about religion, nor does her every day conduct indicate any experimental acquaintance with it; she is, in that respect, just like other girls of her age. Our physician pronounces it a nervous affection, and advises that she be kept from the class of meetings which are likely to affect her in that way." Thus was my faith in direct divine influences of this kind destroyed almost as soon as it was formed.

Amongst those who patronised my muse in Bristol, was Mrs. Cooper, wife of the distinguished tragedian, whose residence was among the prettiest of the many pretty villas which skirt the Delaware at that place. Their library—to the free use of which I was admitted—comprised the works of the old English Dramatists, with which I then, for the first time, became acquainted, for they had never, at that date, been reprinted in this country. Shakspeare I had read long before, but I could not understand him sufficiently to sympathize in that high, that almost idolatrous admiration of him, which is so general throughout the literary world; I better liked Rowe, Otoway, Sheridan, and other of the more obvious Dramatists; I lacked the necessary degree of discernment to appreciate Shakspeare's master-strokes, and to detect those nice delineations of character and passion in which, chiefly, consists his pre-eminence as a poet; and even now —although I devour with delight able criticisms evolving his beauties—I confess myself unable to detect and draw them out for myself. This fact led me to suspect that in courting the muses I had mistaken my vocation, for one can hardly be a true poet himself, I thought, without the capacity to appreciate whatever is exquisitely beautiful in the poetry of others. I think so still. Among the pieces which commended me to the patronising notice of Mrs. Cooper, was the following on

THE NUPTIAL TIE.

Eden was pleased when the first wedded pair
Appeared, to grace her happy beauteous scene,
For peace, and love, and innocence were there,
Such as, since their sad lapse, are scarce, I ween.

The golden Sun with bright effulgence beamed,
The verdant landscape most delightful seemed,
And sweetly did the balmy breeze
Whisper its greetings through the trees;
And nuptial sonnets, clear and shrill,
From plumaged choirs, the groves did fill;
E'en angels smiled to see them paired,
And in the gen'ral pleasure shared.
Well pleased, Jehovah viewed them from the sky,
Pronounced them good, and bade them multiply.

Not Eden's self could half suffice to sooth
The lone man's bosom, for a pulse was there,
Which throbbed for social life, and nought could smooth
His sterner nature, but a helpmete fair.
Man ne'er was made for monkish solitude;
His heart is callous till by love subdued:
And there is bliss, and there alone,
Where kindred souls flow into one,
And each the other's pleasure shares,
And each the other's burden bears:
Angels behold in scenes like this
Some semblance to their bowers of bliss.
Hail nuptial life! Jehovah's word makes known,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

I should be ungrateful to omit to name among my patrons of that time, one Henry Lippencott, a Quaker, who taught a select school in Bristol. He would fain have given a more ambitious aim to my literary attempts, thoughit is doubtless well that I rated myself much less highly than he was disposed to rate me. He was an excellent scholar, and, not content with warmly admiring such productions as were to his taste, he benevolently desired to encourage and patronize the authors of what he thus admired. He was an inveterate bachelor; and when, at his request, I wrote the above lines, on the occasion of the marriage of a particular friend of his, it was on the condition that he would read to the party, at wedding, the following additional lines, which he was not to see until he came to read them to the company.

A rusty bachelor is devoid of all
The nobler feelings, which distinguish men;
T'were well to keep him in a stall,
With halter round his neck, or in a pen,
With husks to eat: such bipeds are not men;
They're seldom any thing, but now and then.

Why call a bachelor a man?
He lacks a *rib*, at least, nor can

That needful member be supplied,
Without the taking of a bride.

A harsh joke, this, at the expense of my friend anp patron; but, besides that, a bachelor is a proper subject of quiz at all times, such jokes are always admissible at matrimonial festivities.

During the year of my residence in Sweedsboro', my health failed exceedingly, and my *mind* suffered a slight impairation from too intense an application to study, in a room without a chimney for ventilation, in which I also slept. The man with whom I boarded there, was a Methodist, rather from preference than from principle, for he was ignorant of the doctrines of that church; his morals were unacceptionable, but worldly things engrossed his care. There was but one church in the village, an Episcopalian; it was, however, a large and wealthy one; its Rector's name was Simon Wilmer: it would be well for christianity if all christian pastors were like him, for he was one of the most amiable, simple-hearted, and benevolent of men; he was of the low-school party in his church, and his usage was to preach without his gown, in the lower desk, on Sunday evenings, and to hold a meeting for exhortation and prayer on a week-day evening of every week. These things, at that day, were generally regarded by Episcopalians as reprehensible irregularities. I often attended at Mr. Wilmer's church, and spoke and prayed at his extra meetings; I also held meetings, sometimes on my own appointment, both in the village and in the region about it. I early became a contemnor of human authority in matters of religion, and I am so still, to some extent.

With the Methodists of that country I used to meet often; they were a devout people, and simple-hearted, but illiterate in the last degree; and they regarded with great jealousy any who were above an equality with them in this last respect, they seemed to entertain the notion that intelligence, especially on the part of young persons, was incompatible with piety. Once, at a camp-meeting, I was passing a tent in which sat two local preachers, engaged in a discussion; they beckoned me in, and submitted the point in dispute to my umpirage: it was, whether the Sabbath kept by christians, is, as to the day, identical with that enjoined in the decalogue? I very frankly gave them the result of my reading on the subject: I informed them that

christians observed the first day of the week as a Sabbath, instead of the seventh. That in the christian code there was no injunction as to the observance of *any* day. That as Jesus had risen from the dead on the first day of the week, the apostles and early converts to christianity used to assemble on that day to celebrate the event by the breaking of bread, and other appropriate exercises. That such continued the usage of the church for a long time; and that, on the strength of such custom, and the fact whereon it was founded, the generality of christians thought themselves warranted in assuming, that the substitution of the first day of the week as a Sabbath, for the seventh, is, according to divine authority, obligatory upon all human beings.

The two preachers exchanged significant winks and nods with each other, during my remarks, and when I had ended, one of them fetched a long breath, and observed, "Young man, it is much to be feared that your learning will prove a snare to your immortal soul; I dont wonder, now, that Father S. considers you to be a very dangerous person." So much for my pains! And, then, my learning! God knows I could most conscientiously plead guiltless to that charge. I knew *something* more than they, it is true; and, to a fly, one inch beyond its little circle of vision is infinite space. The Father S., referred to, was one of the oddest of odd old men; his aversion to me arose from my opposition to shouting, to which he was extravagantly given. He was once preaching a very interesting sermon, for, being very anecdotal, he could, at times, interest an audience exceedingly, and happening to utter the phrase, "glory to God," just as our eyes chanced to meet, he was thereby reminded of my dislike to such ebulitions, whereupon his face reddened, and stamping his foot with great energy, whilst he cast at me a glance of defiance, he exclaimed: "Yes—glory to God!—I *will* say glory to God, in spite of the *devil*." I have heard that same old man pray God to "mount his gospel chariot and ride over the devil"—to "rout the devil out of his den, and burn his nest"—to "plant an arrow in the sinner's heart that neither the devil nor his wife could pull out," etc., etc. On a certain occasion he was discoursing to a very large audience in the woods; some of his hearers were seated on rude benches, some in wagons drawn up near the stand; not a few young men had got upon to the lower branches of trees near by. The

old man was in one of his good moods, and all eyes were riveted on him; he, however, was not so wholly engrossed by his subject as to prevent his perceiving that a thunder-storm was gradually rolling along to the part of the heavens directly over the meeting; taking care to keep his auditors so engaged that they should not notice it, he slyly watched its progress, till, perceiving it just ready to break forth, he suddenly threw up his hands toward heaven, and, in the shrillest tones of his peculiarly shrill voice, he cried out, "Lord! send thunder and lightning down to awaken these stupid sinners!" Scarcely had he uttered the imprecation, ere down flashed a lurid bolt, and almost simultaneously therewith the thunder bellowed forth an almost deafening peal. The scene that ensued was ludicrous beyond description—I had my account of it from a preacher who was present—chairs and benches were overturned; the wagons were instantly vacated; men leaped from their perches on the trees, and the whole audience, both male and female, were soon in full and confused flight, as fast as their feet would carry them. The old man, meanwhile, was not slow to improve his advantage over their fears, but, clapping his large hands, and stamping with all his might on the loose floor of the stand, he yelled after them at the utmost reach of his voice, "Run! sinners, run! the devil's after you—the devil's after you—run! run!" My informant assured me that several of the auditors were converted by virtue of that fright, and to this day it would be useless to try to convince many of the good people about there, that God did not send that thunder and lightning from heaven in express compliance with Father S.'s petition.

Father S. had for his junior on the circuit a Scotchman, named McL.; he was a man of a mild and amiable spirit, and an inquisitive turn of mind; between him and I a very close intimacy subsisted; he was in the habit of acquainting me with much that transpired behind the curtain in his church: his own mind had conceived a morbid disgust at his profession, on account of those things, and he more than once informed me that he was strongly tempted to go off into far-western wilds, where he should not be known as ever having been a preacher, and thus to eschew the whole concern forever. That same McL., at the date of my last acquaintance with him, 1840, was an Atheist; made such, beyond a doubt, by the bad conduct which is too, *too*

prevalent among christian professors of every name. I am far from wishing to have it inferred, that evils of the kind which disgusted him, are confined to the Methodist church, or to any number of churches, to the exclusion of the rest; truth is, they exist in all, nor do I take it on me to decide in which they exist in the greater or in the less proportion. Still, it betrays, as it seems to me, an imbecility of mind, to allow one's self to be driven from the anchor-hold of one's faith by considerations of this kind. Shall I become a monarchist, or an imperialist, because there are many bad men in our republic? I had better first determine whether there are not also bad men in a monarchy, or in an empire. And, as respects the bad people in churches, do they not contain thousands and tens of thousands of *good* people, also? And, if we leave christianity for atheism, shall we find in the sterile wastes thereof influences more purifying, or truths more solacing?

As, after a year's residence in Sweedsboro', my state of mind and health laid me under the necessity of travelling, my friend, Rev. Mr. Wilmer, persuaded me to accept an agency for the American Sunday School Union, and was so kind as to furnish me with letters of recommendation to the principals of that institution in New York city. Accordingly, winding up my affairs in New Jersey, I went to Philadelphia, and thence took a steamboat for New York. On my arrival at Trenton, where, at that time, passengers for New York left the boat for the stage, my baggage was found missing. I had, at Philadelphia, put it into the charge of the person to whom I supposed the agent of the line referred me; but he proved, as I afterwards learned, the wrong one, and I lost, by the mistake, every penny worth of property I had in the world, save the clothes on my back. As this circumstance occurred on a Saturday, I was thereby detained in Trenton over the Sabbath, and it proved the means of diverting my feet into an entirely different path of employment. "The heart of a man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

Some while previous to that period, a Methodist preacher, named Samuel Kennard, of the Kensington station, had been excommunicated by the conference, on the charge of having encouraged expectations toward matrimony, in a young lady of his church, which he failed to fulfil. I

take it not on me to say, whether the proceeding against him was just or unjust; certain it is, however, that many thought him an injured man, and seceded from the Methodist church in consequence of his excission. Being an ambitious person, of a very fair order of talents, engaging manners, and a fervid style of eloquence, he soon gathered a large society of his own, who built him a good meeting-house in Kensington. In the course of a few years other preachers attached themselves to his estabish-ment; these sought new fields of labor, whereby the concern might branch out, and swell into the dimensions of a sect, and it really at one time wore a serious aspect to that effect; several country congregations were established in connection therewith; it organized a conference, and published a book of discipline.*

It happened, that on the Sabbath of my detention at Trenton, this same Samuel Kennard was to preach, and form a new society there; in the forenoon of the day he attended divine service at the Episcopal church, where I also happened to be in attendence; he had heen previously somewhat acquainted with me, and nothing could have been more opportune for him, than his falling in with me again at that particular time: he knew me to be a decided foe to ecclesiastical tyranny, in all its forms, and yet strictly orthodox in all the essentials of faith; he engaged me therefore to accompany him to his lodgings, which was at the house of Francis Wiggins, the projector and publisher of the first Methodist paper ever issued in the United States, where he plied me with all his arts of persuasion to attach myself to his interests. I, at length, yielded, so far as to agree to take under my charge the new society at Trenton, but I persisted in my refusal to be recognized as a minister in formal connection with his establishment. He was but too glad to secure me, on any terms, to demur at this arrangement, and the compact between us was sealed by my preaching for him that same evening. Such were the circumstances under which, at the termination of my twenty-third year, I devoted myself to the avocation of the Gospel ministry, in which, to this day, having now passed the close of my forty-first, year I have been ever since unremittingly engaged.

* It has no existence at this time, the very house erected by the parent society has long since been razed from its foundation, and a Baptist church has been reared on the scite.

It is but justice to myself to state, lest I should seem to have too hastily abandoned the Sunday school concern, that I made some sacrifice to conscience in that matter. From a conversation with an enlightened individual I became convinced that the concern is a purely sectarian one, a fact of which I had not been apprised when I agreed to act as its agent; and although, professedly, it is an union of all sects for an object of common benevolence, yet, in reality, it embraces only those—self-named evangelical—which maintain, substantially, a common theological creed. As an agent for this institution I was to have received $400 per annum, out of which my expenses would have been comparatively trifling, as my credentials would have secured to me, in almost every place I should visit, a free hospitality amongst the members of the leading religious sects. As a preacher, I stipulated for *nothing*, and with the exception of my board, and not always that, I received about what I stipulated for. How I was to get through life at that rate I troubled not myself to decide, nor even to inquire. I am, at the present day, but little advanced from that state of penny-wise calculation and forecast; I have lived, nevertheless, and reared a family, in tolerable comfort and good credit; *how*, he who clothes the lillies of the field, and feeds the ravens, best knoweth.

CHAPTER III.

Takes the charge of a little society at Trenton, N. J.—Is somewhat annoyed by ranters—Begins to itinerate—His ignorance on practical subjects—Is a latitudinarian in ecclesiastical affairs—Visits northeastern Pa., and describes the Beech woods there—Portrays a certain class of ranting itinerants—Re-visits the Beech woods—Some difficulties from getting lost there.

For some time the affairs of my charge at Trenton got along very well, the congregation increased, and the society received accessions from time to time. Some of the brethren were of opinion, however, that the increase would have been much greater if I had encouraged shouting, and paid less attention to gramatical precision in my speaking. Perhaps they were right, for rant and noise go a great way in promoting certain causes. Nevertheless, for a quiet man, they were pretty well satisfied with me.

Once in a while a noisy preacher would pass along, and then they would have a shout. By the way, I soon found that this class of preachers regarded me with small favor, notwithstanding that I let them have their own way, without the slightest opposition. I once, at very considerable pains, got up a meeting for one of them who was passing through the place, and paid him, besides, many friendly attentions. At my boarding-house, previous to the meeting, I mildly laid before him my views on the subject; he heard them without a word of objection; I even thought he acquiesced in them; but when he got into the pulpit, where he could have the talk all to himself, mercy! how he belabored me! "Shout, brethren!" said he, "dont be afraid of offending the delicate sensibilities of certain gentry, who oppose it for fear it should wake up some sinners who are slumbering over the pit of hell. Never mind such squeamish christians; don't quench the spirit to please them, if they *are* preachers; if you feel like jumping, jump! If you feel like clapping hands, clap away! If you want to sing out glory, out with it! Don't let all hell stop you! If any of these *still-born* christians should tell you that it aint polite, and soforth; tell them you expect to shout in heaven—a favorite argument with all ranters—and that you'll shout on the way there as much as you please," etc., etc. When I arose to close the services, I contented myself by quietly remarking, in reply to all this farrago, that, as I had been accustomed to regard heaven as at least, a *decent* sort of place, I hoped we should not throw ourselves heels-over-heads in our worship there, as certain saints, of both sexes, took a fancy to do in this world. This quiet retort so offended my ranting friend, that he was secretly my foe ever afterward. Indeed, the ill-will of this sort of saints is usually no temporary affair, it burns like a smouldering volcano, and is as gloomy, and as unending, as a northeast storm. Nevertheless, with the ignorant in certain churches, and a large majority will range under that head, those who make the most noise are accounted the best christians, whilst the soberer sort are suspected of having barely grace enough to save them.

Francis Wiggins, with whom I domiciliated in Trenton, had a brother named Frederick, about twenty years old, who was on a footing of intimacy with the daughter of a respectable Methodist family of the place, whose name, for obvious reasons, must not be given; the reader must be

content to know the young lady under the name of Clara. Fred was suspected of aspiring to a matrimonial alliance with her, which, as the old folks did not approve, they forbid him the house. In a day or two after this interdict, Clara, with a small parcel in her hand, appeared at our door, and inquired for Fred; when he appeared, she beckoned him apart, and told him that as she was about to elope, that very hour, on his account, he might do as he pleased about accompanying her. This was a sudden and heavy draft upon Fred's gallantry; but he met it like a knight-errant, and in a trice the worthy couple were on their way to Philadelphia. They took the less direct and less frequented rout, along the Jersey shore, and reached Bordentown that night, where they tarried, and took the stage for Philadelphia next morning. Meanwhile the girl's father had been apprised of the flight, and, preparing himself with a warrant and a brace of constables, he started early next morning in pursuit, and overtaking the stage, near Burlington, he stopped it, and proceeded to drag his daughter out in no gentle style; Fred, fancying that he must play the hero in behalf of his stolen flower, drew a pistol, and avowed a determination to shoot down any man who should lay violent hands on her; but this chivalric display availed him nothing, he was soon brought to terms, and Clara was compelled to return with her indignant sire. Thus ends one branch of this story.

On her arrival at home, Clara was kept in durance, and a strict watch maintained over her. But love laughs at iron bars, they say, and, certes, most marvelous things are told of its feats, by poets and romancers. One evening Clara was missed; search was made for her high and low without success; two laudanum phials were found in her chamber, recently emptied of their contents; this threw the family into great alarm. Fred was sent for, but he, poor fellow! could furnish no clue by which the mystery of her absence could be explained. "Oh! find my child alive," exclaimed the father, "and I consent to your making a wife of her immediately." Fred, however, was doubtful, *very*, as to her ever being so found. She had poisoned herself beyond a doubt; nevertheles, there was a bare possibility that such was not the case, and if he could have a written certificate of their consent to her union with him, he would at once set about a search for her. This was readily complied with, and Fred, the sly rogue,

with the certificate in his pocket, went straight to where he knew Clara to be concealed, and made her his wife without loss of time. *Is* not fact often quite as strange as fiction? I lodged the next night in the same house with the young couple, who were in high glee at the success of their *ruse*. Clara was a little beauty, and but little past fifteen. Whether Love contrived as shrewdly for them after marriage as before, I never learned.

I had been but about four months in Trenton, ere, finding my situation was eagerly coveted by a fellow preacher, much my senior in years, and in clerical standing, I quietly retired, and left him to the uncontested occupancy of it; the more willingly in consideration of his having a family, who, with himself, were dependant on his profession for a support; being myself unencumbered in that way, I could better afford to strike into new fields of labor of my own opening; possibly my *stronger* reason was, that I had a latent propensity for roving. And what wonder? For nine years I had been pent up in an orphan's asylum, and in all that while I had scarcely been a score of times beyond its precincts. Then I served a six years apprenticeship, in Philadelphia, and can aver, before God, that no Southern slavery, that has fallen within my knowledge, was more confining or oppressive. For fifteen long years of my yet young life, then, I had been a prisoner. Will it surprise the reader that I have since roamed over the earth without either system or limits, and find it even now an almost impossible thing to tether myself down to any assignable location?

In persuance of my determination to strike into new fields, I started out from Trenton on a pleasant Saturday, to go I knew not whither; and that my necessity might strengthen my resolution, I started without a cent in my pocket. I kept up the shore of the Delaware until, within an hour or two of night, I found myself in Lambertsville, which is a neat town on the Jersey side of the river, and is united to Newhope, a manufacturing town on the opposite shore, by a bridge. My first perplexity, as may well be supposed, was to decide to what individual in the place I should open my business. Revolving this inquiry I walked up one street and down another, till I became faint and begun to rue the adventure; ever and anon I would pause before a house, or store, and try to summon resolu-

tion to enter, but without effect. At length I stoped in front of a ladies' shoe-shop, kept by James Bowen. I was hesitating whether to enter or not, when I perceived that he was looking at me through his bulk window; this determined me, and in I went. He proved the very man I should have called upon. I doubt if my mission would have sped if I had commenced operations in any other quarter. He was a deacon of the Baptist church; the only other church in the place, he informed me, was a Presbyterian Both these churches were Calvinistic, for, at that day, *Arminio-Calvinism* had not come into vogue in that region, and the "doctrines of grace" were held by all Presbyterians and Baptists in their unadulterated purity. I learned from Mr. Bowen, that in Lambertsville, these two sects, that they might the more effectually keep out all others, united in their worship, holding meetings in their respective houses alternately, and attending each the meetings of the other, whichever of the two pastors ministered. Of course this state of things was anything but favorable to *my* chance of success as a third party, especially as Arminianism, which was then my doctrine, was a dreaded heresy by them both. "To-morrow," said Mr. Bowen, "the service will be in *our* church; Mr. Stull, a teacher in the place, is our pastor, until we can procure a permanent supply." I am anxious to oblige you, and if you will consent to preach *to-night*, it may be that our people will consent to give you a hearing. I will step around and see the other deacons about it. What say you?" I was too happy to obtain an opening amongst them, on any terms, not to jump in at once with his proposal. His request, on my behalf, was readily complied with by his fellow deacons. The bell called a tolerable congregation together in the basement of the church, among them was the Rev. Mr. Stull, who took me home with him after meeting, and extracted a promise from me, before I went to bed, that I would preach for him on the morrow; without such promise he assured me he should have to sit up until midnight to prepare a discourse. On the morrow a large congregation assembled, including the Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Studdiford. I had never addressed so large and so respectable an assemblage, and although I had had the temerity to appear before it without the slightest preparation—I never did, nor *could*, premeditate my sermons—I yet had the modesty to feel most sensibly the

magnitude of my undertaking; my very bones ached; my mouth parched with the intensity of my mental suffering on the occasion; and had it not been that my promise to Mr. Stull had prevented a preparation on his part, I should assuredly have thrown back the task into his hands; as it was, however, I had to get along with it as best I could, and I did so without visible embarrassment. It would seem that I satisfied my hearers too, for Rev. Mr. Studdiford, requesting an introduction to me at the close of the service, very cordially tendered me the use of his pulpit, and the hospitalities of his home. The Baptists assured me of the like favor whenever it should fall in my way to revisit the place, which I often subsequently did, and made the house of Mr. Bowen my place of stay.*

Thus my virgin enterprise, as a pioneer, was crowned with complete success, and was marked by some of those strangely favorable circumstances which, to the present day, have so signally attended me in all my professional undertakings. My God, may my heart never fail to throb with a quickened gratitude to thee, as my memory recalls these instances of thine overruling providence!

From Lambertsville I took a circuitous route homeward, if home I could be said to have, through the northern part of Hopewell township, where I preached in the Hopewell Baptist meeting-house, and established a regular preaching station at the house of an excellent Presbyterian family, named Howes. I enjoyed many a delightful season there, but run much risk of being spoiled by the excessive tenderness of the family toward me. Their house, though in the midst of a populous neighborhood, was far from a public road, and was only accessible by crossing fields. I undertook to reach it for a meeting one tempestuous evening, and, missing my way amid intersecting paths, I became completely bewildered, and continued to wander from field to field till toward ten o'clock; one while deceived by a clump of trees, which in the darkness I mistook for a dwelling, another while by a barn, or a haystack. I reached a house, at length, and knocked for admission. "Who's there?" demanded a gruff voice within. "Please to open the door and see," I replied,

*This gentleman (whom, and his amiable lady, may "the Father of the fatherless" reward for their many kindnesses to me!) is now a Baptist clergyman, and settled with a large church in Bucks county, Pennsylvania.

"for you would not know if I should tell you." Again and again, the timid fellow demanded to know who I was, and made no offer to let me in, until I bid him look through the window, and satisfy himself whether there was danger of being murdered by a person of my dimensions. He mustered courage enough to let me in at length, and just as he did so, his wife also entered after me, and commenced telling that the preacher she had been to hear had not arrived, and the meeting had been disappointed. I interrupted her to state that I was the person, and had failed to be present by having lost my way. "*You* the preacher!" she exclaimed, as, holding the lantern toward me, she scanned my boyish and beardless countenance. "Lord help us, your mother ought not to trust you out! But come along, if you *are* the preacher, and we'll have a meeting yet." With that she run back to Howes', which proved to be close at hand, and in a little while I heard the dinner-horn summoning back the dispersed congregation, who all returned, and, late as it was, and weary as I was from so long wandering and stumbling about in the dark, the quick-thoughted woman's prediction—"we'll have a meeting yet"—was verified.

My next adventure was in the southern part of the same township, where I established stated preaching at the house of a Mr. Marceillus. A most eccentric character was he; he always kept a pail of cider on the table during meeting, for the accomodation of all who came: cider was not at that day a proscribed beverage. I know not but he used this as a lure to attract a larger attendance. It would by no means have answered to omit calling on him to pray at every meeting; an offense against his self-esteem, would that have been, not easily pardonable; yet, when he did pray, it was in a style so *outre*, so heels foremost, and so incoherent, that gravity's self must, per force, be betrayed out of its decorum. I had good success there, nevertheless, despite the awkwardness of the hands into which I had fallen: my congregations were large, and I formed a society there, in ecclesiastical union with those in Kensington and Trenton. I must not conceal the fact, however, that my success there, as elsewhere, was, in large measure, owing to the youthfulness of my appearance. *Why* that circumstance should have made so much in my favor, the reader, if such matters have

come at all within his observation, will understand without explanation.

I was much more accustomed to dwell on *consolatory* topics, in my preaching in those days, than on those more affecting the *fears* of an audience, and when, by appeals to the conscience, I aimed to produce conviction of guilt and brokenness of heart, it was chiefly by mild remonstrance and pathetic appeals, rather than by denunciations and menace. The several hymns I composed in those days so embodied the spirit and tone of my preaching, that extracts therefrom would better convey a conception of it, than would any description. Take the following from a doggerel effusion I composed to a favorite tune, and which, for said tune's sake, no doubt, was for some time much sung amongst us:—

Oh, sinners, who know not the Savior,
Who know not the love you provoke,
By sinful, rebellious behavior,
Rejecting his mild, easy yoke.
Could you see the blood streaming for you,
From wounds which his dear body bore
When lost, and all ruined he saw you,
And flew from the skies to restore.

Your sins reach the skies like a mountain,
And call for the vengeance of God;
But Jesus has opened a fountain,
To wash them away with his blood.
Oh, haste, with thy guilt-wearied spirit,
And plunge in this fountain so free—
Haste! haste! or thou ne'er canst inherit
The bliss that was purchased for thee.

Backsliders, like Judas, you've sold him,
Like Peter you've often denied,
When first you were pardoned, you told him,
You faithful would be till you died.
Oh, why have you made his wounds wider—
Those wounds which the rugged nails tore?
Oh, turn! turn again, poor backslider!
And pierce your Redeemer no more.

His love-speaking eyes still reprove you,
How can your hard hearts not relent?
Does nought in that dying look move you,
Like Peter, to weep and repent?
Like the patriarch's dove, you'll discover
No rest for your feet can be found,
Till the ark of God's love you recover,
For the billows of death roll around.

There's room in that heart that was pierced,
  Go mourner, and shelter you there.
See, the poor dying thief is released:
  His sun had nigh set in despair.
Though gloom upon gloom thickens o'er you,
  Full well can his mercy break through,
He smites but to heal and restore you,
  And in his blest image renew.

You weep, fellow pilgrim; why weep you?
  Your spirit, why droops it so low?
That hand, in its hollow, will keep you,
  Which plucked you from ruin and woe.
Your storm-beaten bark shall be driven,
  Though billows around it roll high,
To the harbor of safety in heaven,
  Your destined abode in the sky.

Farewell to this region of sorrow;
  Our griefs may endure for a night,
But joy is our portion to-morrow—
  Sweet portion of endless delight!
Already its brightness is dawning,
  Already its beams shine around.
Hail! brethren, Oh, hail the blest morning,
  When we shall with Jesus be crowned.

My custom was, to perform on foot the rounds of the little circuit within which I preached, and to carry a book or two with me to peruse whenever I stoped to rest. For reading, of all sorts, my intellectual appetite was exhorbitant, and, as a consequence, my reading was far more extensive than profitable. My education had been but a little above what is termed a good English one; I had, it is true, well committed the principles of the Latin grammar, and could read, understandingly, the New Testament in that language; for this circumstance, I was indebted to the kindness of Rev. Mr. Kennard, (Presbyterian,) son-in-law to the man with whom I served an apprenticeship: who persisted in maintaining that my trade *never could be* of use to me, for that nature, and he believed Providence too, had designed me for widely different pursuits. He proved a true prophet in that; but what would he say to Providence having designed me to be a Universalist preacher? Well, with all my reading, it would not have been easy to find an individual more innocent, than was I; of information of a practical kind, God knows I was among the *greenest* of his human subjects.

One day, as I sat reading under the shade of a tree, a

respectable-looking old gentleman passed by in a barouche, with whom, at his invitation, I took a seat; he proved, on practical subjects, an uncommonly intelligent person, and, being very talkative, he drew out the fact of my extreme ignorance by questioning me relative to whatever met our observation as we passed along. I hardly knew an apple tree from an oak! and oats, wheat, rye, and the like, when merely in the blade, I took to be grass of different kinds! "How do they build the piers for a bridge over the river?" he asked: our way was along the Delaware toward New-hope. "I really don't know," I replied. "Well, then," said he, "I must inform you that they do it by means of coffer-dams—do you know what coffer-dams are?" "I do not." He described them. "What," he again asked, "do they call the stream that runs toward that mill?" I replied that I should call it a stream, and nothing more; but the excavated bed in which it ran I should call a conduit, a channel, or some such thing, but knew not what it was technically termed. "It is a head-race," said he; "and do you know how that water-wheel is distinguished? You see that the water falls on it perpendicularly." My reply was one of ignorance, as before. "It is an *over*-shot wheel," he answered. "Why, my young friend, you know nothing! What books have you there?" I was glad to have him come to the subject of books, "I will be even with you here, old gentleman," thought I; so with infinite self-complacency I answered him, that they were a Latin Testament, and Hill's Theory of the Earth. "Pooh! pooh!" he replied, rather querulously, "you may study theories, and dead men's gibberish, all your life, and die a fool at last; attend to *facts*, young man—to *facts*, and you will then be learning something; till then you never will," and more to the same effect. Well, humiliating as this interview was to my feelings, it proved of great profit to me; it aroused my ambition; it awakened my appetite for the fruit of the tree of knowledge; it convinced me that the mind may be lumbered up with ideas, and yet be empty with respect to useful information; and if, in any considerable degree, I am improved in regard to the latter, I must give much of the credit therefor to the conversation with that old gentleman. I have scarcely looked into a Latin Testament since: and the slight attention I have given to Greek, was barely necessary to qualify me to meet the argument *against* my theological creed from that quarter.

I would not, of course, be understood as opposing the study of *belles lettres*, and the dead languages, by those who have ample leisure for it, as well as for the acquisition of learning of a more available kind; but such is not apt to be the case with persons who have an education to acquire at the same time that they have a maintenance to earn.

I was a latitudinarian as to matters of ecclesiastical organization and government. I utterly discarded all trammels of the sort. If any should surmise, that my objection arose from a disposition to do wrong without the liability of being called to an account therefor, this is my answer; that in the seventeen years of my ministry, *I* have extended my labors over a very wide region; I have been in all the situations, and subject to all the temptations, incidental to such a course of life. Is there an individual, among all the ten thousands who have thus come to know me, who will lay aught to my charge? aught, I say, not with respect to those things, merely, which the laws forbid, but aught affecting my character in *any* discreditable way? I thank my God, that there is not one of them whom I could not look in the face again with entire self-complacency. It was not, then, that I might pervert my liberty to bad ends, that I spurned ecclesiastical control. I did it on conscientious grounds; whether they were tenable or not, I will not now discuss. This position, moreover, was one which, to maintain, involved no small self-denial; it left me without a claim on any denomination for support, and from this cause, wants pressed sorely upon me betimes; with Paul, I knew not only "how to abound," but also "how to be empty." I have chewed the bark of trees to appease the knawings of hunger; I have made the bare ground my bed on more than one chilly night; I have tied my clothes into a bundle, and, strapping them on my back with my suspenders, have swam across the Delaware, for lack of means to pay for a ferryage. "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is blessed for evermore, knoweth that I lie not."

Sometimes I was accompanied by other preachers in my rounds. An old gentleman named Hance, was several times my companion; we once had an old horse, between us, which we rode alternately. The poor brute had a falling-down propensity, which was not the safest thing for its own neck, nor for that of the rider. "Daddy Hance" and I, have seen some good times together at Trenton, Hope-

well, Newhope, on the mountain intermediate which skirts the Delaware on the Jersey shore, at the Bear Tavern, at Attleboro, and elsewhere.* Another companion in travel was a young man named Worthington: we once stayed over night at the residence of a widow, with whom he was intimately acquainted; she had two daughters, young women, whose sleeping apartment was directly over the one in which we were put to lodge. It happened, that early in the night, I became affected with night-mare in my sleep, and bawled out lustily, under the impression that somebody was wrenching my arm off at the shoulder; the girls heard the noise, and, divining the cause, called out to my bed-fellow to wake me; he, however, was in so sound a sleep that they had to knock on the floor, and call with all their might, ere they could arouse him. Awakening amidst this din—I hallooing in the bed, and the girls thumping and screaming to him from above—Worthington sprang up in great alarm, and, without waiting to pick up an article of his clothes, made for the door, crying out, fire! fire! as loud as he could bawl. John S. Christine, who is yet a Methodist minister, living in Philadelphia, was another of the Kennard fraternity of preachers. We were once to have held a two-days meeting together in a woods near Addisville, Bucks county: circumstances prevented his attendance; a very large audience came together, to whom, during the two days, I preached six times—for full an hour each time—raised, and principally sustained, all the singing, and put up a prayer before and after each sermon; this, too, in the woods, and to full a thousand persons. Yet I can affirm truly, that I felt no more fatigued at the end of the meeting than I was at the beginning. Speaking, indeed, cost me no exertion of a kind to induce fatigue, except in places which conveyed the sound badly; nor does it yet. I mean *public* speaking; for, strange to tell, a brisk conversation affects me differently.

Near the close of the year 1826, I was induced to visit the Beech Woods, in the north-eastern section of Pennsylvania. I journeyed thither, from Philadelphia, on foot, taking the river route through Newhope, Easton, and Stroudsburg. It was near Christmas when I started, yet no snow had fallen; but, as I proceeded northerly, I found the ground to be covered with it, and its depth increased with

*He is yet a preacher, in connexion with the New Lights.

each day's progress in that direction. About twenty miles from Newhope, I found a neighborhood of very intelligent and liberal-minded people, and with them I tarried and preached on the Sabbath. Some Hicksite Friends there had married Methodist wives, and the amalgamation had proven beneficial in its influence on both parties; the formal coldness of the one had tempered the extravagant heat of the other, and had itself been warmed into some life and feeling in return. I often, subsequently, visited that neighborhood, and always was liberally received, and my meetings numerously attended. The Quaker part of the community were pleased with my liberality of tone, and my rejection of pay for preaching. The Methodist part, with the identity of my faith and modes of worship with their own; and, being wholly unsectarian, I excited the jealousy of neither, for I plead for no party in particular, but against the *principle* of party, in the general. I termed this the Williams' Settlement, from the prevalence therein of families of that name.

My next stop was at Easton, a town containing about six thousand inhabitants, much the larger part of whom are Germans; and the country around, to a wide extent, is settled with farmers of the same nation. It is a very fertile and romantically beautiful region, and the town itself can have few rivals, in the United States, in the wildness and picturesqueness of its situation. It occupies a low delta, formed by the junction of the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, into the latter of which, an exquisitely romantic little stream, the Bushkill, debouches at the same place. There is great variety in the limestone bluffs and slopes by which Easton is environed; on one of these bluffs is perched the Lafayette College, which overlooks the town from a height of two hundred feet. Methodism had then first begun to be proclaimed in Easton, and not small was the opposition it had to encounter. An old man named Waggoner, whose son was one of its earliest converts, on learning that a Methodist preacher had been in his house, left his bed in the night, and roamed half naked through the streets until morning, in a state of pious horror, bordering on delirium. The young man subsequently took me to see his father, but particularly enjoined me to make no disclosure of my profession. The father was sitting in his front parlor, at a very large tub, filled with corn, which he was shelling by hand. He was said to be worth $100,000! He strongly

reminded me of Mr. Muckrake, in the Pilgrim's Progress. How pitiable a sight was that! an old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, sacrificing his own and his family's comfort, to an insatiable desire for acquisition.

Foremost among the Methodists of Easton, was one Hugh R., a man whose wild and turbulent extravagance would justify a strong degree of opposition to any cause with which he was identified. He courted opposition. Indeed, he seemed to think there was a particular merit in being persecuted. Among fanatics this opinion is a prevalent one. Hugh was a lawyer, and brother to the then presiding Judge of that district. He had formerly been a Methodist preacher, but had—as the phrase goes amongst that people—"lost his religion." Being now re-washed, he was cleaner than ever; so immaculate was he, indeed, that it was quite awful for common mortals to go into his presence; they must necessarily undergo, what Milton describes the arch-enemy to have experienced when rebuked by the angel—

> "Abashed the devil stood, and felt
> How awful goodness is, and saw
> Virtue in its true shape how ———"

But no, I cannot go on with the quotation, for, instead of being "lovely," which is the word wanting to complete the passage, Hugh's virtue was nearly as insufferably disagreeable as vice itself. It was morose, captious, denunciatory, inquisitorial; in short, it was all that is comprehended in the term *asceticism*. He slept on straw, on his office floor. He stinted himself to a bread-and-molasses-and-water-diet. He prayed, *secretly*, three times a day, loud enough to be heard all over the town, etc. To be hated by *sinners* he deemed an absolutely essential part of the christian character; and to that source he very self-complacently charged all the ill-will which his extravagancies drew upon himself. It puzzled him to reconcile, with *my* piety, the fact of all classes treating me with great politeness. The Sheriff granted me the use of the Court House for my meetings; a Lutheran minister tendered me his church for the same object; different classes of christians invited me to their homes. "Ah! young man," groaned out poor Hugh, "the devil is baiting his hook for you." "But, Mr. R." I remonstrated, "I am a stranger to all here. I come to them under the profession of a christian minister, and they treat me as such. If I am not

what I seem, their courtesy towards me, at least, must be set down to the score of their respect for what I *seem* to be, for, allowing I am a bad man under this disguise, how can they possibly know that?" "The *devil could tell them*, young man," was his reply, in a raised voice, which, like hell's gates, in Milton, "grated harsh thunder." Alas! for Hugh, in spite of all his austerities, he shortly afterwards "returned to his vomit again," and to his "wallowing in the mire," a consequence not unapt to follow the being "righteous over much." It is but just to say, that Hugh's character was *not* that of the Easton Methodists in general, for among them were some very amiable persons of both sexes.

From Easton I obtained a sleigh-ride to Stroudsburg, passing through the Delaware Water Gap, where the mountain yawns to a depth of more than a thousand feet, and the chasm affords a passage to the river; the rocky and jagged acclivities are so abrupt as to be nearly perpendicular in places. I think that this tremendous gorge is but little inferior, in the wild grandeur of its scenery, to that at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, which Jefferson says would compensate for a visit across the Atlantic. Stroudsburg is but a few miles from the Gap, and is a pleasant and picturesque village. I tarried over night with an elderly Methodist minister, Mr. C., to whom I had borne a letter of introduction. He had married a Quaker woman, of some property, and was living much at his ease in his mountain home. He was a companionable old gentleman, and related me the following incident: Preaching once, at a Quarterly Meeting, he strongly urged on the local preachers, who where present, the duty of branching out in their labors. His text was, Mark xvi. 20, "And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." Hence, he insisted, that preachers must not confine their labors to their particular localities, but must *go forth*, etc. A blunt old minister present, who was also a great stickler for a travelling ministry, bawled out in the midst of the sermon, "Lord, open brother C.'s eyes, to see how the text hits himself, and *smoke him out of the mountain!*" The old gentleman had much to say against the government of his church; he pronounced it unscriptural and oppressive. He, himself, who had spent much of his life in its service, was now, in his old age, denied an admission into the tra-

veling connexion—which would entitle him to a pecuniary compensation—and could only act in the capacity of a *local* preacher. It was high time, he said, that so tyrannical an establishment should be reformed, etc.*

Proceeding northerly from Stroudsburg, the country became more and more wild, as I advanced. I soon found myself in the most desolate barrens conceivable, where, as I occasionally stopped to look around me from the summit of a hill, nothing met the view but a seemingly interminable expanse of sterility. At length I got into the heavily timbered region termed the Beech Woods; and in all my previous conceptions of the wild and the gloomy in nature, I had never pictured to myself so huge, dense, savage, and rock-bestrewn a wilderness as then spread around me. I thought it impossible, as I endeavored to look into its deep shades almost impervious to the vision, that any human being could inhabit them. The novelty of the scene filled me with a wild and pleased excitement, under the influence of which I could fancy I heard the howl of the wolf, or the scream of the panther. My first night in those woods was spent at Howe's tavern, on the "North and South turnpike," where, according to the custom of new countries, some dozen or more, of both sexes, were lodged in one sleeping-apartment, and that the bar-room. I there begun to obtain insights into human life in its rude forms, corresponding to the savageness of surrounding nature. Leaving the turnpike next morning, I struck into a private path, which, after following for some three miles, brought me to the house of Mr. Bortree, to whom—from his son in Philadelphia—I had a letter of introduction. I subsequently found, that a stranger, without such passport, is abundantly welcome at every cabin throughout those woods. That same evening I went, with the family in their sleigh, to hear the circuit preacher. The ride over the snow, amidst the overarching hemlocks, and the passing of groups on foot who were lighting their way with straw torches, was a novelty of novelties to me.

* Self-interest is an eye-salve of marvelous properties. Two years afterwards I was again Mr. C.'s guest for a night. He had, meanwhile, obtained his wish with regard to admission into the *traveling connexion*. He had even—if I mistake not—been honored with a Presiding Eldership. He could now see no defect in the government of his church; none whatever; it was as nearly perfect as things mundane could be.

When arrived at the house, I was equally surprised at the company assembled for meeting; most of the men were there with Otter skin caps on, and whips in their hands. The women were generally bonnetless, with shawls or blankets over their heads, and a far larger sprinkling of children and dogs helped to make up the congregation than I had been accustomed to witness in a house of worship. Bewildered with these novelties, I forgot to notice what the preacher was doing, until the words, "I am told there is a preacher here from Philadelphia," fell confusedly on my ear. I was wondering what this could mean, when, to my increased surprise, the man whom I had accompanied to the meeting, arose, and gave me a formal introduction to the preacher in the hearing of all the congregation! After this polite ceremonial, the clergyman requested me—on a plea of ill-health—to hold forth in his stead; and when, in compliance, I stepped up to the stand and divested myself of a shaggy bear-skin over coat, I looked so slender and boy-like, that I soon perceived myself to be as much of a curiosity to the woods folks as they were to me. The subject of my discourse was that of Paul's preaching before Felix, on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I explained the "judgment to come," as pertaining to the future life, as a matter of course—as the most of orthodox expositors do—and for which they have the high and ample authority of their *own opinion*, backed by the consideration that Felix *could not possibly* have been made to tremble in apprehension of an *earthly* judgment; certainly not. And then, moreover, a judgment of retribution in this world, even though *future*, *could not by possibility* be a "judgment *to come*." Thus the matter was settled past dispute.

With much effort and watchfulness did I cultivate, in those days, a solemnity of feeling, for from nature I possessed a buoyant heart, and a child-like playfulness of disposition, which, by *evangelical* christians, are held incompatable with a true state of grace. I used therefore, when alone, to take myself seriously to task for every ebulition of mirthfulness in which I indulged in society. I used to pray, how ardently, God knows, for christian *perfection*, which several persons of my acquaintance professed to have attained, and by virtue of which, some of them had lived, for years together, without sinning. A married lady of my acquaintance, in Philadelphia, whose

house I much frequented, had told me, in a solemn conversation, that this exhuberance of spirits was my besetting sin, and that by means of it the devil might yet ensnare me to my eternal ruin. "You have been *converted*," said she; "of *that* I am certain; but conversion wont do in *your* case; you must be *sanctified*. I know by experience that nothing but this will give you the solemnity of character you need." But, then, *how to get* this sanctification was the difficulty. It required a particular knack, which I did not possess. It was not to be *gradually* acquired, but to come on one, in a heap, as the new birth is said to do. Some preachers were said to be curiously expert in conducting persons into the possession of this degree in grace; but, for my part, I never could get sufficiently up to it to attain it myself. It was among the "things past finding out," to me.

I remained in the woods during the residue of the winter, and till the middle of the spring following. My custom was to preach on several evenings of the week, as well as on the Sabbath. What my preaching was worth, I know not, but I can give the exact sum, in cyphers, that I got for it. I was, however, little affected by considerations of that sort. I even rejected contributions when offered me, and yet I had no known earthly resource! God help me! I was very green. I enjoyed in those woods, however, some delightful seasons; some draughts, I may term them, from the chalice of heavenly bliss: many an hour have I sat reading my bible by the side of some brawling brook, or on some log in the silent depths of the forrest; and in such situations, the soul can enjoy more pure communion with the Creator, than is usually experienced amidst the din of populous life. It was a favorite pastime with me to trace the courses of the rivulets, and in that region these are numerous, and most poetically pellucid and musical in their flow. But to trace them, was not—let me apprise you, reader—to glide unobstructedly along grassy banks, or a level pebbly beach; far from it; one had to climb over prostrate trees; jump from rock to rock; pick a way through patches of bog-marsh, and break through briars. And if, for all this trouble, the companionship of birds and nimble-footed squirrels, and the now and then appearance of a deer, were not felt to be a sufficient compensation, why, doubtless, it was the fault of a spirit out of harmony with nature. To me, who had been a penned up prisoner

for the larger part of my life, the scenes and sounds, the very odours, even, of those sylvan solitudes, afforded a delight which it might seem extravagant to describe.

The summer and fall of 1827, I spent partly in Kensington, partly in Trenton, and partly in various parts of Bucks county. I also, occasionally, visited Lambertsville, Hopewell, and other places in that region. I formed acquaintance with several preachers who occupied my own ground relative to ecclesiastical organization; these were generally denominated Gatesites, from one Theophilus Gates, of Philadelphia, who published a periodical called the Reformer. It went against all forms of church government; all ecclesiastical compacts; against the paying of clergymen, etc.; and this it did on purely conscientious principles; for Gates, I cannot doubt, was a very sincere christian. I can assert the same, with far less confidence, of a majority of those preachers I have alluded to, who professed to hold the same views. Generally, they were shrewd but very illiterate men, exceedingly wise in regard to the Revelations, and other mysterious parts of the sacred volume—they "understood all mysteries"—the most part of which they interpreted as bearing against the ecclesiastical organizations of christendom. These were the "Whore of Babylon;" the "Beast;" the "False Prophet;" and all else that is opprobrious. These men-of-all-knowledge were usually wretched shabbaroons in person; they generally came to us, out at the elbows, and out of shirts; but, as they could rant to perfection, and teach us some new pieces of doggerell psalmody, or new tunes for our old pieces, we usually welcomed them on the score of these rare qualifications; and during their stay the sisters would mend them up and replenish their stock of linen. They would then leave us, for the Lord knows where, and a new batch would swarm in from the Lord knows whence. Not unfrequently these prodigies would profess to have been supernaturally directed to visit us for our edification and comfort. One of these, by the name of Payne, used to preach on horseback, and, for the purpose of summoning a congregation about him, he carried a bugle in his girdle. He was subsequently murdered by some Indians in the far west, as the papers reported; whether it was that his religion was disrelished by the Indians, or that their cupidity was excited by his bugle and his horse, the account said not.

There once came to us a personage who called himself Yates. He had, he said, been long seeking among the sects, for a pure and unadulterated christian people, but finding none, he had become grieved in spirit, and begun to fear that, like Elijah of old, he was alone as a true worshiper of God, among the tens of thousands who were bowing the knee to Baal; but in a dream, or vision, or some such thing, the Lord told him to direct his steps towards Kensington, and there he would find a society of *Simon Pures*, like himself. Poor Mr. Kennard placed such implicit faith in this account that he received Yates almost as one sent to him from heaven. He referred me to him as a pattern of sanctity, and recommended me to model my christian character by his; "for," said he, "he is emphatically a man of prayer; when he walks the floor he is constantly singing hymns, with his eyes half closed, or rolled up in silent devotion," etc. "He *may* be all he seems," I replied, "but it is none the more likely for so much seeming."

Well, for a little while Yates sailed along with a favorable breeze. He went to Attleboro, and by dint of outranting all who had ever ranted there before, he got up a revival. In the midst of it, he married one of the converts, a widow, with some property. The property he contrived to squander as fast as possible. He plunged deeply into debt, and then eloped in the night, leaving both his debts and his wife behind him. The next we heard of Yates, was from Wheeling, Va., where he had just served another widow in a similar way. A Wheeling paper exposed him in an article, headed, "WIDOWS BEWARE OF A SCOUNDREL!" In this article was an account of the several names and characters he had assumed, at different places, and a catalogue of his living wives. The fellow had wives enough to stock a harem for a bashaw of several tails. So much for this model of piety.

Late in the fall of this year I made a second visit to the Beech Woods, and continued there through another winter. I became strangely attached to that rude region; if the reader has ever seen it, he will not much admire my taste, methinks, yet to me its very ruggedness constituted its principal charm; it was a realization of scenes of romance which my early reading had strongly impressed on my fancy. Those tall and gloomy hemlocks, in the twilight depths of whose shades so many pellucid streamlets have

their birth. How I loved to stroll in their recesses, where it seemed I could be more alone with God than it was possible to be elsewhere. Yet this fancy for solitary rambling in those dim solitudes, cost me no little fatigue and suffering at times. I was more than once lost for many hours together, and to be lost totally was a thing easily possible to one as ignorant of woods life as I was; in a wilderness, where, in some directions, one might wander for scores of miles without coming to a human habitation.

I arrived about nine o'clock, one night, in a very exhausted and battered condition, at the cabin of a Mr. Kipp, on whom I was in the habit of calling. His wife, who was a woman of a mirthful disposition, fell to laughing immoderately when she saw my plight, for she knew I had been lost; and she herself, together with a neighboring woman, had experienced a similar fate only the day before, and in the same woods. *They*, indeed, had fared worse than I, for after wandering about for several hours, they had, by the merest accident, barely succeeded in getting back by night to the house from whence they had started. Their husbands, meanwhile, alarmed at their non-return, were out in search of them the livelong night with dogs, horns, and straw torches. These women had often before been over the same ground, but in this instance a wind had prostrated several of the *blaized* trees, and they thus lost the clue by which they were accustomed to trace their way. The same circumstance had occasioned *my* losing myself, but, I must own, that I was so indifferent a woodsman, and so given to musing withal, that it was no hard matter for me to get lost under any circumstances. On that occasion I had been lost since eight o'clock in the morning; for some hours of that time I had been entangled in an extensive thicket of laurels, from which I had, at one moment seriously despaired of ever extricating myself. They would entangle themselves about my limbs; twist round my neck and body, and, by their extreme elasticity, jerk me in every direction. For a considerable time I was on my hands and knees, endeavoring thus to make my way through the loop-holes formed by their bending trunks; but whether I was making progress in any given direction, or in a circle, I had no means of ascertaining. At length I climbed up a tall young tree, to see how far the thicket extended, and in what direction escape from it was most practicable; but so faint was I from long

fasting, and these arduous exertions, that I could not maintain my position on the tree long enough to look around me; so I let myself down, and relaxing my efforts in despair, I sat down on a log and gave way to murmuring thoughts. "My lot in life is a very hard one," thought I; "it has been little else than a series of hardships from the cradle—a lonely orphan—with no remembrance of a mother's holy love, nor a father's protecting care; where ever I go I find all others to be linked by bonds of relationship to the rest of humanity: but by what tie am I united? I am a being by myself—a sole link without a place in the chain. Oh that I had but a brother's companionship! a sister's sweet affection! but neither of these, alas! has it been my lot to enjoy." And tears, copious, scalding tears, began to course down my cheek, as I thus dwelt repiningly upon the loneliness and desolation of my orphan life. It was but a momentary dejection, however, for it happened that at that instant the sullen clouds which had concealed the sun all day, and sent down a chilling drizzle that had wet me to the skin, now slightly disparted toward the western horizon, and a gleam of sunshine fell on the log upon which I sat. In a moment my melancholy was dispelled; the current of my thoughts was changed. "I *am not an orphan*, after all," I mentally exclaimed; "I have a Father in the skies, and *his* love is greater than a mother's, sister's, brother's; it is more than all the world to me." Have I ever, my gracious God, doubted thy paternal and ever-watchful presence with me since? The courage which this new train of thought inspired, stimulated me to renewed exertions, whereby I was enabled—as I have said—to reach my destination, although at a late hour, and in a sadly bruised and exhausted condition.

When doubt oppress'd my sinking heart,
Soon did my Father's smiles impart,
A healing balm.
He whisper'd, and my sorrows fled—
"Peace! peace my tremb'ling son!" he said,
And all was calm.

Since that sweet hour my heart has been
The home of hope, of joy serene,
And heavenly rest.
I see my Father's wings outspread,
In shelt'ring kindness o'er my head,
And I am blest.

CHAPTER VI.

Becomes the Pastor of a Society in Philadelphia—Something of female preachers—Divine calls—Secret prayers in public places, etc. —Adopts free opinions in religion, and makes a third visit to the Woods.

In the early part of the summer following my second visit to Beech Woods, (1828,) I accepted a settlement at Spring Garden, Philadelphia, with a small but interesting society of Independent Methodists. Mr. Kennard was then deceased, and his church in Kensington had chosen for his successor, a man who had, till then, been a minister of the Christian denomination. Many doubted whether his religious faith was the same as his predecessor's—for the Christian denomination is known to be Arian,—but he maintained it was, and, although some dissatisfaction existed toward him from a suspicion of his sincerity, yet in the main the church continued united, and still retained its isolated position with regard to other sects. Between it and the church of which I had become pastor there was no ecclesiastical union, although they perfectly agreed both in faith and form of government. At that time there existed no such christian body as that now denominated Protestant Methodist. The individuals who originally composed that sect, were then, the most of them, within the pale of the Methodist Episcopal church, and were essaying peaceably to effect a reformation in its form of government. Some small parties, however, had withdrawn from that church, on the ground of the oppressiveness of its polity, and had formed themselves into independent societies. It was not until 1829, that the Methodist Protestant church was constituted, and the church to which I ministered became then an integral part of that body. I, however, retaining still my anti-sectarian prejudices, refused to go into the compact, and thus my connexion with it was dissolved.

The mania for preaching—so prevalent among certain classes of christians—on the part of persons destitue of every requisite for the business, was often a source of annoyance to me in my capacity of pastor of a society. They would plead a divine *call*, and how could I gainsay

that? Now this business of a divine call is what I never believed in, otherwise than as such call may be inferred from the possession of the requisite talents and dispositions on the part of those who wish to engage in the ministry. My pulpit was several times occupied by females who claimed to be the subjects of a *call*. They were either greatly mistaken, or they had been called to very little purpose. Nevertheless, as it always insured a full house to give out that a sister would preach, we always yielded to this class of claimants. There came once a genteel widow to make her debut in our church as a preacher; she was a resident of New York, and bore a letter to me which gave her a high character. She told me God had called her a long while before, and that she believed that much of the trouble she had since experienced, was a judgment on her for disobeying the divine vocation. I gave her my views on that point with great frankness. I questioned her as to the form in which the call came—whether audibly, or by an impression on her mind. She could give no intelligible account of the matter; yet she was sure of the fact itself. "I have examined my heart," she said, "to make sure that it was not a temptation from the devil, but I have no reason to think it is, for what selfish motive can I have to gratify? It cannot be to secure a pecuniary support, for I am already in easy circumstances. Fame is not my object, for that I *never* coveted. Neither can it be a desire to roam about, for my home attachments are uncommonly strong. What then can it be?" As I wished to be perfectly honest with her, and have her so with herself, I asked her in all simplicity, whether a desire to get a clerical husband, or a husband, at least, of high standing in the church, might not be her motive. O! dear, no! Such a thought was far from her. She would never think of marrying again, under *any* circumstances, etc. Well, I gave up the pulpit to her for a Sabbath evening, and the experiment satisfied her that she had mistaken her vocation. She returned to New York, and gave evidence by uniting her hand and fortune with those of a local preacher shortly afterwards, that she had no thought whatever of marrying—not the least.

The most outrageous maltreatment of Scripture and English to which I ever listened, was from a tall and gaunt Yorkshireman, who, in spite of all efforts to prevent him, took forcible possession of the pulpit at Spring

Garden, and bored us with what he termed a "discoorse." His subject was the Prodigal Son. In describing the Prodigal's leave-taking of his family he went deeply into the pathetics. "We behoold 'im," said he, in a half-crying, lugubrious tone, "taking a last fare-a-well of 'is faather, and a last fare-a-well of 'is moother, and a last fare-a-well of 'is seesther, and a last fare-a-well of 'is broother, and a last fare-a-well of 'is hooncle," and so on through the family connexions. He then described his hero's progress in dissipation; and here his oratorical powers had fine scope. He made him to start from "ome" in a coach and six—then he sells one pair of "orses" after another to pay his gambling accounts, (very graphic.) "I see 'im, in my fancy's mind as it weer," said he, "driving from ball-room to ball-room, and from theatre to theatre, and from coort to coort; he rolls about in *colussiousness* and *ubiquity*, and perseweers onwards without a dimning veil between." Upon my veracity, reader, this was his exact language. I know not but I should have wept from pure mortification, had it not been that an opposite propensity was brought into exercise by the circumstance of a negro dropping in, and taking his seat directly fronting me. Cuffy seemed in great doubt whether the gibberish to which he was listening was a violent assault upon honest English, or whether it belonged to a higher and more magnificent style of oratory than he was accustomed to. In his perplexity to decide this point he would roll his large whites towards me, ever and anon, in order to gather from my countenance what I thought of it all. For my part, I was in perfect torture during the whole time, from a hard contest between my risible and lachrymal organs.

My stand against sectarianism brought me into intimacy with Theophilus Gates, who published the Reformer. He was, as I have before hinted, very sincere in the warfare which he waged against the real and fancied evils and corruptions of christendom, and though he used against these things the severest language of denunciation, yet I know him to have been one of the meekest and most inoffensive of men. It was his misfortune that he was prone to confine his view of things to their darker aspects. Phrenologically speaking, his organ of hope was small. Hence he was perpetually looking that the vials of wrath in the Revelations should be poured out upon the christian world, to purge it of the corruptions he deplored. In

these dark forebodings it was not in my nature to sympathize; I ever had too much sunshine in my heart to admit of my being a prophet of evil.*

I will not assert that there is a necessary connection between starvation and heresy—although beyond a doubt, the latter has often drawn the former in its train—but I will assert, that whilst I lived at Spring Garden, I voluntarily limited myself to the smallest allowance of food compatible with the support of nature, and I also at the same time became heretical in respect to several points of faith. My motive for abstinence was that I might study to better effect; considerations of economy had nothing to do with it, for my board cost me nothing. My diet was a small slice of bread, spread with molasses, and a cup of weak tea without cream. This three times a day. The effect of a perseverence for six months in this course of living was, that it made me quite indifferent to food; insomuch that, so far as mere gratification was concerned, I could forego it altogether. I have good reason to assert this, for the lady with whom I boarded was a bountiful liver, and took all means to tempt me to indulge in the pleasures of the table, but without effect. That I was advantaged by this low living I will not assert. I think it doubtful. When unwell, however, I still practice abstinence for a day or two at a time, and *never fail* to experience a benefit from it.

I became a heretic on some points, I have said. First, with regard to prayer. I had often heard Methodist preachers tell their hearers, that if they would single out an individual, and make his conversion an object of special and persevering prayer, God would be sure to convert him. And that too, be it observed, whether the individual knew of such prayer being offered on his behalf or not. This set me to reflecting, thus. They say God does *all* he consistently *can* do, for the salvation of *all men*. If, then, he will do more for the individual prayed for than he otherwise would, does he not do *more than he consistently*

*When I last heard of poor Gates, he had become a religious monomaniac. He fancied that all human government is wrong—civil, as well as ecclesiastical—that it is wrong for christians to hold property by private title—that all should be in common among them, even to wives, if I have not been misinformed. How carefully should fanaticism be guarded against in its incipiency! since, like all evils that beset poor humanity, it is dreadfully progressive.

can do, in his case? And moreover how does it agree with the notion of *free agency*, for God to convert an individual at the instance of *others*, rather than that of the individual himself? Account how you will, rationally, for *God's* directly converting a man, you *cannot* make it compatible with free agency. Does he act by a direct energy on the man's will? He must, then, either impart this energy in *sufficient* amount to induce a willingness to be converted, or in an *in*sufficient amount. In the latter case, he might as well impart *none at all;* for the object cannot be accomplished by *insufficient* means. In the former case, it is the *imparted energy* that induces the volition to be converted; not the *will itself*. The will, then, as a matter of course, is not *free*, and the agency exerted by a will not free, is not *free* agency.

As to the *privacy* of prayer—as expressly enjoined by the Savior—I early became very averse to its violation in any form, or under any pretext. Even as early as the time of my living at Sweedsboro, I was so conscientious on this head, that, having slept with the old shouting preacher before described—whom I knew to be watching me for evil—I yet omitted to pray in my chamber on rising in the morning, from a conviction that it was wrong to do so in the presence of a fellow mortal. Well, I thus incurred, as I knew I should, the old preacher's rebuke for an alleged neglect of duty. "Some of you, who profess to be christians," said he, in his sermon of that forenoon, "are so base and ungrateful, as to rise from your beds of a morning without thanking God for preserving you through the night. *This very morning*," he continued—casting, at the same time, an indignant glance towards me—"some of you have wickedly neglected this duty; *you know you have*, and yet you pretend to be christians. Shame on you!" etc. I never undeceived the old man as to the truth of the matter, but the Searcher of all hearts, and the Seer of all secret things, knew that the old preacher was mistaken, so far as his censure was meant to apply to me.

And how comes it to pass, that Christ's injunction on this point is so grossly disregarded by christians? On coming into church, the Methodist usually bows his head on the back of the bench before him, and engages—so, at least, the action is meant to say—in *secret* devotion! The clergyman stands some minutes with his hat before his eyes, or he drops for a few moments on his knees, and he

also is engaged in *private* prayer! The Episcopalian priest—who does all these matters up in a genteel way—ascends the rostrum; drops daintily into a kneeling position on a cushioned stool; gathers his robe into a graceful festoon at each elbow, and bowing his forehead on the delicately white and nicely folded handkerchief, which he holds at an angle convenient for the purpose, he, too, engages in *private* prayer in presence of the whole assembly! In the name of piety, what meaneth this? Is this entering into the closet and shutting the door? or is it not, rather, praying to be seen of men? Is it not an advertisement to all present, to take note that a private prayer is being offered? I speak not in this case of the *intention* of the supplicant; I judge it not; I will even admit it sincere; but is Christ's command, touching the secrecy of prayer, obeyed? That is all.

During one of my visits to the Beech Woods, another clergyman and myself were put to lodge in the same room. Previous to undressing he dropped on his knees by the bedside. I did not. What I should have done if I had been alone, the reader shall be informed, when it becomes his business to know and mine to tell. Suffice it to say that I went to bed without. When he had got through, and had come to bed, he inquired with some surprise, "Don't you *pray*, brother?" "You must excuse me from answering," I replied. "Do *you*?" "Do *I!*" he rejoined, "why, what do you think I was doing on my knees?" "Indeed I can't tell," said I. "Can't tell! why," said he, "you surprise me." "No doubt I do," was my answer, "yet I very sincerely mean what I say; I know not what you were doing on your knees; what the posture implies, so far as *observers* are concerned, I know; it implies an advertisement that you were praying." "Well, and was I not?" he asked. "God only knows," was my reply. At which he was evidently nettled, until I explained to him that it was far from my purpose to question his sincerity, but that as he had fallen into a practice that the Master had expressly forbidden, I could not in conscience conform to it, whatever might be thought of my *piety* on that account. "What, then, shall be done," he asked, "when two or more lodge in one room? Shall they forego prayer altogether, for fear of being seen by each other?" "No. They have other alternatives," said I; "either, they can *unite* in the exercise, in which case

it becomes *social*, and does not fall within the injunction to secrecy—or, as in God's eye *attitude* is nothing, they can each send up his soul in silent devotion to heaven while lying in his bed, quite as acceptably—the circumstances considered—as if he were on his knees." I am sorry to disgust the reader by stating, that notwithstanding this explicit explanation of my views, this man reported me to be an enemy to secret prayer.

The clergyman who succeeded Mr. Kennard, at Kensington, had formerly been, as before said, a Christian. Several ministers of that denomination visited Kensington during his ministry there, by whose means Arianism began to manifest its prevalence in that church, as also in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches of that district. This circumstance led to a request on the part of Rev. Mr. Chandler, Presbyterian, that I would lecture in his church in defence of the Trinity, on a particular Sabbath. I had several times before occupied Mr. Chandler's desk, and I readily complied with his request on that occasion, for I was a zealous stickler for the Trinity, and was rather fond, moreover, of polemical disquisitions. I acquitted myself of the task assigned me to the best of my ability, and had the satisfaction of satisfying Mr. Chandler, who thanked me warmly for the service I had rendered to the truth, and pronounced my discourse irrefutable. Will the reader believe me! That very night I went to bed a Unitarian! Yes, I relinquished, after a candid review of two or three hours duration, a doctrine I had been taught to regard as an essential item in the christian system; the very keystone of its supporting arch; and I adopted in its stead a tenet which is denounced as one of the worst of heresies! Does the reader doubt my sincerity in this matter? Let me tell him, then, that the presumption should ever be in favor of the moral honesty of a man who leaves the orthodox ranks, and attaches himself to a small and proscribed party; provided, always, that his character and prospects stood fair in his former position. The reverse holds with regard to those who leave a sect termed heretical and attach themselves to an orthodox church; *they* go over to the popular, the influential, the wealthy side; they escape the *odium theologicum* which attached to them in their former relations, and so many are the selfish motives which may be conceived to have influenced them to change, that the presumption against their

sincerity must necessarily be strong in all reflecting minds. It is possible, nevertheless, for a man to be actuated by base motives in the former case, and by conscientious ones in the latter; albeit, it must be owned that it is but barely possible.

My change of views took place as follows: I had seen, in my congregation that day, some Unitarians, with whom I was on a footing of intimacy. I had observed them taking notes, and I knew they would not fail to put me to the proof of my positions at the first opportunity, where I should not, as in the pulpit, have the argument all to myself. So, to be prepared for these gentry, I sat down in my chamber before retiring to rest, and, one by one, I reviewed my arguments in juxtaposition with the objections I conceived they would bring against them. Alack! under this searching process, argument after argument faded away into mist! I saw, that for this important item of my creed, I could, in very deed, urge nothing but forced and inconsequential inferences. If I was startled by this discovery, I was more so when I came to consider the evidence on the other side. As, for instance, the strict unity of the Godhead, as everywhere inculcated in the Scriptures. The jealous care with which the Jews were guarded against the notion of a plurality of Gods. The fact that they were in no instance informed that God is *three*, but invariably that he is one. Their consequent utter ignorance respecting a trinity. The absence of all pretension, on Christ's part, to any dignity beyond what arose from his relation to God as a Son. His repeated avowal of inferiority to and dependance on the Father. The fact, that in no recorded case was a candidate for admission to the church required to believe either in the Trinity, or the supreme Godhead of Christ, but simply to confess Jesus as the Messiah. The absence of all allusion to such a doctrine by the Apostles in their preaching and writing, save as it may be doubtfully inferred from a few texts of questionable signification. The infinitely closer affinity of this doctrine with heathen polytheism, than with the Divine unity as taught in the sacred oracles. The absurd consequences, moreover, inseperable from the notion that Christ is God in the supreme sense; as in that case, "Our Lord Jesus Christ," is also "the *God and Father* of our Lord Jesus Christ"—in other words, the God and Father of himself! If Christ is the Supreme

Jehovah, then the Supreme Jehovah is Christ; and as Christ was born, put to death, buried, etc., the Supreme Jehovah was born, put to death, and buried! Christ was begotten of the Father; but if Christ *is* the Father—and such he must be if he is Jehovah—then, undeniably, he was begotten by himself! he prayed to himself! he raised himself from the dead! he ascended to himself, and sat on his own right hand; was a mediator between himself and man! Then the unchangeable God, who was once pure spirit, became also corporeal! He who was once wholly Divine—and changeth not—became also human! etc., etc. When considerations of this kind rushed on my mind, I was overwhelmed. I wondered how it was possible I had not thought of them before; and the Savior, in the language of gentle remonstrance, seemed to say to me, "Poor blind mortal! have I not in my word most explicitly declared to you, my Father is greater than I!" Well, there, forever, ended my Trinitarianism, and I went to bed that night a believer in the doctrine which I had that day exerted my utmost efforts of argument to refute. This was my first *great* step in heresy.

Alas! when once fairly loosed from the moorings of educational prejudice, who can prescribe limits to the mind's discoveries? I had detected myself to be fallible in one point of faith—why might I not be equally so in others? My range of thought being now materially widened, I read the Bible with new eyes. I was not long blind to the fact so clearly taught therein, that Christ's mission and death had for their object the reconcilation *of the world unto God*, and not, as creeds teach, of *God unto the world*. I looked in vain through the New Testament for a solitary sanction to the popular dogma, that Jesus died to appease the divine wrath—to cancel the demands of divine justice against man—to make it possible for God to extend his clemency to sinners, and the like; the Bible I found is wholly innocent of any such teaching; that, on the contrary, it uniformly represents the mission and death of Christ as manifesting God's *love* to man—not as satisfying his *vengeance*. So I advanced another step in heresy.

Who is it that has said, "a *wise* man may often change his opinions, but a *fool* never will?" Whoever he is, I am vastly obliged to him for enabling me to range myself in so respectable company. My next advance was to

review the doctrine of native and total depravity. In behalf of that doctrine I had read Fletcher's Appeal to matter of fact and Common Sense, and Wesley's Reply to Dr. Taylor on Original Sin. The former—although lavishly praised by Methodist's—I *always* regarded as an appeal to *prejudice* rather than to common sense, and it really *is* nothing more. Of the latter I judged more favorably, but I had never seen Dr. Taylor's work, and could therefore not decide on the merit of Wesley's review of it. On the other side, indeed, I had never read anything, until Letters to Wilberforce, by a Layman, fell into my hands, and I then could not but perceive that the entire weight of Scripture, reason, and fact, was incontestibly against the popular dogma. I am at a loss for terms that will suitably convey my detestation of that dogma. Of all the absurd errors that perverted human intellect ever generated, it strikes me that none will compare with it in point of beastiality. If true, the infant that nestles in its mother's bosom is, morally, as foul as the devil himself; for he can be no more than *totally* depraved. I found, indeed, that the text in Genesis, on which, mainly, this doctrine leans for support, affords a refutation of it rather than gives it countenance. God drowned the old world because of the utter wickedness of its inhabitants. But, pray, if what was said of them is equally true of all humanity, viz: "that the immagination of the thoughts of their hearts was only evil continually," why was *any part* of the race preserved? If all human nature was thus evil, Noah and his family, being parts of that nature, were also evil; and the race which should spring from them to re-people the world, being of the same evil nature as the race destroyed, would, of course, furnish equal reasons for another deluge. This is too obvious for argument. A farmer would be most unwise, who, finding his premises to be overrun with shrubs of a poisonous nature, should content himself with merely mowing them down, without extracting the evil roots from which a like growth of poisonous shrubs must necessarily spring up. If it be said, "But Noah and his family were righteous, and were thus exceptions to the general state of mankind;" I reply, that as the generations since the flood have sprung from that righteous stock, the notion of their total depravity by virtue of a descent from Adam falls to the ground. Thus we see that the text in Genesis was only applicable to the

particular generation that were cut off. They were not said to have been sinful by nature, but to have "corrupted their way;" which implies a departure from natural rectitude. The very history of the fall, shows that it entailed not *total* depravity, for the fruit of the interdicted tree imparted a knowledge of *good* as well as of evil. "Behold, the man has become like one of us, knowing good and evil." By what unheard-of alchymy divines have transmuted these two qualities into the one of evil only, it will, methinks, overtask their ingenuity to explain.

Well, having become a heretic while yet the pastor of an orthodox church, what then? Did I at once avow my opinions? Did I *covertly* preach them? Or, did policy prevail over conscience, and I continue to advocate views I no longer believed? I did neither. I had yet several topics on which I could descant from the pulpit with the consent of my own understanding and the approval of the congregation. I still believed in several of the essentials of an *evangelical* faith; in a personal devil, for instance; a supernatural new birth; a general judgment after death; and the endless punishment of the wicked. In these most essential points I was still orthodox. It may be nevertheless that I should not have kept my heresy a secret, for, phrenologically speaking, my *secretiveness* is far from being a very prominent organ: but I was saved the unpleasantness of disclosing my change of sentiments by the circumstance, which occurred about that time, of the society merging itself in the newly organized Radical Methodist church. This dissolved my connection with it, for, although I had advised the society to that measure, I yet declined going personally into it, because of my anti-sectarian position. It turned out, however, that a majority of the society, when they found that they were about to lose their pastor by this amalgamation, insisted on retracting the measure, and retaining me in my former relation. It was with great reluctance—as God is witness—and not without very earnest solicitation, that I consented to be a party to this retrograde movement; and as my conduct in the matter must necessarily have appeared inconsistent to those unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances which induced it, and as these pages will be likely to fall under the eye of some of those, I will, for their information, state those circumstances.

It is known to them, that during my stay at Spring Gar-

den, I boarded with a most benevolent widow, named Hester Bain. Being childless, and having lost an only son, who, had he lived to that time, would have been just of my age and borne a close resemblance to me, as the old lady thought, it was natural that a maternal fondness in my favor should have grown up in her breast during the twelve months of my residence with her. She had a competent income, and did for me, without charge, all that I could have expected from her had I been her son; indeed, my happiness seemed a principal object of her care; and, as she was of a very affectionate nature, her attachment to me acquired a strength of which I became most painfully conscious when I came to part with her. There were also others in the society, who ascribed their conversion to my instrumentality, with whom I found it a painful matter to part. In short, it was decided that I *must* remain with them. We should hold our meetings in Mrs. Bain's suit of parlors, until by an increase of our numbers —which all were sure would be certain to ensue—we should be enabled to procure a regular place of worship; and we should then be a happy little body of believers, accountable to God alone for our faith and forms of service, and independent of all the rest of christendom. A pleasant dream enough.

From the above account it may be seen with what facility, and by what trivial chances, parties are multiplied in the Christian church. For my part, I was far from being inwardly at ease in this isolated and responsible position. If what the poet, Cowper, saith, be true, that

> "———————— God gives to every man
> The virtue, talents, understanding, taste,
> That lift him into life, and let him fall
> Just in the nich he was ordained to fill,"

it is certain I never was ordained to fill the niche of a party leader, for I possess neither the talents nor the inclination for such a business. Besides, my opinions were then in a transition state, and I could not foresee upon what system of faith I was eventually to settle down. Under these circumstances preaching became an irksome task to me, because I could advance none of the leading orthodox doctrines with entire confidence. I therefore adopted the expedient of asking leave of absence for two months, which was granted, and I left the city for a third visit to the Beech Woods.

I made a stop of a week on the way, in the Quakero-Methodist neighborhood aforementioned — the William's Settlement—where a most lamentable affair had transpired a little while previous. A respectable widow, who kept a public house on the river shore, had a lovely daughter named Mary; she was betrothed to a young man in the neighborhood, who died on the very day that had been fixed on for their nuptials. Poor Mary had more heart than philosophy, and the latter proved too weak for her hard fortune. She lost her reason. The fact was first indicated by her frequent visits to her lover's grave, on which she would prostrate herself and talk to its unconscious tenant; now gently upbraiding him for his nonappearance on the day affixed for their wedding, and anon expatiating on the happiness they should ere long enjoy together. It was deemed necessary to confine her to the house, at length, lest she should come to harm. In this condition of affairs, a traveler stopped at the Inn one day and ordered dinner. He was about seating himself to it, when the Deputy Sheriff of the county, also, stopped for the same purpose, and wished it got in haste. "As you seem to be in a hurry, sir," said the traveler, "which is not at all the case with me, I will resign my place to you with great pleasure, and wait till another dinner can be prepared." The Deputy thankfully acquiesced in this arrangement, and devoted himself to his meal without delay. While he was thus engaged, the very complaisant traveler walked leisurely out, unhitched the Deputy's horse from the post before the door, mounted him, crossed to the Jersey shore by a ford near by, and made a clean escape with his prize! *Cool*—was it not? The confusion produced amongst the people of the Inn by this affair, was great, as may well be supposed; but they were doomed to be still worse confounded by what shortly followed. Poor Mary had sense enough left her to seize the opportunity this circumstance afforded, for executing a design against her own life. Unobserved by the family, she went to a large tub of water which stood near the kitchen door, and, kneeling down, she bowed her head into it, and held it there till life was extinct! Was ever suicide more strangely effected?

Deep and universal in the neighborhood was the grief on Poor Mary's account; nevertheless, a Methodist minister of the district refused to minister at her burial! God

forgive the bigot, and grant he may never have done worse things! And yet, was he not right in so refusing? For, what consolation could he have afforded in a case of this kind? None—none whatever. According to his stern creed there are depths of human guilt to which the arm of infinite grace cannot reach down, and the poet is a trifle mistaken who saith, that—

"Earth has *no* sorrow that Heaven cannot heal;"

for, according to the creed of endless wo, there are many such sorrows; for, can Heaven heal the wo of a mother whose daughter is eternally damned? Is there a balsam in the dispensary above for the heart, when the object of its ineradicable affection is screaming in waves of flame?

Mary's sad story wrung from my muse the following verses, which, I must own, say little for the exact soundness of my orthodoxy at the time, on more points than I have above specified.

Mary, a stranger hears
How closed thy sad young life below,
His muse is all in tears,
And strikes her harp to notes of wo.
Thy beauty met with early blight,
Soon set thy sun in sorrow's night.

How like a timorous thing
Thy spirit bursts its bars of clay,
And fled with hasty wing
From this censorious world away.
Thou ill couldst brook life's storms to brave,
So fled'st unlicensed to the grave.

Say, in that hour of gloom,
What was thy bosom's weight of grief,
That thou should'st seek the tomb
As the sole refuge for relief?
Had'st thou not heard of Heaven's sweet grace,
That can all guilt—all woes efface?

Fond man too often scorns
The tender friend in mercy given,
To smooth his path of thorns
Through this brief life of sin, to heaven.
He oft a worthless object proves,
Man never loved as woman loves.

Oh! had thy case transpired
In time of Rome's or Greece's glory,
'Twould then be much admired,
And blazoned forth in classic story.
And learned fools had sought to raise
Their fame, by spouting in its praise.

Haply some future day,
'Twill yet become a theme of song,
And many a rustic lay,
Poor Mary's mem'ry may prolong.
And swains, and rural nymphs, may plight
Their vows beside thy grave, by night.

I will for thee appeal
From the harsh judgment of the world,
It has no heart to feel,
Its censures are at random hurl'd.
Thy cause is in the court above,
Whose King's thy Father, and his name is Love.

In that neighborhood, I was made acquainted with another interesting case, which I will relate, for the light it throws on the utility of signing Temperance pledges; albeit this was some time before Temperance societies came into vogue. There had lived in that vicinity an Englishman of great and varied talents, and a turn for mathematics and the mechanic arts; in short, he was well qualified to be a useful man, and to make a fortune for himself. Unfortunately, however, he was a slave to the demon Alcohol; and in his drunken debauches he squandered all the earnings of his sober intervals. Aware of the evils he was bringing on himself, he went, at length, to a neighboring Justice of the Peace, and made an oath before him in due form of law that he would wholly abstain from intoxicating drinks for one year. He kept his oath inviolate, but at the end of the term relapsed into his former course. After indulging for awhile, he went again and renewed his oath for two years: and he was equally faithful to this pledge as to the former. But, alas! he again relapsed, and, after all, went down before his natural time to a drunkard's grave! Suppose, now, that Temperance societies had then existed, this man would doubtless have pledged himself to abstain for life, and thus one useful member had been saved to society.

On the first Sunday after my third arrival in the Beech Woods, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, held by a society of Protestant Methodists which had been recently formed. By request of the stationed minister, I delivered the opening sermon; after which, he arose and informed the congregation that they all, without distinction, were welcome to be present at the Quarterly Meeting which would succeed to the religious services; "for we," said he, "unlike the old Methodists, have no secrets which we wish to keep

from the people, but transact our business openly and before the world; therefore, let all attend who can." Now, this invitation excited in the audience no small degree of curiosity. They could not comprehend the value of it, for they had been accustomed to consider the religious services accompanying a Quarterly Meeting as constituting the Quarterly Meeting itself; and they were therefore at a loss what to make of the liberal-seeming welcome thus accorded to them. So a little, old, decrepid, polite, intelligent, but very sputtering Englishman arose. "Sir, we are very much obliged to you," said he, "for your kind invitation; but, may I beg to be informed, sir, what a Quarterly Meeting *is?* for I supposed, sir, that we were already *at* a Quarterly Meeting." And he stood awaiting the information he asked for. "Father Bortree," said the preacher, "get up and explain to the people the nature of a Quarterly Meeting." This was to an aged Irishman, who having been nearly all his life a Methodist, was regarded as an oracle in all that concerned Methodism. "Wal," said father Bortree, "a Quarterly Maating in Ireland, with huz, they used to begin on the Friday, and"—"Hoot! hoot, man!" broke in another Irishman, some six feet and as many inches long, Clemens by name, who was a general and privileged *bore*, but took special delight in boring father Bortree—or 'Robin,' as he termed him—in particular, "don't you see, man, that the people are waiting til hear from you what a Quarterly Maating *hez?* What signifies telling them about Ireland?" "Wal, wal," resumed father Bortree, "have patience and I'll tal them. As I was saying, in Ireland with huz"—"Hoot, Robin! Tut, man!" again broke in his long countryman, "why but ye tal the people what it *hez*, man? The divil a haaporth do they care about Ireland. Just stick til the point, and tal them what it *hez*." "*Wal*, WAL, WAL," impatiently resumed the tormented father Bortree, "have patience, wul ye? and I'll tal them what it *hez*. In Ireland they used to begin"— "Hoot, toot, toot! arent ye ashamed now? fie, Robin!" a third time interrupted the incorrible Clemens; "why, man, dount ye see the paaple waiting on ye for information fornent a Quarterly Maating? Why but ye gev it til them at once, widout any of yer kalavers? Tal them what it *hez*, man, and be done wid it." All this time the little Englishman *stood*, in a meek attitude, awaiting an explanation of the

matter. Father Bortree again commenced, and, as before, was proceeding to tell when such meetings begun in Ireland, how long they continued, etc., when his tormentor, looking him earnestly in the face the while and making sundry signs of impatience, once more broke him off with his petulent monosylables. "Hoot, hoot, hoot! I am ashamed of the father's son of ye, Robin! that ye can't spaak til the point no better nor that comes to—fie upon the likes of ye! de'il a haaporth do the paaple care what's done in Ireland," etc., etc., till poor father Bortree was fain to give up his undertaking in sheer despair, and the people were dismissed with precisely the amount of knowledge on the subject that they had at the beginning.

Reader, that same little old Englishman was the means, a few days subsequent to the ludicrous scene above described, of putting me into a train of thought, which resulted in my becoming a Universalist. He himself was one, on the Winchesterian scheme, and in a conversation with him, as we walked in the woods, I was contesting that point. With his other qualities, the old gentleman had the crustiness common to age and decrepitude, and as we arrived at a fork where our respective roads separated, he asked me, pettishly, whether, in the creation, God had proposed no determinate *end* to himself? "End?" asked I, in some embarrassment, "end—end—well, what of it?" But the old gentleman was hobbling off, muttering as he went, "pooh! pooh! do you think the Almighty would create without an end? Nonsense!" And thus I was left alone to follow out the clue thus furnished, whithersoever it might logically lead me. Well, thought I, it is certain that none but an idiot would enter upon *any* important work without some fixed and definite end—and when an end is proposed, *means* are usually adopted for carrying it into *effect;* and those means will be more or less *effectual*, according as the being who employs them is more or less *wise*. Now, as respects Jehovah, must he not have proposed to himself the *most benevolent* end? Undoubtedly. Could *any* end be more benevolent than the best ultimate good of all his creatures? No. Allowing this, then, to have been his end, was his wisdom equal to a selection of means sufficient for its accomplishment? Certainly. Did he foresee, and was he able to provide against, every possible contingency that might arise to *frustrate* his purpose? He undeniably possessed such foresight and ability. How,

then, can you escape the conclusion that all mankind will ultimately be saved? I can in no way escape it.

Here, then, I was, nailed fast enough, nor could I struggle free by the aid of the usual Arminian quirks and quidities, though I knew the full value of them, I think, as well as any body. For example, say God meant to save all men, *provided* that all should comply with certain terms. But, knowing with certainty that an immense number *would not* so comply, did he at all propose the best ultimate good of that number? If yea, then he proposed an ultimate good which he positively knew could never be effected! If nay, then with regard to that immense number — out-counting the stars of heaven — he created with *no* purpose of benevolence! To them he was never *good!* They owe him *no* thanks for their being — but curses rather! And to them, assuredly, does not apply the exhortation, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!" As regards *them*, such text is a mockery.

Having thus lost my last anchor-hold on orthodoxy, I was still unwilling to scud, with all sails set, before the winds of free inquiry, drive me where they would; no, aware of the danger of running under and foundering my bark from such a course, I chose rather to sail close, and steer with caution, for I feared infidelity worse than the least-approved form of religion in christendom—and so I yet do—my object was religion still, but religion in a rational, in a loveable form, and such she must be of necessity, as she springs from the source of infinite reason and of infinite love. At all events, as I was resolved to adopt no creed by system, but to take each item separately as my mind should approve it, I was still in uncertainty as to where I should eventually come out, and consequently I had no purpose of uniting myself to a sect. It was plain, however, that I could no longer, in good conscience, retain my position as pastor of an orthodox society. And, sooth to say, I had become sick of public life; I longed for retirement, and where could I better gratify that wish than in those wooded solitudes? Nowhere, I supposed. So, thought I, I will choose me a lass to my liking, who will consent to share my seclusion here, away from the great vanity-fair of the world, and we will be all in all to each other. And little will we reck, I mean, with how much complexity and clangor the machinery of busy life goes

on, so that it draw not us into its whirl, but leave us to the green and fragrant quietude of our sylvan retreat. Aha! how "disappointment laughs at hope's career?" A lass to my liking I found, 'tis true—and for that I am sincerely thankful—but as to the semi-hermit part of the project, these pages manifest how far that has been realized. For fifteen years, now, have our humble fortunes been linked together, and together have we seen, since that day, a tolerably extensive tract of the world's territory—its vales, mountains, busy marts, and watery highways—its states of social refinement, and uncouthness—of luxury, mediocrity, and want.

Immediately after my marriage, I returned to Philadelphia to dissolve my connexion with my little society; and a heart-aching time I had of it. The scene of that transaction is still before me; it took place in Mrs. Bain's suit of parlors, where all the members had assembled. I plead my inexperience—my inability to manage their affairs of myself—the difficulty they would find, in case of my sickness at any time, or my death, to get my place supplied. I faithfully pointed out the embarrassments of various kinds which must necessarily beset a society—consisting in two thirds of females—in their struggles to maintain an isolated existence, etc., etc. All this, I now confess, I should have represented to them at the commencement. I was culpable, and selfish too, I fear, in deferring it until it better suited my convenience to leave them. However, they granted me the release I asked, but tears, and sobs, coming from the depths of the heart, too plainly evinced the cost at which this grant was obtained. As for poor Mrs. Bain—the widow with whom I boarded—she seemed quite unequal to the blow. With the usual blindness of affection, she had not contemplated my leaving her, as among possible future contingencies. My leaving her! what could induce such a step? I, a friendless orphan, and destitute of worldly means, and she a second mother to me, able and willing to afford me all the comfort I needed; and yet I was about to break loose from those ligaments of her kind heart which she had humanely thrown about me! Alas! "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." The stage was to call for me early on the morrow, and during the live-long night the kind old lady paced her chamber to and fro, and vented her grief in half-suppressed groans. When the stage at length ar-

rived, and the separation could be no longer deferred, her anguish knew no bounds; she clung to my neck; she screamed; she implored me to pity and remain with her, for she should die if I did not. God knows how deeply I *did* pity her, and how deeply distressed I was at the necessity for the separation; but to stay had become a thing impossible. God's blessing on her love for the orphan!

CHAPTER V.

Review — Avows the Universalist faith — Sermon on the rich man and Lazarus—Poetises again—Is convinced of the propriety of connecting himself with the Universalist body—Settles with a Society at Brookline, Pa.—Something of the practical tendencies of Universalism.

It may be well now—since, of the whole coast of heresy, I have got out at length upon the farthest-projecting promonotory—it may be well to review my course, and to see how I stand in respect to *changes*; for I am by no means ambitious of the distinction of being regarded, in any eminent sense, as a *changeling*—certainly not. And yet, to well considered and *progressive* changes, no blame can justly attach, but the contrary. It is the changing backward and forward, and backward again, that betrays either an imbecile intellect, or an obliquious moral bent, and fairly entitles one to pity or to scorn. "I am a free-thinker," the eccentric Lorenzo Dow used to say, "by which I mean that *I think*, and, if at any after time I discover that I have thought amiss, *I think again*." Now, it is that very *thinking again* that bigotry proscribes—she ordains that the once thinking, be it right or wrong, shall suffice a man for life. Howbeit, as I have never taken the oath of fealty to her, I feel not particularly bound by her behests. In respect to religious opinions, my mind has never known but three stages. The first was that of my educational faith, imposed upon me by my "spiritual pastors and masters." The second was the transition stage afore described, in which there was a blending of the things behind with the things before. And the third was that of an entire in-

doctrination into Universalism, where I yet remain, with every prospect of doing so forever.

It implied no change that I quitted my mother church and adopted the usages of Methodism—no change *of faith* I mean, for the creed of the latter was adopted from the former, even as to its phraseology. After my interest in religion was awakened, I preferred the communion of the Methodists, because I judged them to be more devout than Episcopalians, and because, also, their hymns, beyond any I had ever known, seemed the very echo of my experience. Moreover, the following circumstance had no small influence upon that preference.

When I was taken from the Orphan's Asylum, where I had been a close-pent prisoner for nine years, I was put to board with a family who were relations by marriage to my grandmother. On the first Sunday of my residence with them, they asked me if I would accompany them to meeting. I answered yes, at a hazzard, for I really knew not what a meeting was. Until then, I knew not that christianity existed in any other than the Episcopalian form. I knew, indeed, by reading, that there had been such a thing as Catholocism, but I supposed it had become obsolete. Judge then of my surprise when I discovered that a meeting meant an assemblage for religious worship! And then, what a plain house!—Methodists were a much plainer people then than now. And what an anomoly for a man to preach and pray without either book or gown! And how strangely sounded the hymns, and the tunes to which they were sung! All was strange. Well, years passed, till in my seventeenth year, as before related, I was awakened to the subject of religion. It then became a question with me, as to the kind of meeting to which those relatives had conducted me; they had appeared to be a good and kind sort of people; the remembrance of them was pleasant: and I could remember also a few stanzas of the hymns they used to sing. Consulting a Methodist book, I found it to contain those very hymns; I hence judged them to have belonged to that denomination, and that the more endeared to me both the hymns of that people and their mode of worship.

Few Episcopalians, at that day, interpreted their creed in the *evangelical*, alias Calvinistic, sense. They repudiated the doctrine of native depravity, of a supernatural change of heart, and of all direct spiritual influences in

religion. They stigmatized these views as Methodistical, and conducive to distempered conceits, and various fanatical affections. I once took an agency for the EPISCOPAL RECORDER, edited by the Rev. G. T. Bedell, a very eminent minister of Philadelphia. Nevertheless, on the score of its advocating the *low church* or *evangelical* doctrines and usages, I found great opposition to it on the part of Episcopalians, both clerical and laic, insomuch that, where there were large churches of that people, I could scarcely obtain for it a single subscriber. Mentioning this circumstance, at the time of it, to an elderly Episcopal clergyman—Rev. Simon Wilmer—he informed me that the opposition to the *evangelic* doctrines had formerly been much greater than it then was, and that at a certain time there was but a single clergyman of his church, besides himself, within the bounds of the convention to which he belonged, who professed to have experienced, or who believed in the attainability of a supernatural change of heart. *Now*, however, nearly that whole church so holds! If, then, the mother church herself can thus change, she must be sparing of her anathemas upon her heretical son.

I have said that I longed for private and secluded life, and I did so most earnestly. I could sincerely sympathize in the poet's wish—

> "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

But it was not in the Beech Woods that I was destined to find the retirement I sought, nor could anything but my entire ignorance of rural habits have led me to seek it there. One can be far more secluded in the heart of a great city, than in a thinly populated district; *that* I was not long in learning from experience. I had not yet declared the change in my faith, simply because, in fact, I could not exactly define *what* I had changed to. I had, however, an appointment to preach on the Sunday following my return from Philadelphia, after my marriage; the time arrived; the congregation was mostly composed of Methodists and Baptists. I took for my text, Ps. cxlix. 4. "For the Lord taketh pleasure in his children: he will beautify the meek with salvation." I selected this beautiful passage with no purpose of deducing from it any particular theological doctrine, but being of a reasoning habit in my discourses at all times, and wholly extemporaneous,

I proceeded step by step in my sermon on that occasion, until I found myself launched broadly out into a discussion of God's universal paternity, and the hope thence arising as to the final destiny of the whole human family. I can assure the reader that I had a wakeful audience that day; looks of unbounded surprise were exchanged by face with face, for it is doubtful if a single person there had ever before listened to the gospel in that form: and I was regarded as little else than a bold blasphemer in daring to give utterance to it.

And it was no minced affair, that sermon, although my virgin effort as a Universalist. After having satisfied myself on the affirmative ground, I took the negative in hand; I labored to show the cruelty and injustice of the doctrine of endless wo—its revengeful aspect, and its evil bearing upon man's views of the Divine character. I insisted that my hearers themselves did not, *could* not, believe in it, any more than myself; to comprehend it, indeed, I asserted, exceeded the capacity of the human understanding. "Not that I mean to impeach your sincerity, my friends," said I; "you honestly think, I doubt not, that it is a doctrine of the Bible, and that it is your duty to acquiesce in its propriety; nevertheless to appreciate it, to conform your feelings and conduct to a persuasion of its truth, is *more than you can do*. Some of you are fathers, and mothers. You have children grown to a responsible age; they are unconverted; between them and eternal perdition, therefore, but one moment of time may separate. Does a conviction of this fact influence your conduct toward them? On the contrary, do not days, months, years, pass without their hearing a word from you relative to their danger? Now this, certainly, does not proceed from the want of a sincere affection for them, for you manifest a suitable concern for their *earthly* weal, and should one of them be journeying toward a precipice, into which, as you foresaw, he was liable to fall and be dashed to pieces, you would not be wanting in exertions to prevent such a catastrophe. No, you would leave your bed at midnight, if necessary, and amid storm and darkness hasten to intercept his dangerous progress. Yet, in that case, the mere *temporal* life of your child would be at stake, whereas in this he is supposed to be traveling toward the abyss of final ruin—you know not at what moment he may arrive at its awful brink, and be precipitated into its waves of fire! And you can

be indifferent meanwhile! Surely, either your faith or benevolence is sadly at fault, and I must needs conclude that it is the former."

It will be believed, that there was no small stir in the congregation when the meeting closed; nevertheless, I must do the people the justice to say, that they manifested very little ill-feeling. Some sagacious ones had forseen that I would one day become a Universalist. Others had supposed me the last man for such a likelihood. One old gentleman, a class-leader, gave it as his judgment, that "much learning had made me mad"—of which "much learning" I was quite innocent, God knows. None, however, charged me with insincerity or impure motives; nor could they, with any show of reason, for the new stand I had taken was against every prospect of worldly interest, and on that account, but still more for the loss of friends and public countenance which I foresaw it would involve, it was a sore and grievous trial to me. I positively knew of no Universalist within a hundred miles of me, and I now felt myself more than ever isolated from the rest of christendom. I had no idea of ever becoming a preacher of the Universalist church. I judged not myself to possess the necessary ability, neither, indeed, was I sufficiently acquainted with their system of faith, to know whether I should agree with them in several important particulars. However, as I had now fully committed myself on the point of universal salvation, I must defend it against all opposition as I best could. I had no access to books on the subject, nor had I ever read one; and, for the removal of objections, therefore, and the harmonizing of certain Scripture texts with my new theory, I had to rely solely on my own ingenuity. True, I had maintained public debates with Universalists early in my public life, but my bigotry was then such, that I retained no knowledge of their methods of explaining the texts I refer to.

As might have been expected, it was not long ere I was called on for an exposition of the RICH MAN AND LAZARUS; and the reader shall have an outline of my discourse on that subject. But I must first notify him that when I subsequently saw Mr. Ballou's exposition of it, I decidedly preferred it to my own.

I assumed, then, that Christ presented the case as a suppositious one—as though he had said, "we will suppose a case. There was a certain rich man," etc. The rich

man, I assumed, represented a voluptuary, engrossed in self-gratification, and unmindful of the claims which his suffering fellow beings had upon his sympathy and means of relief. The poor man "was laid at his gate," not because of his known benevolence, as Dr. Clarke supposes, but simply because he was known to be *able* to render him assistance—the poor naturally looked for aid to the rich. Christ represents Lazarus as being very moderate in his expectations, "desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." I am aware that the word *desiring*, might, without violence to the original, have been rendered *delighting*, and that it is thence inferred that Lazarus actually received such crumbs—which Clarke tells us were very large ones; being lumps of bread, on which people in those times, for want of napkins, wiped their fingers; forks having not yet come into fashion; but then it is not pretended that *desiring* is not also a correct rendering, and it is proved, as I think, by all the circumstances, to be the true one. And even if otherwise, there is small charity, I trow, in granting crumbs to a beggar, with which one has wiped his greasy fingers! It says but little, too, for the kindness of the rich man, that this poor subject of disease and want should have been left to the mercy of dogs, which "came and licked his sores." The unsophisticated reader will scarcely believe that this circumstance, also, has been interpreted to favor the notion of the rich man's charity! *Perhaps* he *sent* the dogs to perform that office; and *perhaps* it was done for medicinal purposes; for the lick of a dog is healing; and Esculapius, the god of physic, was sometimes represented in statuary with a dog in attendance! All very probable, reader, is it not? In contempt of all this circuitous criticism, I assumed that the rich man was a sordid, unfeeling, sensualist, and that Lazarus, poor, afflicted, and modest in his claims, was wholly unpitied and neglected by him.

But, in the course of things, the conditions of the parties are reversed. Lazarus dies to his former miserable and degraded state—he was not buried, mind you—he was "carried by angels to Abraham's bosom:" in other words, he was elevated to a seat of honor in the nation which claimed Abraham as its father. "The rich man also died," to his former wealth and dignity, and he, you must mark, "*was* buried," was degraded, obscured, "and in hell"—*hades*, literally the *grave*, figuratively, moral or civil de-

gradation—"he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." *His* turn to beg is now come. But he asks no favor directly of Lazarus—why not, if he by his previous charities, had laid Lazarus under obligations to him?—he merely requests that Lazarus may be *sent* to his relief, and is told in return, "Thou in thy life time," in thy prosperous days, "receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus his evil things." Why did he not answer, "true, and I imparted of my good things to him, and may now, therefore, justly demand a requittal?" It is clear, that he must have had a lower opinion of his own charity than it has pleased Dr. Clarke to entertain of it—and all for the sake of thinking that a very kind and benevolent soul may be eternally damned! He is also reminded of "a great gulph" which existed between himself and Lazarus; such as at all times has existed between the rich and the poor, but in those times, and in those countries, more especially. The rich man was quite well aware of it while he was on the better side thereof. It was hard, in those days, very hard, passing from poverty to wealth, or even from wealth to poverty, by reason of the law of primogeniture, and other conventional regulations.

Still it was possible, and the rich man had fears for his five brethren, who were probably pursuing the same course which had ruined himself. It might prevent their coming to the "same place of torment,"—sinking to the same state of degradation—if any one, who had actually risen from that condition, and was capable, from experience, of describing its horrors, should go to them with timely exhortation. But no, saith Abraham, "they have Moses and the prophets;" they have all the instruction granted to the rest of their nation; let them attend to it, or abide the consequences of their neglect.

The moral of the subject, is, 1st. That a course of profligate and prodigal living is likely to end in beggary. 2d. That if we are deaf to the calls of humanity, when we have it in our power to afford relief, we shall, by a just retribution of Providence, be liable to be brought to ask and be denied in return. 3d. That it is exceedingly difficult, after we have once ruined ourselves, to regain our first estate—the gulph is hard to repass. Finally; if we fail to improve the ordinary means of instruction with which heaven has furnished us, we are not to expect that

God will arrest our straying and ruinward steps by miracle.

Such is a skeleton of the discourse; and I backed it up by proof, that the orthodox exposition of the subject *cannot by possibility* be correct, because it is well known, and even by the most learned orthodox divines admitted, that "Moses and the prophets" teach nothing whatever—not a single syllable—about a hell of suffering beyond the present existence. Nevertheless, Mr. Ballou's explication of this parable has a fuller correspondence with Scripture and fact, and is, I think, the true one.

My meetings, notwithstanding my change of sentiments, continued to be crowdedly attended, and by all classes of believers. In a settlement called Paupack, the oldest in those parts, and peopled originally by emigrants from Connecticut, I was left with the field almost wholly to myself, though it had been included in a Methodist circuit for more than thirty years; besides that, a local preacher of that denomination, had preached there every Sabbath for a long time previous. But he ceased, from that period; nor do I think he ever preached afterward, during my stay in the country, except on funeral occasions. He yet lives, and is a truly good man, as well as a sensible one: he had founded high expectations on my contemplated settlement in the parts, supposing it would lead to very favorable results in a religious point of view. How I dreaded an interview with him after my change! I used to be much at his house, and he was very much my friend. At length, the dreaded interview took place; I tarried with him over night, under his own roof; he said not a word to me on the subject; but the next morning, after setting me over the river that runs by his door, in a canoe, he stood on the opposite bank, and gave vent to his feelings in tears and passionate remonstrances. This was a hard trial to me. My God! why cannot we all think alike? He afterwards heard me a few times, and expressed, very candidly, his conviction, that, although my error was great, yet it was exceedingly plausible and very difficult of refutation.

During those days, I fell into my old sin of making verses—my rambles in those woods seemed to inspire me with that sort of mania—and I really had the presumption to project a poem, of serious length and pretentions, to be entitled THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE. I composed some seventy or eighty stanzas of it, but relinquished my task, whilst it

was yet in a fragmentary state, having neither a beginning nor an end. The reader will, I hope, pardon my vanity, in spreading before him what I can now remember of it; which I do in the hope that he will like the sentiment if not the poetry.

* * * *

Thus musing, as at eventide I stray'd,
Pushing through forest deep my pathless way—
'Twas autumn, when the leaves do fall and fade,
And driven by the wind, in whirling circles play.

A brook, meandering in its course, flowed there;
On its green verge I sought a while to stroll,
Thinking of Kedron, and the Garden, where
The Savior oft pour'd forth the sorrows of his soul.

And oft, me thought, when birds had sought their nest,
When prowling wolves, in quest of prey, did hie,
The "man of sorrows" sought a place of rest;
Perchance some shelt'ring shade, on leafy couch to lie.

The nightingale suppress'd its sonnets then,
And mutely all night long its vigils kept.
The beast of prey slunk hungry to his den,
And all was silence where the homeless Savior slept.

Not long I rambled in this musing mood,
E'er lo! a solitary grave I spied!
Between two stately chesnut trees it stood,
On one of which was carv'd, "Here lies a suicide."

Two rude unsculptur'd stones, its length defined:
(Nothing they tell of him that sleeps beneath;)
The chesnut, hemlock, beech and ash combin'd,
To throw a sombre gloom o'er that abode of death.

No object could I see which bore a date,
Informing when this lonely grave was built.
Alas! poor suicide! 'Twas thy hard fate,
To leave no trace behind, but this brief tale of guilt.

I wonder why thou sleepest here alone!
What, could the common dead object, I pray,
If 'mong theirs some friend should rear thy stone,
Or in a neighb'ring grave thy harmless bones should lay?

No gen'rous sexton ever comes this way,
To keep thy mould'ring mansion in repair;
And I suspect, that on thy burial day,
No priest did consecrate this lonely spot with prayer.

The priest, I trow, and Levite, will pass by
On t' other side, when thy rude grave they see;
The Pharisee will upward roll his eye,
And proudly thank his God that he is not like thee.

But now and then a kind Samaritan
Will pause and weep in pity for thy fate;
And meet it is that man should weep for man,
Since in one lot of tears all must participate.

But *thy* case is the worst that can be nam'd,
If all is true which priests and poets tell;
Thou sinkest deeper than the common dam'd,
For they, it seems, wont keep thee company in hell.*

No doubt, if man could hurl the bolts of heaven,
'Twould fare full hard with wretches not a few;
Millions to endless anguish would be driven,
For what they did on earth, or what they failed to do.

But God, the righteous "judge of all the earth,"
On equal principles thy cause hath tried:
He knoweth *all* are frail, of human birth,
And he is good and just—So rest thee, suicide.

Then turning to the bank, (for want of spade)
I loosened with my hands the grassy sod,
Which in the breaches of the grave I laid;
And oh! my heart beat high, for none beheld but God.

Now night had o'er the silent scene around,
Her star-bespangled robe of darkness thrown—
I turn'd me to depart, when, from the ground,
Methought a voice addressed me, in sepulchral tone:

"Stay, generous stranger, listen to my woes;
Since thou dost condescend to pity me:
I hope, whene'er thine earthly life shalt close,
Thou may'st not want a friend to mend thy grave for thee.

But little of my transitory span
It was my fortune with the rich to spend;
In poverty and sorrow, I began
That being, which in poverty and grief did end.

I was an orphan at an early age;
My father bled upon a foreign shore:
His spirit sped amid the battle's rage,
And left his wife and babe in sadness to deplore.

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* So saith Rev. Dr. Blair, (father of the celebrated Hugh Blair,) in a poem entitled, THE GRAVE. Reverend Doctors must know all about such things; hence, when I wish to know more of hell than it has pleased God to inform me in his word, I go to them for instruction.

But soon that last, best friend, my mother, died:
In her alas! I lost my earthly all.
Her burial came; I wept at her grave side;
I heard the rumbling clods upon her coffin fall.

Then, among wolves which prowl this desert drear,
A lonely lamb without a fold, I stray'd,
No shepherd's aid, no friendly crook was near,
To guide my infant feet, to lead to friendly shade.

The laughing lustre of my eye grew dim,
A melancholy on my spirits prey'd;
My cup was fill'd with sorrow to the brim;
The rose that used to sit upon my cheek did fade.

Stranger, is yours an hospitable world,
Its pity to the wretched to deny?
Should friendless scoffs and sneers at those be hurl'd,
Who have no gold wherewith its charities to buy?

Oh, why should man 'gainst pity arm his breast?
Since he to death and wo is surely heir;
Why should he spurn his brother when oppress'd,
And frown a darker night upon his soul's despair?"

I stop here; my memory can furnish no more, and the reader will, I fear, be disposed to quarrel with me for retaining so much; yet his charity will incline him to excuse the vanity, so common, of an affection for the effusions of my early muse. My mind, it will be perceived, was subject to occasional touches of melancholy—inseparable from a versifying propensity, are they not?—these, however, were of very brief duration—the shadows of April clouds passing over the sunny landscape of my happiness.

For a full year I continued to preach Universalism on the same independent footing that I had formerly maintained as an orthodox preacher; nor knew I, indeed, that there existed any Universalist societies out of the large towns, until, in the summer of 1830, I revisited Philadelphia, and had an interview with Abel C. Thomas, then pastor of Lombard street church in that city. On the Sunday previous to that interview, I preached in the vicinity of the Bear Tavern, Bucks county, where I had often preached my former doctrines. My text was, "He that believeth not shall be damned;" in the course of my sermon I introduced, as illustrative of the mystical creeds which are apt to be imposed upon young minds, some strangely contradictory passages from the creed of Athanasius, which I had been compelled to commit, as an essen-

tial part of my education, when a boy. It happened that a Sunday school, with its superintendent and teachers, composed a part of my audience, and as this part of my discourse bore hardly upon their practice, they sat somewhat uneasy under it; the superintendent, in particular—a zealous Presbyterian, who, previous to my change of faith, had more than once entertained me at his house—was so exasperated that, forgetful of common decency, he arose and called me a liar; denying that there existed such a creed as the Athanasian! I calmly told him he was at liberty to leave the meeting, which he did, reiterating his abuse, and calling upon the rest of the audience to follow his example, which some did; but the large majority, who remained, gave the closer attention for this indecorous interruption. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman of Quaker origin and connections, Joshua Dungan, invited me to his house, telling me that though of a contrary faith, he could not but admire my straight forward and independent course. An hour's conversation at their house, sufficed to convince both him and his wife of the truth of my doctrines, and our intimacy and unity of faith continue unchanged to the present day.

In my first interview with Mr. Thomas, it was not my design to make myself known to him, as a Universalist—the reader will be at no loss for the reason—I wished not to connect myself with a sect. When, however, he informed me that a member of his congregation, being the Sunday previous on a visit at Addisville, had heard a young man—previously of orthodox faith—deliver himself of a Universalist sermon, in a plain and fearless manner; I could not refrain from informing him that I was that young man; at which announcement he was highly elated, for accessions to the Universalist ministry, were not then, as now, a circumstance of weekly occurrence. He inquired, if I did not mean to attach myself to the denomination? I gave him my objections to that measure, and, one by one, he overturned them, with that ease of argument for which he is distinguished. My first was, that sectarianism leads to exclusiveness of feeling; one will naturally, I argued, feel a closer tie between himself and another of his own sect, than in relation to another who is out of its pale Mr. T. settled this point by asking me to determine, candidly, whether, ever standing aloof from party ties, I *could avoid* feeling a preference for those who believed in com-

mon with myself, over others of a contrary faith? I was forced, on reflection, to acknowledge that this *is not* avoidable. My second objection was, that sects usually adopt their doctrines by system, instead of subjecting each one to a separate investigation, and that thence it follows that they retain particular dogmas, after reason has demonstrated their absurdity, because they happen to be part and parcel of the system. To this it was answered, that Universalists have no creed to which their faith is required to conform, but that each individual is left at liberty to form his own creed from the Bible, and is only responsible therefor to his God and his conscience. Thus was my second objection disposed of. My third was, that a hireling ministry was anti-christian, etc. This was my strong point. My intimacy with Theophilus Gates, with the Friends, and the people called Christians, had led me to think that a hireling ministry was the central source of all spiritual wickedness; that the beast, coming out of the bottomless pit, having seven heads and ten horns—that the great dragon, the switch of whose enormous tail swept a third part of the stars from heaven—that Apollion, Abaddon—in short, all the hobgoblins portrayed in the Apocalypse, were so many diversified symbols of this grand central abomination. Mr. T. asked me to show reason why time and talent, devoted to the offices of the ministry, may not as lawfully claim remuneration, as the same devoted to any other employment? For the life of me I could not tell why. You, for instance, are about publishing a book, he added; do you purpose giving that to the public, gratis? I answered; certainly not, because its production cost me both time and money. Very good, he replied, and is not the time you devote to study for the pulpit, the expense incurred in traveling to fill appointments, and procuring the books needful to aid your studies, are these not equivalent to time and expenditure engaged in any other vocation? I could not but answer affirmatively to these questions; and thus, forever, vanished my silly objections to what I termed sectarianism, and a hireling ministry.

The book referred to, which I was then about to publish, was entitled, *Charles and Henry, a fiction, illustrative of the spirit and temper which characterize the Christian church in the present age.* It was to have been issued in twelve numbers, of twenty-four pages each. duodecimo, but owing to

a misunderstanding with the printer, only seventy two pages were written, and forty-eight printed. I can say nothing of its merits, as compared with my late productions. I have written nothing like it since, notwithstanding that I think the plan was good, and might, in able hands, have been made effective in the cause of religious reformation. Its *dramatis personæ* were the heroes named in the title—Rev. Job Thunderwell, Deacon Wobegone, Rev. Erasmus Surplice, pastor of St. Giles' Church, Nehemiah Toll, sexton of the same, Dolly Toll, his wife, etc.; Oh! yes, and Elder Turn-to-the-Lord, whose pardon I crave for not placing him foremost on the list, seeing that he was the most redoubtable of personages, not even excepting the Rev. John Thunderwell; for "not the least amongst the thousands of Israel"—so ran the account—"was Elder Tobias Turn-to-the-Lord, far be it from the author to have him so accounted,—no, he was a genuine vessel of mercy, after the strictest orthodox, Quaker-hanging, blue-law-making, Sunday-mail-stopping stamp; he could quote you the hereditary descent of his religious faith, from his grandfather's great great grandfather, down through every link of the descending chain to his unworthy but elected self; nor had a single instance of heresy occured in this Godly line, save in the case of his immediate progenitor, who, as the elder used to say, was too much given to exexercise his carnal reason and profane understanding in regard to these sacred mysteries, wherefore it seemed unto the outward eye, that the heavenly Potter had seen fit, in his marvellous wisdom, to mould him unto dishonor, but," etc. There is always a *but*, thou knowest, reader, between our dear friends and the doom of endless wo we contemplate for others; and, I need hardly say that it so turned out at last in respect to the Elder's father. This saving *but*, it must be owned, is a convenient salvo to the discomforts of an endless hell belief.

My first sermon to the Universalists was delivered in Mr. Thomas' church on Lombard street; my second, in the Callowhill street church, of which Zelotes Fuller was then the pastor. From these gentlemen I received my first credential as a Universalist minister. In the fall following, at the instance of Mr. Thomas, I visited the church in Brooklyn, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, of whose existence I was previously ignorant, although the distance to it from the home of my wife was but forty miles. It had been

for two years destitute of a pastor, and had lost, by death, the only two it had successively had; first, Amos Crandel, and after him, Charles R. Marsh. Susquehanna county is also in the Beech Woods, but its forest is less dense and gloomy than is that of Wayne and a part of Pike counties; although even *it* will seem sufficiently so to a stranger passing through it. It is a continuous series of very high hills and narrow vales, but, notwithstanding the face of the ground is generally smooth and covered with grass to the summits of the loftiest ridges, it admits of and contains a numerous and thriving population, who are mostly natives of New England, or their immediate descendants; and a more industrious, moral, and enlightened community is not to be found on the face of the earth.

Before I visited this people, I had heard much of the evil practical tendencies of Universalism. I had been told that man is naturally so corrupt, that he needs the restraint which the fear of interminable wo imposes, and that if such restraint is withdrawn, his evil nature will manifest itself in every frightful form of guilt conceivable, etc. etc. I had no means of determining the truth or falsity of these representations by personal observation; I knew not but they might be true; they either were so, or a great many people were very much mistaken — but, then, might not these same great many people be also very much prejudiced? Everything is not true, I was aware, which a great many people think to be so, otherwise Budhism is true, Mahommedism is true. Reasoning *from the principles* of Universalism, I could not avoid coming to a different conclusion. If, in the moral world, as in the natural, causes produce effects like themselves, I could not account how the constant contemplation of divine love should produce hatred; nor the contemplation of holiness, as the ultimate condition of our whole race, produce sin; nor that of divine mercy, as exercised toward universal humanity, produce cruelty or revenge. Still, *facts*, it must be owned, will sometimes overturn the most plausible *theories*, and I knew not but what it might be so in respect to Universalism. I had my own experience to judge from, it is true, but what boots it to say how that decided? and partiality for one's own sweet self, moreover, is apt to warp the decision rendered from that source. When, however, I had been among the Universalists of Susquehanna county, I enjoyed the highest degree of satisfaction

as to the practical tendencies of my new faith; I thought I had never been amongst a people who so nearly fulfilled my ideal of social perfection. I am quite aware that, as a visitor, I saw little besides the brighter tints of the picture; nevertheless, after a subsequent residence in that region for four years, I hesitate not to ratify the general truth of the first impression.

For the memories of both their deceased pastors the Universalists of Susquehanna had a deep regard; they lie side by side in their burial-ground in Brooklyn, and a single marble slab covers both their graves. The latter of them, Charles R. Marsh, was but a few years past his minority, when he died of pulmonary consumption; he was a good scholar, an eloquent preacher, and an eminently amiable young man. During the two last years of his life he published a semi-monthly paper, entitled the Candid Examiner; in the course of its first volume, an eminent Methodist minister entered its columns, in discussion with the editor, and continued his articles until the failing health of Mr. Marsh compelled him to discontinue the paper; he shortly afterwards yielded up his young and valuable life. Scarcely was he deposited in his grave, ere his ungenerous correspondent collected his own articles, and republished them in book form, without the replies; and in addition thereto, he set forth, in his preface, that Mr. Marsh had discontinued the controversy from a fear of his opponent's arguments! So far was this from the truth, that the editor had fully met and fairly refuted everything in the shape of argument in his opponent's articles, although the controversy was a tax upon his wasting life, which few besides would have submitted to, for his correspondent writing a very illegible hand, the editor had to decipher and rewrite his tediously prolix articles for the printer, besides composing replies thereto, together with all the other toils attendant on his twofold occupation of clergyman and journalist. But, in truth, his correspondent belonged to the class of disputants of whom Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster was a sample:

> "In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
> For e'en when vanquished, he could argue still."

What, for example, could penetrate the moral obtuseness of a man, who, rather than concede himself to be worsted in a single point, contended strenuously that the

adverb *still* implies duration without end? "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," was one of his proof texts, and he actually raised an argument for the *endlessness* of the sinner's condition in eternity, on the word *still!* Of what avail were appeals to the *reason* of a man, moreover, who deliberately penned, and in his republication repeated the following sentiment: "We hold to no independent agency in man; he has power to *damn* himself, indeed, but none to save himself?" The reader will doubtless agree with me, that argument was thrown away, on poor Mr. Marsh's part, in so unequal a contest as this. Yet this same correspondent occupies, at this present time, one of the highest editorial positions within the control of the Methodist church.

The writing an answer to the republished arguments of this same correspondent was my first literary employment as a Universalist—an *accredited* Universalist, I mean. This occupied my intervals of leisure during the winter of 1830–'31, and made a work of one hundred and sixty pages, duodecimo—about the size of the work reviewed. I was then residing in a settlement called Paupack, in Pike county, about eight miles from the home of my wife's family. It was an old settlement as compared with the settlements around it; its original stock of inhabitants were from Connecticut, and they were most of them yet living, at a very advanced age, surrounded by their offspring of two generations. Very original characters were some of them, combining great simplicity with uncommon shrewdness; free-thinkers in religion; honest and punctual in their dealings; ungrudgingly hospitable to strangers; and industrious beyond any people I had ever seen. A great horror of priestcraft had these Paupackers, and reason good, for at the time of their residence in Connecticut the Congregational priesthood bore rule; their support by the people was compulsory. A poor man's cow, or other indispensable chattel, was liable to seizure for the payment of the clerical tax; and a layman, as those old settlers used to tell, had to pull off his hat and carry it under his arm as the priest rode by. It may be conceived, therefore, that the Paupackers had little love for Presbyterianism. I may term the year or more of my residence amongst that people, the *comedy of my life*, for never before nor since was my mirthfulness taxed to an equal degree. Each of these old folks was

an oddity in his own way, different from each other, and from every body else in the world. I have had several severe struggles with myself to repress a propensity for writing a novel, in which those personages should be made to act their appropriate parts; assuredly if the world did not already so teem with books of the kind, I should *find it hard to resist the temptation.*

CHAPTER VI.

Two night adventures in the woods—Wide extent of his circuit of Ministerial Labors—Tour to Dover Plains, N. Y., and Danbury, Ct.—Praying and unpraying men compared—Coincidencies which seemed providential—Rambles and adventures in Bradford county—Peculiar Character of the opposition to Universalism—Several instances thereof related—An amusing affair at Cudderbackville—Affair at a Camp-meeting—A controversial tilt or two—Affair at an Inquiry meeting, with an exposition of Acts x.—Affair with a termagant.

In the Spring of 1831 I accepted an invitation from the society in Brooklyn to become their pastor, and took up my residence there accordingly. It was not without much timidity that I took this step; I was young, unread in Universalism, having never read a single treatise on the subject, and had been preceded in the station by eminently gifted and excellent men; I lacked not for opposition, moreover, both from within the society itself and from without; that, to me, was a season of severe trial; thank God, I passed through unharmed! It is hard, however, to defend a citadel from the assaults of the foe without, whilst there exist dissensions amongst the garrison within. Well, I will pass those things as lightly and briefly as possible; they are not of the kind my mind loves to dwell upon, and I am far from thinking, severe as then seemed the furnace of trial through which I passed, that I suffered a single unnecessary pang. Heaven makes no mistakes in apportioning our trials to us; if mine, in the course of my life, have exceeded the ordinary sum, which I cannot but think is the case, though doubtless each one thinks the same of his own, he who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," endowed me with a natural buoyancy of spirit which has well enabled me to bear them.

My life began now to be a busy and laborious one indeed: my field was wide enough at the first to keep me well employed, and my anxiety to comply with every call, tended continually to widen it, until, ere I terminated my stay in that region, it had extended to a hundred miles in every direction from the central point, and, consequently, was full six hundred miles in circumference. My long rides, nevertheless, did not prevent me from gratifying my thirst for knowledge; my habit was to carry books with me and read them as I journeyed. My contempt for illiterate clergymen stimulated me to exertions to avoid being one of that sort myself. A preacher, indeed, may be excusable for being ignorant when he *sets out* in his profession, but nothing *can* excuse his contenting himself to *remain so*. So I then thought, and so I think still.

My father-in-law's residence is in one of the rudest and most inaccessible parts of the beech wilderness afore described; still his farm itself is smooth, and easily cultivable, being composed of bottom-lands which skirt a branch of the Lackawaxen river; but it is hemed in by huge hills, and by vast extents of the primeval forests, upon whose silence the sounds of human life have little intruded; there skulks the wolf, and there the rattlesnake gives out his note of warning; the wildcat also, and the more formidable panther, are sometimes to be met with there. Journeying thitherward for my wife, shortly after my settlement at Brooklyn, I left my vehicle at a point within six miles of the place, at Salem Corners, on account of its being impossible to reach it by that mode of travel. Night overtook me ere I had gone over one third part of those six miles; it was not a road to be hurried over even in daylight; one's way had to be picked among rocks, rotten logs, hemlock roots, etc.; besides climbing steep and difficult hills, and descending to deep hollows. These circumstances, added to the necessarily intense darkness of a path completely overarched by the interlacing limbs of trees more than a hundred feet in altitude, rendered one's progress slow indeed, and one's eyes of but little use to him. For myself, letting the bridle-rein lie on my horse's neck, I left him to pick his own way as best he could; he proceeding by sight and scent, and I by faith. We had got to within a mile or so of my father-in-law's, when, with the suddenness of lightning, my horse leaped from under me in a lateral direction, and I found myself at my

length on mother earth, with a sprained wrist, and somewhat stunned withal. What had startled him I know not, but suppose it may have been a deer, as that sort of animals were numerous thereabout. At all events, in going after my horse, who also came to meet me, I got inextricably bewildered, and concluded to take up my lodgings where I was. So, after stripping my horse of saddle and bridle, that he might be free to run in case of an attack, I tramped down some bushes for my bed, on which, with my saddle for a pillow, and my cloak for a covering, I soon sunk to sleep. My slumbers, however, could not have been deep, for I was aroused ere long by what seemed the crash of a limb of the tree at my head. I sprang up in a sitting posture, never more sure of anything than that a panther in the tree had caused that crash, and that in a moment more I should be his prey. I then remembered that my brother-in-law had told me of having fallen in with one but a week before, in that very vicinity. Resistance, or flight, I knew would be utterly unavailing, and folding my arms across my breast, and bowing my head on my arms, I awaited the panther's spring. My feeling was not that of terror, but of awe and solemnity; I felt as one standing out on a far-projecting promontory of time, and looking out on the wide and unexplored expanse beyond, and, as God shall judge me, I saw there nothing to affright, but much to humble and subdue me. However, as the leap did not come, after waiting for it a reasonable time, I began to hold a counsel within myself, as to what other cause may have produced that crash. Whilst I was revolving this inquiry, my horse, who was picking for grass at a little distance, produced a similar crash, by treading on a rotten branch which broke under his weight; this quite satisfied me that the former noise must have proceeded from the same cause, but as I then was partially asleep, and my ear near the ground, it had seemed louder and to have come in a different direction. Upon this I laid down again, quite free from apprehension, and slept tranquilly till morning, when I found my horse still grazing near me, and myself was none the worse, save that my sprained wrist was considerably swollen.

A few nights after the above adventure, I had another, from which I got off somewhat less cheaply. Again benighted, I was proceeding towards my father-in-law's, as

before, but on the opposite side of the river, when I was suddenly brought to a halt by a large tree, which had fallen across the road: a rain was falling, and the night was uncommonly dark. To make a circuit around a fallen tree in that country, even by day, is a thing easier thought of than done, for besides the brokenness of the ground, it is thickly covered with undergrowths of various kinds. Well, being resolved not to be a second time baffled of reaching quarters for the night, I stripped my horse, and leaving him to shift for himself as best he could, I endeavored to grope my way to the bank of the river over against my father-in-law's house. But, in honest truth, I am a sorry woodsman, and I managed to lose the path at the very commencement; I climbed over prostrate trees—crept under others—forced my way through laurels and briars—waded through boggy morasses—clambered over huge rocks; one while I would sink down from sheer weakness and exhaustion, and anon would summon new resolution, and push on; my hat was stove in on all quarters—my clothes torn to tatters; for miles I must have wandered, amid rain and darkness, until, about midnight, I heard a rush of waters, which, but for the pattering of the rain I would have heard earlier; I pushed on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and soon saw the dark river chafing amongst the rocks in its channel. It would have awed me under other circumstances, but as it was, I plunged into it, as eagerly as does a wounded deer for drink, and by wading and swimming alternately—for to walk along its margin was impossible—for nearly two miles, I arrived at my father-in-law's door at length, in such plight as is not easily described. Once, on my way down the river, I had caught hold of a bush on its margin for momentary support, but was soon warned off by the terrific greeting of a rattlesnake, which are very numerous in that vicinity; need I tell that I gave a ready heed to its caution? The old folks were much alarmed at the condition I was in, and the risk I had run, and my father-in-law, who perfectly knew the difficulties of the ground over which I had fought my way, declared, that for the price of his farm, he would not undertake it even by daylight, yet—with the exception of the entire loss of my clothes, from hat to shoes, inclusive—I escaped wholly uninjured.

There are few places in all that region in which I have

not lifted my voice for the truth; wherever I could get a dozen or even half a dozen persons to hear me. I went once, in midwinter, eight miles from a public road to preach to one family, living alone in the woods; their name was Simpson; they were originally from England, and so zealously affected in the good cause were they, that whenever I preached in Mt. Pleasant, ten miles from their residence, they were sure to be present, although they had to travel the distance on foot. Besides Brooklyn and Harford, in Susquehanna county, between which places principally, I divided my Sabbaths, I used to preach in Bethany, seat of justice for Wayne county; in Honesdale, at the head of the Delaware and Hudson canal, in what is now the village of Prompton, and contains a neat Universalist church, but was then the residence of the Jenkins' family only; in Canaan; in the Glass Works village; in Riley's Settlement; in Carbondale, where are the Delaware and Hudson coal mines; in Centerville, Dundaff, Greenfield, New Milford, Montrose, Bridgewater, Standing Stone; in what is now Monroeton, and comprises several churches, including a Universalist, but was then no village at all; in Sheshequin, Ulster, Towanda—seat of justice for Bradford county; in Athens, Factoryville, at Daggett's Mills, etc., etc.; these in Pennsylvania: but my field also embraced numerous places in the counties of Tioga, Broome, Chenango, Delaware, Ulster, Greene, Sullivan, Orange, and other counties in New York, besides many parts of Sussex, Morris, and Essex counties, in New Jersey. My vocation it will be conceded, was anything but a sinecure. I have more than once traveled the live-long night in order to meet distant appointments: having done so on one occasion, I became so benumbed with cold, and jaded with fatigue and loss of sleep, that, when about daybreak, I knocked at the door of a worthy couple, named Worthington, at Orwell Springs, Bradford county, I could little more command my tongue than though I were laboring under a paralisis. This couple were Methodists by membership, but Universalists in faith; I once or twice preached in their house. I claim little credit for this severe activity, however, for my turn of mind and peculiar constitution rendered it at once both agreeable to my inclination and beneficial to my health. Yet I must do myself the justice to say, that on the score of *motive*, I think I may presume to claim the merit of sincerity, at

least, if not of an ardent, self-sacrificing, and self-forgetting zeal. I stopped not at any time—God knoweth, yea, and so knoweth all who know me—to consult with my private interests; when a call came, no matter from whom or whence, my first impulse was to meet it, and when, as was often the case, I returned from a visit of a hundred miles from home, with as empty a pocket as when I started, I grudged not the toil and time bestowed, if I but felt that I had not labored in vain in respect to those for whom I made the sacrifice. That I sometimes returned home with an aching and bitter heart, I will not hesitate to confess: too often, indeed, have I been wondering what my family *would do* for bread, while those who were able to render a substantial answer to that question have been loading me with empty thanks, instead, and with invitations to increase my chances of starvation by visiting them again.

When I had been something over a year in Susquehanna county, I had the satisfaction of having my labors there shared by Alfred Peck, an able preacher, my senior in years and professional standing. He fixed his residence at Montrose, the county seat, whence also he issued a semi-monthly paper, of which, for a time, I acted as co-editor with him; it ceased at the close of his second year. In that paper I commenced the publishing of those journals of travel with which I have, from time to time, taxed the good nature of our several periodical readers to the present day. My apology is, that they cost but little mental labor, and gratify my propensity for description and narrative. In what remains to be written of these memoranda I shall have much occasion to draw upon those documents, for since I began to commit my public history to that sort of record, my memory has absolved itself of the obligation of keeping the same in charge.

In August following my settlement in Susquehanna county, (1831,) I received a formal letter of fellowship from the Chenango Association of Universalists, convened at Upper Lisle, New York. A letter was also at the same time received by Jason Lewis, since favorably known as a writer in our periodicals. The Brooklyn Society had solicited for me the right of ordination, but that was not granted, as the Association could not confer it consistently with its constitution, which required that the applicant should have received a letter at a previous session of the *body*. Still, the Brooklyn Society could itself have con-

ferred it at any subsequent period, but I cared not to advance by forced marches into the confidence and offices of the denomination, and I therefore waited until the Association's next session, which was at South Bainbridge, New York. Charles S. Brown, was also ordained at the same time, Job Potter preaching the sermon on the occasion. Immediately after my ordination, I made a journey through Delaware, Greene, and Duchess counties, New York, and to Danbury, in Connecticut. The following sketch of it may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Taking leave of George Messenger and his wife—whose guest I had been during the meeting—I passed up the Susquehanna to the beautiful village of Unadilla, where Job Potter and I held a meeting in the evening, and lodged for the night with Esquire Benton, whose house occupied a shaded area by itself on the principal street. Thence I proceeded easterly to Franklin Village, on the Catskill turnpike, where I preached the first Universalist sermon ever delivered in that part of Delaware county. It was a place of much bigotry, and I was violently opposed at the conclusion by a clerical student, who was so far qualified for his profession, at least, that he could recite the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and furthermore, he had somehow arrived at the profound discovery that the Devil was the first Universalist preacher! Yet from even *such* hands I escaped alive.

I thence proceeded, still easterly, to Kortright, and Harpersfield, at each of which places I several times preached. The sources of the Delaware river lie thereabout. Next I passed down the Delaware to Delhi, the capital of the county, which is a well built and finely situated town. The male inhabitants were mostly at a militia training a few miles out. I went thither, and looked amongst them for a countenance that might please me—*faces* were consulted for character in those days, not *heads*. Having selected an individual to my liking, I introduced myself to him, and stated the purpose of my visit to the parts. He proved favorable thereto, and taking me to where General R. was standing, he introduced me to that personage, and solicited his interest on my behalf. "I must hear him answer a question first," replied that eccentric old gentleman, and turning to me he asked, "If all are to be saved at last, of what use is preaching? Answer me quick," he added, "and without premeditation."

I replied in a manner which both satisfied and amused him, and, as his influence in the parts was unbounded, he procured me a house to preach in, and a large congregation.

My next move was to Colchester, over the rugged and desolate ridge which separates the east and west branches of the Delaware. Colchester occupies a small stony delta, just big enough to afford it footing, which is all the level ground there is between the former of those streams and the mountain. A ruder region is scarcely conceivable; the inhabitants depend on lumbering, and have to procure from abroad all that they need to subsist upon. The village is shut in from all the world besides by lofty and uninhabitable mountains: in crossing the one of these that separates it from Hamden, I got the king-bolt of my vehicle broken, and had to descend a rocky and precipitous declivity for some two or three miles, and ford the west branch of the river, ere I could reach a Smithshop for repairs. I preached on the great salvation at Colchester in the Methodist meeting house, and when I had ended, and had sung a hymn to the same cheering effect, a lady broke forth with a song about the awfulness of hell, and the comfort which she and a few others took in the prospect of escaping the same and enjoying the bliss of heaven.

At Hamden and Walton, in the same region, I also delivered several sermons. A little Society existed at the latter place of sincere and simplehearted believers, to whom the visit of a preacher was as refreshing as rain in a season of draught. Prominent amongst them was father Eels, whose face was a familiar one at all our associations that met within a hundred miles of his home. He is a happier worshiper now in happier assemblies.

Returning to Delhi I had a less pleasant meeting than before. I then discovered that the principle men of the town were sceptics, of the Owen school, and that they had mistaken me to be of similar sentiments. And what wonder? They had repeatedly heard Universalists so represented by Orthodox clergymen, and, being ignorant of us, they had credited the representation. When, therefore, on my return, I alighted at the hotel where I lodged, they swarmed about me in a high state of excitement—the consequence of some mad fanatical proceedings that were in operation in the town at the time—and with oaths and execrations requested me to be unsparing in my invectives

against priestcraft and the delusion of the christian religion! Language would fail me for expressing the mortification I felt, at finding myself so misunderstood. It was not, however, till they were assembled at the place of my meeting that I undeceived them, and I then did so explicitly and pointedly, in terms substantially as follows:

"Gentlemen, you are convened to hear a Universalist sermon; which is quite another thing, I would have you understand, than an infidel harrangue against religion! Universalists, gentlemen, are not infidels—they may be no *better* than infidels, in moral character and personal qualities, but, better or worse, credit me gentlemen, they really are christians in creed and in feeling: *Liberal* christians, we term ourselves, in contradiction from those who receive the same inspired canon of faith in a less liberal construction. And, for myself, I can assure you, gentlemen, that christianity in its worst form is preferable to infidelity in its best.

"And farther, gentlemen, if you would act with effect against the religious madness of the time, allow me to assure you that your measures to that end are ill-chosen. It is not by cursing fanaticism over your cups that you can put it down; neither can it be done by abusing and deriding those who are its subjects. No, gentlemen, to the errors of men we must oppose reason; their extravagance we must conquer with moderation; and to their evil practices we must oppose a higher example. Our better principles, if such we have, must commend themselves by their better influences over our temper and deportment; and, unless we *can* furnish something better, why, doubtless, it were as well to leave them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their delusion.

"Now *Universalists*, gentlemen, are persuaded that *they* can furnish something better than the errors of which they would disabuse their fellow men; it is their *fanaticism* that we oppose, not their *religion*; their gloomy and soul corroding fears, not their confidence in God, nor their hope of heaven. Oh! for world's would we not despoil sorrowing man of that soothing faith, which is his soul's starlight during the night of the earthly pilgrimage. On the contrary, our peculiar mission is to strengthen that faith, and to widen its horizon to the amplitude which is warranted by the Creator's love and his word of promise," etc., etc.

This address was respectfully received by the audience.

Gen. R. received it standing, and acknowledged its applicability to himself by an occasional bow, for he made no secret of his disbelief of christianity. That same Gen. R., nevertheless, was president of a Bible and Prayer Book society that existed in the town, so usual is it for public men to connect themselves with what is popular, in disregard of right principle. And, alas, that it should be so! so usual is it also for popular religions to *court* such alliances. "But," remonstrated I when he had informed me of the fact, "how can you consent to belong to a society with whose objects you cannot sympathize?" "Hang the sympathy!" was his answer, "I'll join any society that will make me its president."

It would be difficult to describe the reckless extravagance of fanaticism which raged through all that region at that time. A class of strolling preachers, termed *revivalists*, made it their special business to go from place to place—wherever they were *well paid* for going—and inflame the religious passions of the people to an almost phrensied height. No language was too insolent towards men for these revivalists, nor too blasphemous towards God: many of her prayers and denunciations were shocking past description, and past belief too, I should fear, except to those who have heard the like. "Stop! stop!" once exclaimed one of these ranters, as an elder of the church was addressing the Majesty of heaven in the reverential strain to which he had been accustomed, "Stop! I say, such a prayer as that is enough to freeze *hell* over—Mr. so-and-so," to one of his satelites, who accompanied him to do the journeywork of such occasions, "*you* pray, and teach these people how to make the Holy Ghost hear them." This was a Mr. Burchard, besides whom there was a Finney, a Foote, a Littlejohn, and others. The last named was subsequently convicted of having been all the while a gross hypocrite and libertine: it was proved against him that, in one instance while conducting a protracted meeting, he feigned illness, and made attempts on the virtue of the female member of the church who was engaged to nurse him. She exposed him to the ministers and elders who were present at the meeting, and they advised the concealing of the affair, lest its exposure might counteract the work of the Lord that was then in progress! All this, and more, was proved, both in a civil and in an ecclesiastical court; and there is extant a printed report of the same.

I was frequently on the tracks of these several men, and had good opportunity of becoming acquainted with their respective systems of operation. I found that they everywhere said the same things, and in the same manner—even their startling and blasphemous sentences, which seemed the ebullitions of momentary impulse, were, nevertheless, stereotyped for the occasion and everywhere repeated.

The Mr. Foote afore-mentioned, had a tactic peculiarly his own; wherever he went for the purpose of getting up a revival, he would manage to fasten a gross insult of some sort on some individual who enjoyed the public confidence in an eminent degree. This, of course, would produce a sensation through the community, and, as *excitement* is the essential aliment of revivalism, he was sure of thus effecting *that* object at least. At Delhi, Meredith, Franklin, North Bainbridge, wherever I went in the tracks of this man, I could hear of his having played that precise game, and I hence infer that it was a settled part of his tactics. Well, he visited and commenced a protracted meeting at South Bainbridge, where was a large meeting house owned jointly by the Presbyterians and Universalists, who occupied it every other Sabbath in turns. It chanced that the Sabbath included in the term of his visit, was the Universalists day in the house; moreover, it was the day appointed to be observed as one of thanksgiving by the whole Universalist body, and the pastor at South Bainbridge, George Messinger, had accordingly given out weeks before that he would preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion on that day. When, therefore, application was made to him for a surrender of the house in favor of Mr. Foote, and a suspension of his own services, he *could* not comply without too serious an inconvenience, as many of his congregation would be in from miles in the country. Nevertheless, by a strain of courtesy, he consented to forego his own services till one o'clock, P. M., which was quite satisfactory to the Presbyterians, as it would insure the attendance at their meeting both of himself and his congregation.

Well, the Sabbath came, clear, balmy, peaceful, eloquent of the eternal Father's complacency towards his mortal offspring, and bearing to man's heart, in the happy songs of birds and the grateful incense of flowers, reproaches for its distrustfulness of that Father's changeless love.

On such days, methinks, the angels come down and breathe the air of heaven into men's souls. From all quarters the people were thronging to the church; those who on ordinary occasions parted off to separate sanctuaries for worship, were now going up to the house of God in company. Among the rest were two physicians, one a Presbyterian, the other a Uuniversalist; these were remarking with high satisfaction on the moral beauty of the picture, and expressing wishes that it could always be thus. But here a stern voice broke in from behind them, "Who talks thus of agreement with infidels?" it demanded. "Who wants any agreement with them?" "Mr. Foote," said the Presbyterian physician, allow me to introduce you to my respectable friend Doctor Benton." "Doctor Benton!" exclaimed the fanatic, recoiling a step or two, "Why, he is a Universalist!" Then advancing, and pointing his clenched hand towards his face, he exclaimed with angry emphasis, "Doctor Benton, *your character is as black as hell!*" Now the man to whom this was said, was a resident of long standing in those parts, and had been known from his boyhood by the Presbyterian physician who had given him the introduction. Moreover, it is not too much to say, that a more amiable citizen, and one more forward in every good enterprise, did not exist in that community. And that such was his reputation was well known to Mr. Foote; indeed, it was doubtless for that reason that he had selected him as the object of his gross assault. In addition to that outrage, he occupied the meeting-house beyond the time for which it was granted to him, and employed the larger part of his sermon in invectives against the people by whose courtesy he had been allowed to occupy it. Then, as if he feared he had not yet filled the measure of his vileness, he impudently announced that he should occupy the house after a given limited time, and he enjoined the "people of God" to assemble elsewhere to pray meanwhile! So much for a sample of the revivalists of that day, from which the reader will perceive that *protestantism* may assume forms of oppressiveness and demoralization, in respect to a community amongst which it exists, quite equal to what Catholicism *can* in this country be ever expected to exhibit.

At that same period—and what marvel?—Atheism was fearfully prevalent all over the country. I feared that it might obtain the ascendancy that it did in France during

the period of the revolution. The cause thereof, in both instances, was identical in principle, for *protestant* priestcraft is as really and as odiously such as is the priestcraft of the papacy. It seldom happens, I think, that men oppose religion from an innate antipathy thereto; it much oftener is the case that they reject it because of the corruptions with which it has been mixed up, and the oppressions that have been practiced under its alleged sanction. I seriously feared, at the time of which I am writing, that a very general rejection of christianity would ensue; and oh! what misfortune to a country has patriotism more reason to deprecate? Thank God! that season of madness in religion, and of Atheism resulting therefrom, has measurably passed away, and christianity is regaining the high place in the public mind and heart to which, by its intrinsic excellence, it is well entitled.

And if I should claim for Universalism, under God, the merit of having largely contributed to this result, shall I incur the suspicion of sectarian partiality thereby? However that may be, I do deliberately, conscientiously, and from positive knowledge so claim. If other proof of the fact were wanting, this would suffice, namely, that in any community of which Universalists compose a considerable portion, you shall invariably find fewer infidels than where orthodox forms of religion have exclusive sway. Another proof is, that very many who are now Universalists, and who are sincere believers in christianity, were formerly infidels, and made such by the absurdities of the popular religion. Few things have so cheered and strengthened my heart, as—having preached a course of sermons in a place where our doctrine was new—my hand has been warmly grasped by one and another, who have said, "Sir, as *you* preach christianity, I can both believe in it and love it; it is worthy of the Divine Being from whom it professes to emanate; there is nothing repugnant to human reason therein, nor shocking to the natural sensibilities. Thank God! sir, that your feet have been directed to this place; you have been instrumental in delivering me from a condition of cheerless scepticism, and of furnishing my hopes with solid anchor-ground." That I have *often* in the course of my ministry, *very* often, been addressed to this effect, God is witness.

But I have been betrayed into a long digression—let us return to the account of my journey. Resuming my route

in an easterly direction, I again preached at Harpersfield on the evening of the 11th, and at Oakhill village, Durham, on the evening of the 12th. The notice at the latter place was not given out till after sunset, yet the gathering was tolerable. I found a friend there in S. S. Allen. I drove next day about fifty miles to meet an appointment at Pineplain village, Duchess county, where I became acquainted with Dr. Allerton, a conscientious believer, with whose conversation I was much edified. "The word of God," said he, "is the foundation of my hopes. I dont allow myself to hope beyond its authority. I have examined with care the sceptical writings, but they only lead to darkness. When I want light from eternity, I go to the Scriptures for it, and they satisfy—more than satisfy me. I believe," continued he, "that God will surely punish sin, and I also believe that he will in due time 'make an end of sin,' for both these truths the Scriptures teach, and I believe them; and, sir, if sceptics are disposed to call my faith *credulity*, they are at liberty, but I am satisfied." Amen, so am I.

I love to name such Universalists as I fell in with in the course of my travels, who dared to avow their much despised and calumniated faith, unawed by the prospect of persecution which such an avowal involved. More especially as there are so many tiny-spirited creatures who pass for Universalists, *when no pressing emergency requires them to* ACT *in that character;* but so soon as circumstances arise which call for a display of their manhood, you will find that they never happened to have such an article, its use not being required in the ordinary line of their pursuits.

On the night of the 14th, I put up with George Perry, a Universalist of the true stamp, who kept the Stone Church Hotel, at Dover Plains, Duchess county. The next morning I took a walk, in company with a gentleman of the sceptic school, to see the natural curiosity from which the hotel takes its name. It is situated in the east side of the Dover mountain, which here forms the western boundary of the level and beautiful tract of country called Dover Plains.

The church itself—I describe it from my present imperfect recollection, having taken no notes on the spot—consists of a semi-circular area, formed by a slight curve in the side of the mountain. In the middle of this curve

is an aperture, with a perpendicular entrance, from which issues a brawling rivulet. Immediately over this opening (which is triangular in form, with the base resting on the earth) lies a large loose fragment of rock, which, from its form and situation, is called "the pulpit."

As you penetrate the aperture by a pretty steep acclivity, you find the course of the stream to be winding and very rugged. The noise it produces is increased to a stunning degree by the reverberations of the sound against the rocky sides and roof of the passage; for, although the mountain is cleft through to the top, yet the chasm both horizontally and vertically, being in a zigzag direction, your head is, for a part of the way, completely roofed over.

Proceeding on, you find the passage narrower and more rugged, till you have attained a stand on a large rock, on both sides of which the apparently terrified stream seeks a path of escape from its gloomy prison. Here the scene suddenly changes. You are not prepared for a spectacle so beautiful as now presents itself. Look up the avenue; before you is a perpendicular ledge of about forty feet in height, off which the streamlet leaps, in a beautiful and unbroken cascade, into a pure and transparent basin below. The effect is overpowering to a mind in love with the works of Nature.

My sceptical companion had no leisure to admire the scene. His mind was occupied with collecting ideal proofs to favor his comfortless philosophy. "See those rocks," said he, "they bear the appearance of having been worn away by the stream. How many thousands of ages must have transpired during this process!" Therefore the Mosaic account of the creation is untrue. This is the conclusion to which he wished to arrive. Alas! I was too blind to perceive the correctness of the premises!

On the whole, this curiosity is well worth a visit, and will amply repay the curious who have the means and leisure for the journey of a few hundred miles; and should any of my readers be induced to do homage to Nature in this sanctuary of the sublime and the beautiful, they will find that, concerning it, "the half has not been told them."

I reached Danbury, in Connecticut, that evening, where on the morrow, Sunday the 15th, I preached three sermons. The brethren there were few, but they were

achieving wonders by dint of zeal and perseverance. A splendid temple was being raised *to an impartial God.*

On the 7th I went to North Salem, New York, to witness the dedication of a new Universalist meeting-house. Thomas J. Sawyer, of New York city, preached the dedicatory sermon; and T. F. Whitcomb, then of Schenectady, preached in the afternoon. The services were crowdedly attended. I delivered a discourse in the evening. I here became acquainted with Father Glover, the eldest living minister in our connexion. He was held in high and very general respect.

I preached in Saugatuck, in Bethel, and again at Danbury, three sermons, on Sunday the 23d. From thence I returned to Dover Plains, where I preached, and also at Amenia. The congregations at all those meetings were quite large, notwithstanding that there was no moon, and many who attended, came a distance of several miles.

I was deeply affected by the account which a respectable lady in Amenia gave me, concerning the death of her only daughter, which took place some four or five hundred miles from the home of her parents. She died strong in the faith of a world's salvation. She had cherished that faith in her far-off sojourning; among strangers, whose lot it had not been to "hear the joyful sound." And her light had brightly shone amid the night of partialism which gloomed around her. "Many a time has she soothed me with the voice of comfort"—thus ran the letter which the mother received from a female friend of her daughter's, after her decease, and which the mother read me—"while I passed through the fires of persecution, which, after renouncing their cruel faith, I experienced from the believers in a partial God. Hers' was then an angel's influence to calm my troubled heart, and I shall bear with me to my grave, the remembrance of her kind and endearing attentions." Another letter from a gentleman who had made her house his home for more than a year, also bore honorable testimony to the steadiness of the light of her faith, in life and death. "The last time I saw her," he writes, "she was on the borders of eternity. She reached forth her hand to bid me a last adieu. 'I shall soon be,' she said, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. If I could but see my dear mother before I die, I should be resigned.' Your *lovely daughter* is now beneath the clods of the valley—

she sleeps in the dust;" so ran the letter, and the mother's voice grew tremulous as she proceeded; "but, it must be a consolation to you to know that she was willing to depart and be with Christ; and that she was enabled to triumph in the God of her salvation." The mother showed me a painted miniature likeness of her daughter, which represented her as a lovely woman, with a most benevolent countenance. "I was asked," said she, "by a Methodist minister, whether my daughter was a *professor*. Not much of that, said I, but she was a *possessor*." "There certainly is a distinction," he replied.

From Amenia I proceeded on to Kingston, Ulster county. I called on James M'Inty, at Kingston landing, by whom I was hospitably entertained. I preached in the dining hall of his hotel on Sunday 30th, in the forenoon, and in the Court House at Kingston, in the evening. Kingston landing, or Bolton, is situated on the North river, at the mouth of the Roundout creek, two miles below the junction of the Delaware and Hudson canal: it is a very busy and interesting place. In Kingston village I found a zealous and liberal friend of the cause in the widow Ratcliff.

The next day I arrived at Cairo, in Greene county, where I preached on the evening of October 2d. Our cause had there a very respectable beginning. In driving thence the next day for Brooklyn, my horse sprained his shoulder, and was consequently unable to proceed. This circumstance delayed my return by a week. I tarried in Harpersfield three days, and delivered three lectures there on Sunday the 7th.

The lameness of my horse proved to be no very serious matter, so that, proceeding by short stages, I was enabled to reach home by the following Sunday. My heart gladdened at what I had witnessed of the increasing prosperity of the cause of truth.

I was concerned in an incident and conversation about this time, an account whereof may be interesting, as throwing some light on the question of the practical influences of my faith, as contrasted with that of endless misery. I was journeying toward the mouth of Tunkhannock creek, which is the most considerable stream in Susquehanna county; being overtaken by night, I obtained accommodations for myself at a farm-house on the road. The family and myself were entire strangers to each other. With the man of the house, Esquire M., I was soon en-

gaged in a free conversation on various topics, which lasted till bed time; but nothing transpired to elicit a discovery of my religious sentiments. Previous to my departure in the morning, however, I perceived that my host had a curiosity on that head, and without waiting for him to overcome his delicacy so far as to question me thereupon—which in a yankee usually requires no great while—I informed him that I was the pastor of the Universalist societies of Brooklyn and Harford. I perceived at once that he was pained at the announcement; a shade of pity passed over his countenance as he said, in a dejected tone, "I am sorry to hear that, my young friend. I had conceived an unusual liking for you, and was led from your conversation to believe you a christian. And so, you are really a Universalist preacher! So young too! I well knew your predecessor, Mr. Marsh, he also was very young, and of a most lovely character. Dear me! how *does* it happen that Satan succeeds in enlisting in his service so many persons, who by their amiable personal qualities are so well fitted to captivate and deceive!"

"Is it not possible, sir," I asked, "that those amiable persons are in the employ of a different master?"

"I would willingly admit this to be possible," he replied, "if I could stretch my charity so far, but I cannot. Universalists, whatever else they may be, are not *men of prayer*. This, young man, you *must* allow, Universalists are not a *praying people*."

"But the Pharisees were, sir; yet it did not prevent their being hypocrites and persecutors. Much, however, depends on the sense you attach to the phrase, *praying people*, whether we are to be considered such or not. But let that pass. We will, if you please, institute a comparison between those who, in your sense of the title, are praying people, and those who are not so, with regard to their respective characters, moral and social. For, you must allow, sir, that if prayer is of no advantage in improving the character of a people, they may as well dispense with it."

He assented to this, and we proceeded to the investigation. We confined ourselves to the parts with which we both were acquainted, beginning at the embouchure of the creek on which he lived.

"That spot by nature," said I, "is a most delightful one; the stranger as he passes over it is apt to think it

must needs be a desirable place of abode, and he is tempted to envy its inhabitants who, being surrounded by so much that invites to the pursuit of peace and virtue, must of course be a contented and happy people. But tell me, sir, truly and unreservedly, how stands the fact?"

"Truly and unreservedly then," he answered, "I must own that it is a very corrupt community, and it is also true, nevertheless, that nearly all the persons composing it belong to one or another of the different churches there."

"And," added I, "are what you term *praying people*, of course. Would it not be better, if they could be termed an *amiable* and *upright* people?" *

I next inquired his opinion of a neighborhood about ten miles up the same creek, the principal members of which were of, or at least favored, the Universalist faith. He confessed that in moral respects, and for the virtues of charity and hospitality, he could not wish it other than what it was. Only, said I, facetiously, you, perhaps, would wish them to be a *praying people*.

His own neighborhood came next in turn; as a magistrate he had the fairest possible opportunity of knowing intimately the characters of those who composed it, and they were nearly all of them *praying people*—members of one church. He shook his head sadly, and owned the advantage there to be altogether on my side. We then, and hastily, compared the Presbyterians and Universalists of Harford—where I then lived—for between these two sects the community was divided; he was well acquainted with the individuals on both sides, and he admitted without reserve that, however estimable those of the former sect might be, those of the latter were, at the least, quite equally so.

Well, said Esquire M., after we had got through the comparison, this is surely a novel mode of testing the worth of people's professions, and numerous prayings! I never before thought of weighing them in such a balance. It is, however, I must own, a very just and satisfactory one.

It is strange that the readers of the Gospel do not see, that Jesus was not, in the cant sense of the phrase, a pray-

* With the present inhabitants of that place, the above has nothing to do; fourteen years have since transpired, during which great changes for good may have taken place: it is to be hoped so at least. About that time, a gang of counterfeiters had been detected there, nearly all of whom were church members.

ing man—although he undoubtedly was so in its nobler sense—so far from it, indeed, that his disciples were under the necessity of asking him for instruction in this branch of devotion, which would not have been the case had they as often heard him exercised therein as modern teachers of religion usually are. But the most virulent and unprincipled persecutors Jesus had, were as praying a people as the world has ever contained. The priest and Levite passed unheedingly by their countryman, who lay wounded and bleeding by the road-side: yet they were bending their steps toward the house of God to pray! The Savior has thus strikingly shown us, how little influence for good people's prayers sometimes have upon their humane feelings. Christ's kingdom is composed of such as *do* the will of his Father in heaven, and not of such as *say*, Lord! Lord!

At Danbury, some overtures had been made me toward a settlement as pastor of the society there. The situation was, in many respects, preferable to the one I occupied; my labor would have been less arduous, and my salary greater. Nevertheless, when—after we had visited it together—I came to talk over the matter of removal with my wife, our conclusion was to remain where we were. Our reason was, that as that part of Connecticut was a far more attractive region than Susquehanna county, and as it held out larger inducements to a preacher than the latter, it would, in all probability, be much sooner supplied with one, than would the latter in case of our removal. We reflected that, in Susquehanna county were many most amiable people, whom, for their mere inability to pay as liberally and the ruggedness of their country, it would be a pity to leave, while the prospect was faint that another would soon be got to supply my place.

On our return from Danbury, we stopped an hour or two in Poughkeepsie, on the North river, where my wife made some purchases toward house-keeping, as she judged she could do so more advantageously than at our country stores at home. We had purposed reaching Kingston that night, which is distant about twenty miles from Poughkeepsie, and on the opposite side of the river; we had acquaintances there, with whom we had designed to lodge for the night, and from thence we meant to proceed to Cairo, where I had an appointment to preach on the Sabbath. The latter town is distant from Poughkeepsie, by the way

of Kingston, about forty miles—but that is a very hilly and rugged route—by the way of Rhinebeck and Catskill it is ten miles farther, but the route is both more level and through a handsomer country. On our leaving Poughkeepsie, however, we found it too late to admit of our reaching Kingston that night, and short of there we knew of no place where we could tarry for the night, free of charge; we therefore abandoned that route, and took the smoother though longer one. On the other hand, we had no acquaintances at all on the latter for the whole fifty miles, and must therefore be on expense all the way. Then it became a question with us, how could we meet that expense? We had just one dollar left. We neither of us had dined that day, and it was wearing toward night. The keeping of our horse over night would cost the full half our money. Then there was the river to cross, which would cost another fourth, and we should have but twenty-five cents left, with which to pay for our own suppers, lodging, and breakfast; besides that, we had two toll-gates to pass through. As I, in my various rambles, had become pretty well practised in starvation, I threw my own supper and breakfast out of the calculation to see how that would come out. Still, there remained our lodging, my wife's supper and breakfast, our horse-keeping, an additional feeding for him on the way; our ferriage, and the toll through two gates; all out of one dollar. Could we throw ourselves on somebody's *charity* for a night's entertainment? Hardly: it would be somewhat awkward to go a begging in a carriage, and *it* loaded with valuables! Well, *what* then could we do? I never studied any problem more seriously, nor with fainter prospect of a satisfactory solution; in fact, I could make nothing of it, and I know not what would have been the issue, had not Providence mercifully stepped in and solved it for us, *just as all our own resources failed.* We had passed the village of Rhinebeck,—where I had tried, but ineffectually, to get up a meeting—and were ascending a long and steep hill. A two-horse wagon was close behind us. I had just, in a feeling of despair, thrown myself back into a listless position, and muttered to my wife that the night was already upon us, and we without any feasible prospect of a lodging; when the wagoner, who had got out to walk up the hill, came alongside of our carriage and enquired, "How far do you mean to go to night? if it is a fair ques-

tion." "Perfectly fair, my friend," I replied, "but not easily answered, and for the reason that we do not know ourselves; it is the very point that we have been puzzling ourselves to find out for these several hours past." I then frankly disclosed to him our real situation, and he informed us that he kept a house of entertainment immediately on our road, where we might be accommodated for the night at half the usual tavern charge. We most gladly closed with his offer; and besides that, our quarters proved to be very agreeable. We were thus enabled to reach Cairo with what funds we had, though it brought our last penny into requisition.

As the winter had overtaken us before we got home, it was a subject of anxious inquiry between us on the way, how I should contrive to procure suitable clothing for myself for that season. The winters of that region are terribly bleak, and I had to be much out in them. I can truly alledge that my income at that time, in all ways in which I received it, did not amount to two hundred dollars per annum; and out of that I had a horse to maintain. I was already somewhat in debt, and could not think of involving myself more deeply by procuring, on credit, the clothing I needed. We therefore were right sorely perplexed on that head. Our way home lay through Montrose, where we made a night's tarry with Alfred Peck. We had hardly got there, when Mrs. Peck handed me a parcel, which she informed me was a present from a Mr. Parker, who kept a woolen manufactory at the mouth of Meshoppen creek, where I had several times preached. The parcel supplied the very articles that had been the subjects of our anxiety! Are such coincidences brought about by *accident?* Or are even the minutest of human interests under the constant supervision of an ever-watchful EYE?

About that time, I made my first visit to Sheshequin, in Bradford county, where was a Universalist society, in possession of a good meeting-house. The distance from home was about fifty miles, over a range of exceedingly high hills, terminating with the mountain which forms the eastern boundary of the vale of Sheshequin, and the Susquehanna river. It was my lot to cross that mountain after night fall, and amid a heavy thunder storm; which, added to the mountain forest, shed an almost inky darkness on my path. I was forced to dismount and lead my horse, feeling my way with my feet, save as flash after flash revealed it to

the eye for little distances. At this cautious rate I was till near eleven o'clock in reaching a friendly house; in another moment—as they told me—the light, whose glimmering at the window alone made the house visible, would have been extinguished. Can you keep a Universalist preacher here to-night? I inquired. O! *certainly*, responded a mild, sweet voice; we have been all the evening expecting your arrival. In a year or so after that I united the owner of that sweet welcoming voice to a neighboring young man, who was a convert to the truth through my ministry; and Julia H. Kinney—subsequently Mrs. Scott, who became eminent amongst us as a poetess—stood as her bridesmaid. They were born and had lived all their lives next door to each other, and loved as sisters.

I oft extended my rides to Bradford county after the visit aforedescribed, and preached at Athens, Ulster, Smithfield, Springfield, Troy, Canton, Standing Stone, Towanda, Orwell, Monroeton, Wyalusing, etc. There are, indeed, few of its hills, hollows, and vales—and it has many of all these—over which I may not at some time have been seen wending my way. I shall not be likely to forget my first visit to what is called Old Sheshequin. It is situated over against the southern extremity of Sheshequin proper. Ten of us together crossed over to it on a winter's night, in a little crazy skiff, which sunk under her live load to within a few inches of the top of her gunwale. She leaked, moreover, and the river abounded with floating ice, through Islands of which we had to force our way, which so much retarded us that the leakage brought the water in the skiff up to our ancles; our ancles, I say, I mean of those who had the good fortune to be on their feet, but some two or three of our bulkiest passengers of both sexes, were squatted down in the bottom, and so remained per force, for the jam was so great as to prevent them from bettering their condition. The poetess employed herself in a new style of bailing, which consisted in soaking her pocket handkerchief in the water of the leak and wringing it out over the side. For myself I got off with a well soaked pair of feet, and I had to preach with them in that condition, as the congregation had been for sometime assembled when we got over. However, it has seldom been my privilege to preach to as good purpose as I did on that night and several nights succeeding; the result was that quite a revolution was effected in the religious character

of the place, much to the surprise as well as delight of the people of Sheshequin.

In Athens village also, my labors were attended with the same success. Athens lies over against the northern limit of the Sheshequin, and is more commonly called Tioga Point, from its occupying an angle formed by the junction of the Tioga river with the Susquehanna. I frequently preached there, but it was during a twelve days' meeting of the Presbyterians in the place, that I did so with best effect. In their discourses during their long meeting the Presbyterian clergymen did not stint their abuse of Universalism, nor of its advocates; had a tithe of the evil been said of themselves by others they would have termed it persecution, and solaced themselves with the persuasion that they were enduring it for Christ's sake. It is, however, no uncommon thing for injustice to defeat its own ends.

An excellent young man of their party was, by those very vituperations, induced to attend one of my meetings; his object was, as he afterwards said, to witness for himself with what degree of effrontery doctrines so absurd and so impious would be presented. When, however, he noticed the decorum of our worship; the fixed and respectful attention of the audience; the reverence for inspired authority exhibited in the preaching, and the fullness and force of scripture evidence with which our doctrine could be maintained; the scales at once fell from his eyes, and he frankly avowed himself a convert to the doctrine of the discourse. Nor was this avowal premature, for his conversation evinced that he had a just and clear apprehension of the subjects; notwithstanding that it was the first sermon of the kind he had ever heard.

Another young man, an Episcopalian, became a convert to the faith through the same discourse. As to the Presbyterian convert, he was not long in finding, to his cost, that now, as in Paul's time, they who "trust in the living God as the Savior of all men," must "labor and suffer reproach." His own brother, a deacon of the church from whose pale he had withdrawn, forbid him his house except he would forego the liberty of speech on the subject of his new faith. That same brother, by the way, enjoyed, even amongst the members of his own religious communion, far more credit for *piety* than for *honesty;* indeed, however well off he may have been considered with regard to the former, he was deemed little better than *bankrupt with respect* to the latter.

What is now the village of Monroeton, in Bradford county, was then the seat of but a few mean and widely scattered houses. It now contains several neat churches, one of which is owned by the Universalists. In those days the only house of worship in the place was a school-room, and it was subject to the use of all denominations. I was badly used there, at several different times, by a couple of Methodist preachers; they would attend upon my preaching, and, after I was gone, would make a show of reviewing and refuting it, notwithstanding that I respectfully and repeatedly solicited them to urge their objections to my sermons at the close of the same, when I was present to answer them. But reviewing my sermons in my absence did not content them, they also abused me personally, calling me "a green-eyed boy," in allusion to the glasses I wore for the weak state of my eyes. Well, they were on the strong side, and for the weak there was no redress. But a time of retribution came at length—"though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." More than a year had elapsed, and I again had an appointment to preach at Monroeton; it chanced that those same two preachers held a meeting there in the former part of the same day. When they were through, my friend, Gordon Mason, announced to the audience that I would be there in the evening, and he would take it upon him to promise that my discourse should be on the subjects treated of by those who had just addressed them. A large congregation attended. I began by taking a brief retrospective view of the relations in which those preachers and I stood to each other; expressed my satisfaction at their being present, as, in all cases, I was exceedingly averse to assailing the sentiments of persons in their absence. I begged the audience, as the sermons I was about to review were fresh in their minds, to listen candidly to what I should submit to their consideration, and to weigh it in an equitable balance with the opposing views which had already been presented on the same subjects. They *did* listen, with an almost unbreathing attention, and their verdict, subsequently, was—unanimous, so far as I could gather—that, however true or false Universalism might be in the general, so far as those particular points were concerned, its truth was established past all doubt. Revisiting Monroeton recently, after a lapse of ten years, I found that the discourse of that evening was still fresh in the

memories of many, and more than one informed me that they dated their conversion to the truth from that evening's meeting.

Most christian sects seem to make a merit of having been persecuted at some time or other, and it is a favorite measure with them to make for their cause an interest in the public sympathies on that ground. But if the being persecuted is a favorable mark as to the christian character of a church, it is not sufficient that it should have suffered in the past, but that it should continue to suffer; otherwise there will be ground to suspect that it *now* is not truly christian, whatever it may once have been. This most evident conclusion seems to be wholly lost sight of. Truth is that the weak, in every cause, will be likely to suffer when they come into competition with the strong. Hence all parties—in politics, science, or religion, are apt to experience persecution whilst they are young and feeble, and, alas! to become persecutors themselves when they have acquired the due degree of power.

I shall not, then, be understood as claiming for Universalism any peculiar value by the statement, that the opposition which it has had to encounter from various sources, has fully equalled—nay, surpassed, what any religious cause in modern times has had to endure. Let us compare it with Methodism, for example. No candid person can acquaint himself with the history of the latter without being convinced that much of the opposition which *it* sustained was provoked, needlessly, by the wild rant and extravagance of its advocates; their meetings often proved a serious public nuisance; they would go amongst a people of whom they knew nothing, and, in no gentle terms, charge them with being totally depraved, and denounce even the most moral amongst them to endless flames. Hence the angry passions of the multitude were often excited against them, and magistrates, who had the public peace in keeping, felt bound to deal with them as with other riotous persons. The Methodists, however, could appeal to the prevalent doctrinal standards to prove themselves orthodox, and, addressing themselves principally to the passions, they could always find a considerable number in whom a latent fanaticism could be easily excited into active exercise; hence thousands became attached to them from *feeling*, who had little knowledge of their distinctive principles.

In all this their advantage over us was manifest. We had the reasoning faculties of men to arouse in relation to religion; we could not cite the received standards and platforms of faith in *our* favor; in respect to them we frankly avowed our views to be widely and irreconcilably heterodox; we had naught wherewith to bribe the self-esteem of men over to our side, for we could not promise them a monopoly of the divine favor, nor an exclusive freehold in Paradise. Hence they sneeringly asked, "Wherein are we to be *advantaged* by embracing your religion?"—for men had been taught to look *beyond* religion for the gains thereof, and would seem to have had no idea that its wealth lay within itself. We had to make head against the almost universal prejudices of christendom; their almost universal misunderstanding, and consequent misapplication, of the sacred text; their innumerable army of preachers, tract-dispensers, Sunday-school teachers, and priest-ridden spinsters without number. Besides, (as was the case with Jesus and his Apostles,) our opposers were chiefly *praying* people; Rabbies, and rulers of synagogues, who in acting against us, no matter in what spirit, nor by what means, thought they were doing God service. We were denounced from all the pulpits and through all the presses of the country; tracts, as all-pervading as the Egyptian plague of frogs, croaked against us in every nook of christendom; our dying beds, even, were haunted with the view of extorting recantations from our weakness or our fears; and falsehood often reported success in these cases, when the fact was totally and notoriously otherwise.

But swearers, as well as men of prayer, manifested their aversion to our faith. I have myself, while preaching, been informed that I was a d—d liar; and once at a crowded meeting in Sussex county, New Jersey, as I was presenting our views in contrast with those of Calvinism, an old gentleman who sat beside me broke out with the exclamation, "By G—d I wont stand that!" and seizing a candle from the stand, which he had probably contributed to the meeting, he blew it out, and made his escape from the house, muttering anathemas against me as long as he could be heard. In the same county, at the mouth of a creek called the Wallkill, I once went to preach on a Sabbath afternoon; no Universalist clergyman had ever before visited that region. During my sermon I was subjected to every species of annoyance by the rudeness of certain

members of the congregation, whose design was to put me out, and thus frustrate the object of my visit; but I penetrated the design, and did not allow myself to be diverted from the subject of the discourse, nor even to appear to be conscious of what was going on. When, however, I had got through preaching, I took occasion to remark, in a mild but pointed manner, that conduct of the kind which I had witnessed during my discourse was calculated to impress a stranger very unfavorably with regard to the morals and intelligence of the community. "It may be," said I, "that you are more accustomed to being *dictated to*, than affectionately *reasoned with*, on religious subjects; to be addressed in a tone of authority, rather than as occupying, in God's esteem, an equal place with the preacher. Have I then, in your case, a verification of what some of our opponents alledge in regard to our doctrine, namely, that however harmless may be its influences on minds of a pure and elevated character, it is wholly unfitted to persons of low and coarse habits of thinking—to the ignorant and brutish—who need the scorpion whip of hell's terrors to restrain them within the rules of common decency? I should be sorry to think that any of our race were so far fallen as to be unable to appreciate the language of reason and of love, and to be only open to the harsher influences of menace and authoritative command. You know, my friends, whether such is your condition; your conduct, viewed without charitable allowance, would lead me to conclude that it is, but I am unwilling to harbor such a conclusion, and will give you proof of my better opinion of you by appointing to address you again this evening, which I accordingly do."

The effect of this reproof was, that they felt heartily ashamed of their conduct, and several of the more active disturbers of the meeting—members of a christian church, too!—came to the house of Mr. Bonnell, with whom I tarried, and confessed to me, that *at their meeting* in the morning, and *with the sanction of the person who led the services!* —not a regular clergyman—they had made it up amongst themselves to attend my meeting and endeavor by all means to break it up. Their leader told them that there would be no sin in doing so, but rather a merit. In the evening they made what amends they could, by convening early at the place appointed and singing until my arrival; they also listened to my sermon with respectful attention, and ex-

pressed much satisfaction at the benevolent and reasonable character of its doctrines. Encouraged by this state of things, I returned in a fortnight after to preach again, but their clergyman had been amongst them in the meantime, (a Mr. Allen, Reformed Dutch,) who represented Universalists as worse than Atheists; denying God and the devil, heaven and hell, all distinction between right and wrong, blasphemers of religion, scoffers at prayer, and I know not what all. The consequence was that my next meeting was marked by the most open and shameless disturbance; men of Belial, as the Psalmist would have termed them, broke in on the sermon with hisses, and whistling, and most obscene and profane exclamations, which rendered it impossible for me to proceed to a conclusion, insomuch that Mr. Bonnell became seriously alarmed for my personal safety; for, as he said, the intelligence of the people was so low, and their prejudices so violent, that, encouraged by the bitter invectives of Mr. Allen against us, they might even kill me, and think they were serving God thereby. Thus in our time, as in Paul's, (see Acts xvii.) when bigoted men have need of tools for a low and mean work of persecution, which they are ashamed to do themselves, they are not above employing "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort."

At Branchville, in the same county, I found a more enlightened and liberal community, to whom I frequently preached, in a meeting-house which was subject to the use of all religious denominations. It was built, mainly, at the expense of John Bell, Esq., an intelligent and influential citizen; with whom I was in the habit of making my home during my visits. So considerable an interest was excited in the parts relative to our faith, that, assisted by George Messinger, Samuel Ashton, and James McLauren, I held a two days' meeting in Branchville, which was numerously attended.

On the following Tuesday evening, George Messinger and I held a meeting in Sandiston, eight miles west of Branchville; the congregation was very numerous and attentive. George Messinger delivered a sermon, to which I added some remarks. When I had ceased speaking, a woman arose, with a child in her arms, and commenced a violent appeal to the fears of the audience against the doctrine we had advanced. As she proceeded she became more and more vehement, rising to her utmost, and bring-

ing down her fist with all her force upon the table before us. Several attempted to relieve her of her child, from an apprehension that she would injure it in the frantic violence of her proceedings, but she refused to let them have it. As the congregation were thrown into much confusion by this circumstance, George Messinger arose and dismissed them, bespeaking at the same time, their charitable consideration on the unfortunate woman's behalf. She, however, continued her vociferation for as long as she could be heard. We learned that she belonged to the Presbyterian church. Oh, fanaticism! what a deformer of the loveliness of the gentler sex art thou! Wild and phrensied denunciation is odious on *man's* part—how unspeakably more so on *woman's!*

At the distance of two or three miles from the scene of this incident, is a meeting-house, under the control of the Methodists, but built at the expense of the inhabitants generally, with the express understanding that it should be subject to the use of all religious denominations when not specially engaged by the Methodists. Having one night an appointment to preach there, I went to fulfil the same, accompanied by Esquire Latham, who had given the site, and one hundred dollars, on the condition aforenamed. On our arrival we found a large collection of people, and in a high degree of excitement: from them we learned that the door of the house was locked, and that two Methodist men were within, who had kindled a fire, and provided themselves with bedding, for the purpose of spending the night there. These men were known not to have contributed one dollar to the erection of the edifice; they were, moreover, peculiarly obnoxious individuals on the ground of their personal and moral qualities, and now they were cruelly defrauding one hundred people of their privilege of occupying the house agreeably to previous stipulation; some of these were women with children — many had come a distance of several miles; and the majority of the men had contributed toward the house, some ten, some twenty, some fifty dollars. Is it to be wondered at that the people were incensed to such a degree that they proposed breaking down the door and taking forcible possession of the house? That they had a moral right to do so I could not doubt; but all things which are lawful are not expedient: when the violence of a crowd begins, there is no foreseeing its end. I feared, moreover, that the individu-

als within would be personally maltreated; I therefore took a stand on the door-step, and addressed the congregation in a strain dissuasive of violent measures. Knowing that the most effectual method of allaying the angry passions of a people, is to excite their mirthfulness, I humorously reminded them that the Methodists were acting in perfect agreement with their creed in the matter of denying to heretics the occupancy of their church. "They fancy," said I, "that God will exclude us from heaven; and we are therefore wrong in expecting them to be more liberal of their church than God will be of Paradise. Moreover, if this dog-in-the-manger spirit, and this shameless violation of good faith, is the legitimate fruit of *their* principles, let us show that moderation, and a patient endurance of wrong, is the fruit of *ours*. The best way to rebuke unworthy actions in others, is to act well ourselves."

My God! can I be adequately thankful for the almost constant inflowing of happiness which my own soul has experienced, while, amid wrongs and reproaches, and evil reports, and hunger, and weariness, and poverty, I have endeavored to make the light of gospel promise to shine on the cheerless souls of others? "Poor, but making many rich," is an expression from Paul, the force of which I have often, and I hope from no vain over-estimate of my weak instrumentality, most consolingly experienced. And every true gospel minister, methinks, when he considers the value of those divine consolations which it is his office to communicate, in comparison with the worldly emoluments which his talents otherwise employed might secure to him, must acquiesce in the sentiment of his divine Master, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It should reconcile him, too, to the self-sacrifices incident to his vocation, to consider that his Lord "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and "it is sufficient to the servant that he be as his master, and the disciple as his Lord." What lessons against priestly selfishness do the examples, as well as precepts, of Christ and his apostles furnish?

Samuel Ashton, who then had just entered the ministry, came to me at the Branchville Conference meeting with a letter from A. C. Thomas, from whose society in Philadelphia he had emanated. He was for a considerable time subsequent a member of my family, as was also the lady who afterwards became his wife. It was for the special

purpose of preparing a field of labor for him that I performed several of my journeys in the region about Bradford and Tioga counties, Pennsylvania, and in portions of New York adjacent. He devoted some two years to labors in that field, and contributed a valuable portion to the influences whereby the cause of truth attained its ascendency in those parts. My reminisences with respect to Samuel, are pleasing; we had many pleasant times together, the remembrance of which is like a streak of sunshine through the sullen monotony of my otherwise lonely toils and journeyings.

There are places along the Susquehanna river which are break-necks in *name*, but many more are there which are so in *character*. Paths along the steep acclivities of the huge hills which here and there abut upon that beautiful stream, so high betimes that one's eye may measure a depth of from one to two hundred feet to the rocks below, and so narrow, except at far-apart points where provision has been made for the purpose, that vehicles cannot pass each other without considerable risk and difficulty. One of the narrowest hazards to which my life was ever exposed, was in a situation of this description. I was passing down the left shore of the river, between the mouths of the Wyalusing and Meshoppen creeks, and was at a point on one of these hill-side paths where a convex bend prevented travelers from seeing their way far before them, when I was startled at finding my progress obstructed by a two-horse wagon coming in an opposite direction. "How now, friend? What's to be done here?" "Dont know indeed," replied the wagoner, scratching his head. Well, I had the worst of it, for according to statute, I had to pass, if I could, on the outer or precipice side of the path, and the wagoner therefore had only *my* safety to provide for, not his own. He *did* so, too, like a thorough good fellow, as he doubtless was. First, then, he led his horses along so as to bring his wagon as far up against the hill as was possible; then, to prevent any movement of it, he unhitched them, and tied them to a bush. This done, it was found by measurement that between his wagon and the edge of the precipice there was *merely* room for mine. I knew my horse could be depended on, and I let him go, cautiously; but in passing, the hub of my hind wheel locked against that of his fore wheel, and the concussion, though slight, threw my other hind wheel over the preci-

pice; and there was I, with three wheels on solid ground, and the other over empty space! The wagoner gave a yell of terror. "Hush! my dear sir," said I, "take matters coolly: my horse will behave well if you dont frighten him; and as for me, why I think I can jump out into your wagon, if the worst comes. Only please to stand behind my vehicle, and at the moment that I let my horse move forward, lift, if you can, the two hind wheels, so that the one shall clear your hub, and the other come up on to the road." This was effected—*just* effected—and thus was the danger escaped. Oh! but one feels like taking a long breath after such a hazard.

It is not without some twinges of self-reproach that I record a very ludicrous scene which I, half intentionally, half otherwise, got up at a meeting I held in Cudderbackville, Sullivan county, New York. Accompanied by James McLauren, I arrived there late one afternoon, and had a meeting for the evening notified through the school. In connection with such notifications, my invariable custom is to state the denomination of the preacher, but in this instance the messenger omitted that part of his errand. Quite a house full came together; they had never before seen a Universalist preacher among them, and knew not as yet that *we* were of that persuasion; I feared that when I should come to announce it, many of them would at once fly the house. So to prevent, if possible, such a result, I introduced the business of the meeting by describing, in a grave tone, but in ludicrous terms, the peculiarities of the Scotch Covenanters. I described how they sung, and what psalmody they used—quoting some quaint specimens of the latter; and then the attempt made by the celebrated Dr. Mason to induce them to use Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and the very laughable issue of that attempt. My fellow preacher, at a loss to conjecture what I was driving at, and being himself a Scotchman, curious to know how the affair would end, looked me in the face with so intense a curiosity that it added not a little to the comedy of the proceeding. At length, when I came to tell of the horror of the Covenanters on hearing a psalm from Watts sung by a choir in the gallery—how the members of the congregation tumbled over each other in the aisles in their haste to get out; and how the older ones, who were too stiff and gouty to run, put their fingers in their ears and bawled out, "Popery! Popery! innovation! innovation!" my

Scotch companion could hold out no longer, but threw his lank body across the stand, and thrust his pocket handkerchief into his mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter. But, as in this attempt he only half succeeded, it made matters worse, for the noise he made resembled the brief spurt of steam from a boiler when the engineer presses on the gage-cock. The whole audience now gave way to immoderate and uncontrolable laughter; and, alas, that I should have it to record, I gave way too, for my gravity is not proof against *every* thing. Well, for a few minutes I feared that I had so far overacted my part as to have defeated the object of my visit; but gravity being restored at length, I turned the affair to good account in the following way: "My friends," said I, "we laugh at the peculiar prejudices of the good people I have described, but may not *your* prejudices be equally ludicrous? You can hear a psalm from Watts, indeed, without running; but suppose I should announce to you—to those of you especially, who expect to dwell in heaven eternally to the exclusion of your neighbors—that God is equally 'good to *all*,' and 'will have *all* to be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth;' will not your self-esteem take alarm at that, and run away with you, as the prejudice against modern psalmody did with those good old Covenanters? Well, I *do* so announce; this is the doctrine I am about to preach to you, and we shall see how well you can bear it." Need I state that not a soul left the meeting, and that the deepest attention was given to the discourse. And the result of our visit was, that James McLauren was at once engaged to preach there at regular periods for the ensuing year. Thirteen years have since elapsed; but whoever visits Cudderbackville will find amongst its older citizens a distinct remembrance of that first Universalist meeting held in their place.

On my homeward route from Cudderbackville, I passed through Monticello, the capitol of Sullivan county, where I purposed to stop and hold some meetings; but I learned there that the most of its citizens were absent at a Methodist camp-meeting which was holding within a mile or so of the town. I found good friends in Judge Pelton and his family, who reside there, and at their invitation I delayed my progress homeward, and visited the camp-meeting. I was not long there ere I sent a young man to the presiding Elder with a note requesting him to preach from some por-

tion of Scripture which he deemed to be direct and strong to the purpose of endless suffering, and to allow a Universalist minister then present to follow with *his* views thereupon. No public notice, however, was taken of the request during my stay on the ground, and in the sermons which were preached, there even seemed to be a cautious avoidance of the topic specified in the note; it was not even alluded to during the whole day; a thing most unusual at Methodist camp-meetings. I therefore begun next day to proceed homeward by short and zig-zag stages, holding meetings in various neighborhoods in the county where meetings of similar character had never before been held.

I had not, however, got far on my homeward way, ere a messenger, sent expressly for the purpose by my friends, overtook me with the information that the request in my note was to be complied with on the following Sunday; which was also to be the last day of the meeting. A Mr. Fause, from Hudson, had arrived on the ground subsequent to my departure; he had also delivered himself of a sermon against Calvinism, of such prodigious argumentative power as to "astonish the natives;" and while every mouth was agape with admiration and wonder at his irresistible logic, he announced that on the Sabbath following he would bring the same to bear against Universalism, to its utter demolition.

Well, the Sunday came, and with it an immense multitude from all directions. I had been preaching on all the intermediate nights, and I brought round to the camp just as the preacher begun his services. That he felt well, and secure of doing a sure work that day, was evident from a certain *chuckle* in his manner; he would also occasionally point to me, when he believed himself to have said something particularly strong, and would say, "Will the young man be careful to put *that* down?"

I must do Mr. Fause the justice to say that he was admirably qualified for this species of partisan warfare; his manner was effective, and his material well marshalled. Sometimes, by withering invective, he would excite the deepest indignation of his hearers against Universalism; anon he would hold it up to their scoffs and derision by exhibiting it in a ludicrous point of view. His discourse was nearly three hours long; and at its close, notwithstanding that the public had been notified that I should have the liberty to reply—though, doubtless, in the belief

that I had left the parts and would not return—the preachers present endeavored to get persons forward to the mourners bench, and by pathetic appeals, and songs appropriate to that object, they attempted to effect an effervescence of the *feelings* of the multitude, well judging that the reasoning process would be thus most effectually quieted.

Public curiosity proved too strong for their object, however; none went up to be prayed for; no such "sinners, poor and needy," as the song invited forward, seemed disposed to answer to the call; and as they were too explicitly committed to the public in the matter of a reply, to retreat without discredit to themselves, they consented to my occupying the stand. I will say but little of my own performance on that occasion; I will own however, that a sense of the very responsible position I occupied—almost alone amid thousand of opponents, and in a region where, with a solitary exception, no voice had been ever lifted in advocacy of the gospel of God's grace—I will own, I say, as I measured myself with the occasion, I felt unutterably insignificant, and needed a better defence than the Ægis of Minerva to strengthen me for the conflict. Mr. Fause had spoken to the three following positions: 1st. There is to be a judgment of all men in the future state. 2d. The righteous and the wicked are to have different allotments in that judgment. 3d. The awards of that judgment will be eternal. In my reply, I showed his texts to be irrelevant to a judgment in the future state, and I endeavored also to invalidate his arguments from reason, to the same effect. Assuming that I had succeeded in that effort, I felt absolved from the obligation of taking any notice of his second position, and proceeded therefore to refute substantially his third. By this excision of a third part of his main argument, I so abridged the labor of refutation that I got through with all I had to say in two hours. I was listened to with most earnest attention, and however well or ill I succeeded in what I undertook, I positively know that my labor of that day was not in vain; for in passing through that region recently, after an interval of ten years, I met with several persons whose first favorable impressions relative to our faith were received from that discourse. Mr. Fause seemed himself aware that my review of his argument had greatly changed the tone of *feeling towards* Universalism in the minds of the audience

generally, for he told them, when I had concluded, that they would never be likely to hear it more attractively presented, even should they go to Boston, amongst the Rabbies of the profession. The reader must not suppose that my vanity was much influenced by this compliment, for in the first place, I could not appropriate it; and in the second, I doubted its being *meant* for me; but was convinced, on the contrary, that it was designed to prevent the audience from thinking, that if so youthful an advocate, and of but ordinary abilities, could make his cause appear thus plausible, and the doctrine opposed to it thus contradictory and absurd, what might not be expected from Universalist preachers of greater talents and experience?

In the evening of the same day, I preached in the Court House at Monticello, and Mr. Fause in the Presbyterian church—the two edifices stand side by side. From the largeness of my audience, under these circumstances, I could gather pretty fairly how public opinion stood in relation to our faith, respectively, or to their advocates. It is doubtful if it had ever before fallen to the lot of a Universalist minister to conclude the services of a Methodist camp-meeting, or whether it is likely soon to occur again.

Not far from the same time, being in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, I learned that a Mr. McReynolds, Methodist, now a Congregationalist minister, had handed in an advertisement to the publisher of the paper there, that he would preach against Universalism on the following Sabbath, at Canaan Corners, about ten miles from Honesdale. I forthwith handed in a notice that I should be on the ground, and should review his performance. In the meantime, I delivered an evening lecture in Honesdale, at which Mr. McR. attended—probably in order to estimate the mental calibre of his proposed reviewer. It seems he had never before heard a sermon of the kind, and when he came to perceive the strength of the principles against which he was about to array himself, he was fairly frightened out of his propriety. He endeavored to persuade me that I should not have sufficient time for my review; he meant, he said, to preach two long sermons, with but an hour's interval between, and I must improve that hour, or he should not grant me leave to reply at all. This, to be sure, was affording me but a slender chance of defence for my cause. I determined to accept it, nevertheless, and take the risk of what might happen to turn up in my favor.

On reaching the ground at the time appointed, I was surprised to find that he had chosen a rocky pasture-lot for his place of meeting, unshaded, save by a solitary tree, and unfurnished with seats of any sort. He doubtless understood his motive in making this selection, and from the reckless style in which he ranted, gasconaded, and inveighed, it was evident that he had persuaded himself that his measures had been well chosen for guarding against a reply: he was even ignorant of my being on the ground, as I lay recumbent behind a mass of rock, leisurely noting down his ebullitions, and was not within the range of his vision. His surprise, therefore, was manifest, when, at the close of his rigmarole, he was endeavoring by a distortion of my printed notice to prove me a liar, I stepped on to the rock aforesaid, and announced that there was a well seated barn at hand, comprising a speaker's stand in which there was room both for himself and me, and that there we might forthwith go and adjust all those matters. He remonstrated violently against this arrangement, protesting that the meeting was *his*, and that I had no right to call people from it, etc. "I presume, nevertheless," replied I, "that they have a right to *go*, if they please." And they *did* please, every soul of them I think, and they further pleased to decide that his long-winded performance, after the review thereof which followed, was exceedingly little worth.

Among the measures of opposition to Universalism in that region, it became a favorite one to represent every new convert, made by either of the orthodox parties, as having formerly been a Universalist—whatever the age or sex of such convert, however notoriously ignorant of Universalism, however strange the announcement to all who had intimately known the individual—no matter, he or she was sure to have been a wicked Universalist, and it was that wicked doctrine which had *made them* so wicked. According to this I suspect that Universalism must be the *original sin* with which infants come into the world, and possibly which the devil committed in Paradise. The strangest part of this business was, that although everybody knew these professions to be false, yet everybody affected to credit them! So gross is the duplicity to which a spurious religion will reconcile the conscience! The following fragment of a conversation will illustrate the *unscrupulousness* connected with such professions.

"I wish to hear nothing further on that subject, Mr. R.; you know that our Philip was a Universalist before God opened his eyes; and what did your doctrine do for *him?*"

"I know your Philip was a Universalist? Upon my word I know no such thing; for as long as I have preached in the neighborhood, I have never seen him at my meetings: I had never heard of his even *professing* anything of the kind. In what form did his Universalism manifest itself?"

"Well, here he is, he can answer for himself. Philip, were you not going *straight on the road to hell*, in perfect unconcern, until God showed you that your Universalism was a refuge of lies?"

"Nay," remonstrated I; "let us not shape answers for the boy by putting leading questions to him. I simply require to know, Philip, in what way your being a Universalist was made known? Did you, for instance, ever *profess* to believe, or did you ever believe *in fact*, that God will ultimately bring all mankind to a condition of purity and bliss?"

"No," said the boy, doggedly, "I was'nt such a fool as that comes to, for I read in my Bible that 'he that believeth not, where God and Christ is he never can come.'"

"Enough said," replied I, "your friends should be more tender of your reputation for veracity, Philip, or of their own, than to report *you* as a convert from Universalism."

"How does it happen," we are apt to be asked, "if yours is the doctrine of the Bible, that so large a proportion of christendom, to whom the Bible is equally open, sincerely believe otherwise? Have you more *learning* than all others? more *penetration?* more *honesty?* Or what is it that gives you a title to interpret the sacred text more truly?" I confess that these questions are such as naturally suggest themselves in relation to our pretensions. It is not, however, that we think ourselves wiser, or more honest than others, which makes the difference in our favor in respect to religious truth. The fact is, mankind have been accustomed to have truth decided for them by *authority*, rather than by *evidence*. This fact has long retarded human progress in scientific as well as religious knowledge. A convocation of divines, for example, determines what must be received as true by all mankind. To believe in accordance with that determination, is to be orthodox in faith; to believe otherwise is to be a heretic, Now it happens, that of the numerous theological standards thus formed, no two are in all their features alike.

and many of them differ from each other in very essential respects. Yet the Bible is mostly read with a predisposition, of which, no doubt, the reader is in general unconscious, to force all that it contains into harmony with one or another of these standards, rather than to make discoveries of the truth it reveals. What progress, then, upon this principle, are we likely ever to make in religious knowledge? "But christianity admits of no improvement," I may be told; "it came perfect from Christ in the first instance." All true; but does *our knowledge of* christianity admit of no improvement? That is the question—is *it* perfect as it first comes to us? Persons of easy faith or indolent dispositions, answer yes, and are content to stay where they are; minds of another class say no, and push their inquiries farther. The following incident will illustrate the difference between these two classes of minds.

I arrived at Esquire Benton's, in Unadilla village, New York, late on a Sunday afternoon, and hearing a bell ring for evening meeting of some kind, I repaired to the place, and found it to be a Bible Inquiry meeting; it was crowdedly attended; the clergyman sat in the center of the room giving out questions from a religious newspaper—the organ of the sect—and those who pleased furnished answers. The subject of inquiry was the tenth of Acts, in which the vision of Peter and the conversion of Cornelius are related. I sat in an obscure corner of the room, a silent witness of the proceedings, and could not but note that the questions were all so framed as to elicit just *such* answers and no other; answers, of course, in harmony with the creed of the party. *Inquiry* was out of the question; there was no room for it; nothing in the proceedings tended to provoke it. And as they all thought *precisely* alike upon *every* point, and precisely as the forms of the questions presumed them to think, why a chapter was soon disposed of, and time enough left on hands to dispose of another. To me it seemed a most ridiculous farce for a number of grown up men to thus meet together for the baby business of rendering anticipated answers to a string of leading questions! "I will give you something better to do," thought I. So, letting my cloak fall from my shoulders, I stood up, and inquired if I might ask some questions relative to the chapter in hand, before they passed on to another. I was quite unknown, and therefore obtained a ready consent, and proceeded as follows:

1st. Seeing that Cornelius was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house," what is the probability as to his ultimate salvation in case that Christ had never been preached to him? 2d. Presuming he would have been saved, what need was there of Peter's visit, seeing it did not affect the ultimate issue? 3d. In what way was Peter's vision adapted to overcome his prejudice, relative to entering into a Gentile's house? 4th. How are we to understand his having learned "to call *no* man common, or unclean?" 5th. The angel whom Cornelius saw, is also called a man; what then is the radical meaning of the word angel in the Scriptures? 6th. What can have been portended by the fact in the vision, that the unclean as well as the clean were let down from heaven, and drawn up to heaven again? 7th. Can we gather from the Bible *why* the preaching of the Apostles was at first restricted to the Jews? and 8th. What had transpired in the course of events, as a reason for the removal of such restriction? Will the reader believe me when I assert, that not one of these questions was included in the printed list?

The starting of so many new points of inquiry threw the meeting into quite a state of excitement; the people looked at the clergyman as the one from whom their solution was to proceed; but he very graciously declined the task, and expressed a preference that I should answer my questions myself! It was in vain that I plead my youth, and my being a stranger, and therefore the less entitled to the confidence of the meeting, and my views the less entitled to its consideration. It availed not; I had raised their curiosity, and must now allay it by enlarging upon the several points I had specified. I complied as well as I was able; and so intense was the interest of the meeting in the subject, that when on finding it to be after ten o'clock, I brought my remarks to a close, I was earnestly solicited to continue them, both by priest and people, without regard to the lateness of the hour. The following outline will exhibit the principles in my exposition of those points of inquiry:

1st. That Cornelius would have been saved in the future life, even though he had not known Christ in this, is evident from Peter's own words on the occasion. "Of a truth," said he, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him. 2d. The utility, nevertheless, of Peter's preaching to Cornelius, consisted

in its bringing him into a *present* salvation, consequent of a knowledge of gospel truth. This, undoubtedly, was meant by the declaration—"He shall tell thee words whereby thou and thy house shall be saved," i. e. saved *at once*, by being brought to a knowledge of the truth.* 3d. The vision of the sheet from heaven was wisely adapted to the end for which it was meant, viz. the removal of the prejudice which Peter—in common with all Jews—had against a communion with Gentiles, by the fact that amongst the living creatures it contained were many which according to the Levitical law were *unclean*. Yet these very creatures were let down from heaven, and Peter was commanded to slay and eat! He was astounded by such a behest. "Not so, Lord," exclaimed he, I am too good a Jew for that, "I have never eaten anything common or unclean." But again he was enjoined to call nothing common which God had cleansed. How suited was this to convince him, that the obligations of the ritual law were superceded by the gospel economy, which placed all men upon a level before God, and did away with all arbitrary distinctions among creatures! 4th. In the Scriptures the term angel—Greek, messenger, or agent—is not always referred to a spiritual being; it often means a man, as in Revelations ii. and iii., and sometimes such instrument as God may employ for blessing or for punishing mankind. "He maketh his angels spirits, and his messengers a flame of fire." It may therefore have been a human angel, or messenger, that appeared to Cornelius. 5th. Peter's declaration, "God has shown me that I should not call any man common or unclean," cannot imply that none are actually so in the present state; on the contrary, *all* are sinners, and "judgment came upon *all* men unto condemnation." Its meaning doubtless is, first, that none were to be regarded as without the pale of gospel mercy, whether Jew or Gentile; and second, that in the purpose of God *all* are destined to ultimate purity, and therefore, in a prospective sense, *no* man is common or unclean. 6th. For a similar reason, the "all manner of birds, beasts, and creeping things"—symbolising all classes and conditions of humanity—were, after being "let down from heaven," "all drawn up again into heaven;" for "all souls

* Which is satisfactory, because a Scriptural and matter-of-fact answer to the question, If all are to be finally saved, of what use *is preaching*? Cornelius would doubtless have been finally saved, *whether Peter* had preached to him or not.

are mine," saith the Lord; he is the "Father of our spirits," and "the body shall return to the dust as it was, and the spirit to the God that gave it;" for which the Apostle renders the satisfactory reason, that "of him, and *through* him, and *to* him are *all* things." 7th. The restriction for a time of the gospel ministry to the Jews, is a circumstance for which no specific reason has been revealed, because, perhaps, it was not important that it should be. We may conjecture, however, that it has answered several objects. For the credit of the gospel in the world, both for that and all coming ages, it was essential that its claims should first be urged upon the people among whom its founder had lived, worked his miracles, suffered martyrdom, and arose from the dead; but as these people, above all others in the world, were bigoted, furious, and intolerant, it is probable that, but for this restriction, the Apostles would have dispersed into parts where their preaching would have been likely to provoke less opposition. We find that they actually *did so* when the restriction was withdrawn, and that they found far more favor among the Gentiles than they had amongst their own countrymen. Another object for the preference given to the Jews might be that, as in the purposes of Providence they were shortly to lose their national existence, and to be scattered among all the known nations of the globe, they would thus be made instrumental in diffusing a knowledge of the new religion through the wide length and breadth of the Roman empire. 8th. But the limitation of the gospel offers to the Jews was early withdrawn—why? Doubtless because the objects therefor were accomplished. A large number of Jews embraced Christ; three thousand at one time, and to that number "the Lord added daily such as should be saved." But as much the greater part of the nation were too far hardened for gospel labors amongst them to be availing, the gate of the church was thrown open to the Gentiles, and five thousand of them entered it at once, shortly afterward. "It was necessary"—said Paul and Barnabas on a certain occasion to some blaspheming Jews—"that the kingdom of God should first be preached unto you, but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, lo! we turn to the Gentiles."

I must add, that, until the people at that meeting were informed, some time afterwards, that the stranger who

thus had taken part in their proceedings, was a Universalist minister, they here disposed to give a very favorable consideration to the views I had offered. I was doubtless a young clergyman of their own church, who happening to be in the place, had chosen an incognito, to mystify them with those novel views for my own amusement—they must seek me out and have me preach, etc. But oh! how the tune changed when they discovered my profession! "I suspected as much," said one. "I had a lurking suspicion to the same effect," said another. "Why, his sentiments immediately betrayed him to my apprehension," said a third, and so on; until they all proved so sagacious as to have known me for a Universalist from the very first.

Alfred Peck and I started together to a conference of two days, that was to be held in the village of Greene, Broome county, New York. After plodding through mud all day, we put up for the night at an inn on the road, on the shore of the Chenango river. It was at a time when protracted meetings were much in vogue, and fanaticism was stalking stark mad through the country. Between a bitter spirit of proscription on the part of religionists on the one hand, and a tame servility of soul on the part of indifferentists on the other, the poor Universalist preacher found little to encourage him, save what he drew from the consoling nature of his faith and the evident philanthropy of his office. We knew, indeed, and had so remarked to each other, that there existed much public good-will in favor of our doctrine, if it but dared to avow itself, despite the appearance to the contrary. The truth of this observation we had opportunities of seeing confirmed in the course of the evening.

There sat in the circle about the fire a person who, on hearing that we were Universalists, began, *sans ceremone*, a fierce attack on our faith; in which charitable work he was soon joined by another. It was not long, however, ere the opposition of the former ceased. He belonged, he said, to the Presbyterian denomination, and he should much like, if he could in a way that would not betray his agency in the matter, to get one of our ministers to visit and form a society in his neighborhood. This called from me the declaration, that I should yield all pretensions to manhood if I dared not to avow my sentiments in *any* presence, and in the face of *any* opposition. "For of what use," I asked, "is the *form* of a man to its possessor, except he

have also the *soul?* Surely they set but a mean estimate on the rights of conscience, who consent to barter them for office, or interest, or popular favor; and our boast of being a free people is a mockery, if we are not free in soul as well as in person."

These remarks emboldened the latter assailant to say, that for his part, although a Methodist, if we would be at the trouble to visit his neighborhood, we might make his house our home during our stay, and he would take it upon him to provide a place for our meetings into the bargain.

At this stage of the conversation our circle was augmented by two men, who were fresh from a protracted meeting at Binghampton. The elder of them, who made considerable pretensions to scholarship, and was himself a sort of preacher, received the information of our being Universalists with infinite scorn. "O!" exclaimed he, "I have enough of such characters about me at home; some of them a few nights ago broke into some stables in the neighborhood and cut up the harness they found there." "You are sure they were Universalists who did this? What were their names?" "O! as to the particular individuals, they have not yet been indentified; but it is known that they were Universalists." "Indeed, it is most marvelous that, without knowing who those wicked persons themselves were, their religious faith should have been so exactly ascertained! But see here, my friend, you are just from Binghampton; what think you of the Rev. Mr. S., late of that place, now of Sing Sing Penitentiary, who made several attempts upon the chastity of his own step-daughter, and menaced her life in case of resistance? Shall we take him as a sample of the Presbyterian order of people? And moreover, you talk of your neighbors; it is somewhat of a sneaking practice, but as you have set me the example, I will improve it for your own good in future. I can *name* to you a neighbor of mine, high in your church, who was lately convicted of having frequently stripped his neighbor's cows after milking, and thus getting from them the richest portion of the milk. And I can *name* to you two deacons, my neighbors, who, on their way to the trial of the aforesaid cow-stripper, were overheard to remark as follows: 'The worst part of this disagreeable business is, that we cannot keep it from the ears of our Universalist neighbors; and it will make us appear very mean in their eyes; for *we know that there is not one of them who*

would consent to do so dishonest a deed!" But shall we take this case as a sample of Presbyterianism?"

O! no, thought my opponent, by no means; it was not a fair way of testing the general character of a people, to select particular cases; bad people *would* get into *all* churches, etc. etc. But he hoped for all that, nay, his prayer to God was—but he was angry, mind you—that he might ever be kept from believing in Universalism!

"Whew! worse and worse, my friend. Nonsense, when talked to *man*, is bad enough, but to give wilful utterance to it in prayers to heaven, is to carry folly beyond all allowable limits. See, now; God "will have all men to be saved;' is it your prayer to be kept from believing that his will shall ever be accomplished? The Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world; do you pray that you may believe that the Savior shall never fulfill the objects of his mission? How then can you offer the petition in the Lord's prayer, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven?' You, it seems, would rather pray to be kept from believing that it ever shall be done!"

After that conference at Greene, I remained for two weeks in the Chenango valley, preaching every where to large audiences. At Oxford village; at Luke Metcalf's, South Oxford; at Philip Bortle's, on Panther Hill; at Paige's Settlement, New Ohio, and elsewhere: my message was heard with eagerness by multitudes, however dark the night or inclement the weather. At the place last named, a lumbering district, the state of society and morals had been very rude till improved by the ministries of N. Doolittle and G. Messinger.

It often happened in those days, *too* often for my comfort, that I was the guest for a night with a man whose wife was of a different religion, and had not christian forbearance enough to treat me with common politeness, simply on account of that difference. And here I make an appeal in behalf of the tendencies of our faith in this respect. Did ever a Universalist, man or woman, violate the rites of hospitality towards a guest, on account merely of a difference of religious faith? Oh! most sincerely I should hope not. For is it not most disgraceful, that a principle which even a savage respects—who will not violate the hospitality of his wigwam, even towards a foe—should be outraged by professed christians for so slight a cause as an honest difference of opinion? I arrived one

night in the town of ——, New York, in fulfillment of an appointment. Mr. A., on whom I had been instructed to call, received me kindly, took my horse in charge, and conducted me into his house. Not a word was said to his wife however, as to who I was, or what; but as I was an expected guest, that of course was previously understood, and her cloudy countenance plainly enough indicated *why* the introduction was omitted. I had rode thirty miles since morning, without refreshment, through mud and snow, and besides being tired and hungry, I was thoroughly chilled, for a raw and penetrating air had prevailed all day. It was not long ere an ox-sled passed, on its way to my meeting, two miles distant, and on it I obtained a ride thither and back. Of course it was well nigh bedtime when I returned, pretty well prostrated in body from riding, preaching, and long fasting. I had no sooner seated myself by the fire, than Mrs. A. began a tirade against Universalists. They were mean, low, ignorant, infidel, and I know not what all. Now I knew, that besides her husband—and of him common report was exceedingly favorable—there were but two professed Universalists in the neighborhood; both of them physicians, if I mistake not; and of them even *she* had previously spoken in highest terms of commendation. Her husband maintained a silence and a placidity which showed him to be used to this sort of domestic thunder, and as she seemed anxious that it should take effect somewhere, she kindly directed it towards me.

"Madam," said I, at length, in a playful vein, "supposing Universalists to be the scape-graces you represent them, *we* good christians ought to exhibit *our* superior piety to better advantage than to be calling hard names, and displaying bad temper. Your two daughters here, who are just at the age to be influenced for good or for evil by their seniors, will suspect, I fear, that we are no better christians than those whom we are denouncing."

I had hoped that a hint of this kind would suffice to put my ungracious hostess upon her better manners; but I was mistaken. She was a regular vixen, and on she run with all sorts of abuse, getting higher and higher, until I began to apprehend a violent explosion, and therefore essayed once more, in the same playful vein, to check its course. "My dear woman," said I, "seeing that I am but a small

subject, and carry no dangerous weapons, I see no chance of coming off with safety if we get into a battle. And besides, the shovel and tongs, broomstick, and other implements of warfare, are all under your control. Moreover I have no skill in scratching, and therein I suspect you would have great advantage over me. So I sue for peace; *that* I think will be my *safest* policy. These young ladies too," I added, "look to me as though they would feel it a far pleasanter business to be getting me some supper, than to be witnessing a holy war between us, and I really do believe that I could *eat* better than I could *fight* at present." The young ladies did not wait for a seconding of this motion from the mother, but flew to work and speedily prepared me some supper, and were much relieved no doubt by so agreeable an avoidance of hostilities.

But the poor woman was doomed to a more mortifying defeat; for on the next morning, while she was in the midst of a philipic against Universalists, a neighbor entered, whom she greeted as a brother, and seemed to be quite delighted to see. He however commenced relating a transaction which had taken place the day before, in the large village a few miles off. A certain man had sold a hotel-keeper a dozen pair of fowls, all prepared for cooking, as he professed. He insisted on selling them by weight, as he had taken particular pains in their feeding. The purchaser remarked that it brought the fowls up to an unusually high price, but consoled himself by reflecting that after all they were not over-dear according to their weight. So the farmer was paid, and he quickly made his exit. It was not long after, ere the hostess came in to complain of a scandalous fraud in that same transaction; for besides that the fowls had not been gutted—though they were slitted, that it might be thought they had been—they were also found to be stuffed with stones, pieces of brick, and other substances to increase their weight! A *small* mode of cheating, it must be owned, but still not too much so for the propensities of certain *small* people. Well, I had observed that my ungracious hostess was most mortifyingly interested in this account, and quite disposed to deny its truth too, until the narrator assured her that he was an eye and ear witness to the whole transaction; and then, for some reason, she did not care to look me steadily in the face. For *some* reason, I have said, and what was *it*?

Alas! that same knavish poultry-dealer was her pious class-leader!

Towards the close of summer, of that year, 1834, I attended the Chenango Association at Sheshequin, where I met for the first time several of my ministering brethren; and on the evening of the latter day of the session we enjoyed together, at the house of Col. Joseph Kingsbury, one of the most delightful social seasons I remember to have ever experienced! Miss Saunderson, who by the exquisite sweetness of her voice and skill in the piano accompaniment, contributed an essential part to that evening's enjoyment, was shortly afterwards called to sing amidst a far worthier throng and in far sweeter strains. Miss J. H. Kinney, subsequently Mrs. Scott, who was also one of that company, is likewise withdrawn from us to mingle her pure soul with the spirits of a holier communion. And one of the ministers present, Elijah T. Smith, has long been the inhabitant of a land where prayer and preaching are superceded by eternal praise. Thus we go—

> "Like drops of dew before the sun,
> We are fading and vanishing one by one.
> Like rainbow tints of an April day,
> We are passing away—we are passing away."

CHAPTER VII.

Comprising the events of a first journey to the West, to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, etc., and a journey to the last Association previous to his removal from Pennsylvania.

It was toward the end of December, 1834, that I started from Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, on my first journey to the West. My mode of travel was on horseback. The usually deep snows of that region began to fall as I proceeded, and my faithful horse becoming lame, my progress was slow and painful. My first stop for the purpose of preaching, was at Easton, one hundred and twenty miles from home, where I spent the Sabbath, and discoursed three times to large congregations in the Court House. From thence I proceeded to Reading, through the fine Moravian town of Bethlehem, and by a route through a

highly cultivated and populous country. The weather was colder than had for many winters been experienced. I tarried and preached two Sabbath's at Reading, besides several evenings during the interim. My stay there was with John M. Keim.¶ Reading is both larger and more handsomely built than Easton; it lies in the valley of the Schuylkill, and is connected both by railroad and canal with Philadelphia, from which it is distant about sixty miles.

From Reading I went to Wommelsdorf, where was a brick Universalist church, built in good taste: the society was small and composed entirely of Germans. I had to use the simplest English possible, to make myself intelligible to them. I there fell in with J. Myers, who for several years published a Universalist paper in the German tongue, entitled the Botschafter; he also preached with great industry in various parts of Pennsylvania. I next visited Pottsville, in the coal region, which was then a town of very recent formation, but contained, notwithstanding, a population of three thousand souls. I preached there several discourses in the basement of the Episcopal church. From thence, after preaching at Reamstown, where was a small building answering the double purpose of a church and school-house, I proceeded to Lancaster.

Lancaster has a population of nine thousand, and is situated in a very fertile and beautiful limestone region: most of the houses are low, and in the Dutch style of architecture. Appointments were advertised for me in the secular papers, for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, in the German Lutheran church, the pastor of which was a Universalist both in *fact* and *profession*. He was a worthy and talented man, and a majority of his congregation were with him in belief. The Universalists had rented the use of this church for a year, at stated times, to which measure the rigidly partialist part of the society, a small minority, were bitterly opposed. Friday evening's meeting passed peaceably, but on Saturday evening a body of Germans rushed into the house as the people were assembling, and shutting the doors, threatened vengeance to any who should enter. They attacked one of the vestrymen with clubs and brick-bats, and cut and bruised him seriously. They also attempted to strangle the sexton with his neck-handkerchief, and would probably have effected their object but for the courage and magnanimity of the

said vestryman, who rushed to his rescue and cut the handkerchief assunder. Time will not admit of my going into further details; suffice it to say that the rioters were arrested, and constables employed to preserve future good order. But the Mayor, nevertheless, took it upon him to dismiss the congregation which had filled the house, and my meeting for that evening was thus as effectually defeated as though the rioters had been left with the field to themselves. On Sunday, authorized by the vestry, I sent notices through the city that I would occupy the church in the evening. The Mayor, however, attempted to prevent my doing so—he told me he could not be answerable for the consequences if I did, to myself personally as well as to the church. My answer was, that as to the personal risks, I would take *them* cheerfully in the way of my duty, whatsoever they might be; that I was resolved to preach in the market-house if not in the church; that if the Mayor could do no better for me than to prevent me from preaching in the church agreeably to stipulation, I had nothing to thank him for, as the rioters could do that much without his assistance, and that I therefore would thank him to give himself no further trouble in the matter. I *did* preach, accordingly, both on Sunday and Monday evenings, and though my audiences were immense, no disturbance whatever ensued. The effect of my meetings was materially assisted by the musical performances of Peter L. and George Grosh, on instruments of their own invention called *Euphoniads*. As to the city Mayor, he doubtless was a bigot, and so far in the interests of my opposers as to co-operate with them in his own way to defeat the object of my visit.

I tarried, while in Lancaster, at an inn kept by a Mr. R., a kind old man, but an Atheist in creed; his creed however he kept a secret, except to a clique of co-unbelievers who were accustomed to meet in his private parlor. These were all pew-holders, some of them communicants even, of one or another of the churches of the place. Among them was a very gifted young lawyer who belonged to the Presbyterians, and was in the habit of lecturing in favor of Total-Abstinence, Missions, Sunday-Schools, etc., all of which he denounced and ridiculed in the Atheistic conclave. I myself heard him amuse them by mimicking the mock-sanctity with which he was in the habit of consigning to the devil the ungodly opposers of these popular institu-

tions. This same lawyer was the author of a notorious hoax that was practiced upon the celebrated Mr. Finney, when he was there sometime before conducting a protracted meeting. The affair itself was well known over the whole city at the time, but its author was even yet undiscovered, save to the club of Atheists aforesaid. The hoax consisted in a series of letters addressed to Mr. Finney, at different times, purporting to be from an Atheist, who was laboring under deep convictions through that gentleman's preaching. These, as might be expected, were publicly read from the pulpit for effect. Certain peculiar circumstances, it was pretended, prevented the writer from making known his identity just then, but these were to cease to operate by a particular Sabbath, when, if Mr. F. would remain alone in the church after the morning service, the writer would be there to conduct him to his home, where all would be satisfactorily explained, and certain marvelous matters be disclosed into the bargain. It may be conceived that the community of Lancaster were in a high degree curious as to whom this mysterious Atheist could be; every countenance was scrutinized, by every body, as it entered the church, and many were the furtive glances that flashed from under the solemn brows of the male saints, and the bonnets of the sisterhood, in the hope of their lighting on the incognito. None suspected the lawyer, however, who with demure visage took his punctual seat in his accustomed pew. The clique of Atheists had their own fun meanwhile at the success of the *ruse*.

Well, the specified Sabbath came. Mr. F. after dismissing the congregation, remained in the church as required. It *is* said that the pastor of the church and some of the deacons, were seen skulking about the premises, peeping over adjoining fences and through crevices, in order to obtain beforehand a stolen indulgence of their curiosity, and that Mr. F. impatiently motioned them away, whispering, "*keep down— keep down, I tell you—he'll not come while he sees you about.*" But I suspect this is an exaggeration. Howbeit, after vainly waiting for more than an hour, poor Mr. F. became aware that his simplicity was being practiced upon by some audacious wag, and he repaired to his lodgings in dudgeon, where another letter of the same series awaited him; this contained the writer's apology for his non-appearance; it set forth in mock-seriousness as the reason therefor, that the writer's cook had

over-seasoned a dish of bean porridge, which, with special care, was being prepared for his Reverence's dinner; that consequently the writer, not having the fear of the devil before his eyes, had cursed the cook and knocked her sprawling; that all the dishes, as well as his newly acquired religion, had got so completely upset and demolished in the fracas, that, like the sow that was washed—alas! that he should say so—he had gone again to wallowing in the mire of Atheism. The next day's light found no Rev. Mr. Finney in Lancaster, nor had he ever shown his saintly face there since.

From Lancaster I was conducted by J. Myers to his home in Petersborough, and from thence to Marietta, where I discoursed several times, and tarried with Mr. Grosh, father of A. B. Grosh, whose mansion is most delightfully situated on the shore of the Susquehanna, which is there a stream of nearly a mile in width, and as translucent as a sheet of christal.

Thence, as I had parted with my horse, Mr. Myers conducted me to Harrisburg, the State capitol, which is a neat and compact little city, with a population exceeding four thousand. It is lighted, and watchmen cry the hours, whilst the legislature are there; which are large feats for so small a place. I preached there in the Unitarian church several times, but not to large congregations, for it is a place of no small amount of bigotry. Almon H. Read, Senator from Susquehanna county, showed me many attentions; he introduced me to the Governor of the State, from whom I received several civilities.

On the whole, I met with much to disgust and somewhat to cheer me in that portion of Pennsylvania. Many of the Lutheran clergymen thereabout, I found, are at heart Universalists. That is good; but an open avowal of it would be better. It is a sad business for one's profession to be at odds with one's conscience. On the other hand, there is in Pennsylvania much religious intolerance, much covert infidelity, and oh! how much servility of spirit! For example, I bore letters of introduction to individuals from those to whom they stood in the relation of personal friends, yet so base in soul were they that they refused to honor the introduction, from an *avowed* fear that their doing so might subject them to the suspicion of being favorable to Universalism! And this, gracious God! in a country professing to be the freest on earth! Why, who

ever experienced such mean incivility from a Pagan or a Turk? One poor gentleman begged me, with signs of alarm that were truly ludicrous, not to let it be known in the town that I had borne a letter to him, and he hoped I would excuse his seeming not to know me if he should meet me in the street!

And to what are we to ascribe this most deplorable state of things? Without the shadow of a doubt, to the prevalence of a stern and intolerant theology; a theology that interdicts the free exercise of the reasoning faculty, that makes the sufferings in eternal fires the sure penalty of an error of the judgment, and an exact faith an indispensable condition for obtaining the favor of Heaven!

It would really seem that the Lord takes the more care of a poor fellow, for his being indifferently qualified to take care of himself. I was able to get up meetings at but one place west of Harrisburg, and that was out of the direct route, until I got to Chambersburg, where I made a stop of several days, and discoursed as many evenings in the Court-house. But, besides my expenses at the hotel, each meeting cost me one dollar and twenty-five cents, for the use and lighting of the house. My congregations were large, increasingly so to the end of the series, but not an individual made the least advance toward an acquaintance with me. My scanty purse soon leaked dry at the rate at which it was drawn upon. Nevertheless, I felt an unspeakable happiness in lingering about Chambersburg, for I remembered that several years before I had been there under circumstances of the greatest possible discouragement. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," the great poet saith, and my experience has comprised many confirmations of that truth.

The following, from a letter to my wife, is an overflowing of the feeling awakened in my heart by this visit to a scene of my former suffering:

"DEAR RUTH:—I am again, after a lapse of ten years, a lodger at Snyder's hotel, sign of the White Horse, Chambersburg. I am still, thou knowest, but a poor fellow, having but in scanty measure this world's gear; but when I think of what I then was, pennyless, meanly clad, delirious with a fever, inexperienced, with no resource but charity, and too proud in spirit to sue for that; and when, in contrast with that state of things, I reflect that I now have robust health, that my energies are ripened, that I

have, in a little family of my own, new links that connect me with humanity, and make me seem to myself other than the isolated orphan I then was; when, Ruthy, I think of all this, my full heart rises into my throat with the largeness of its gratitude to heaven.

"I have been to see the angle behind the Court-house, where, for want of a softer couch, I used to lie when my daily fever came upon me. Occasionally, to while away the time and to seem less an idler who had no object, I used to enter the Court-house and hear the pleadings of the lawyers; and when I detected an eye scanning my pallid face, I used to assume a brave look and bearing, in order that I might avoid appearing to be the sick wretch I really was. How I then envied the health of those lawyers, and their privilege of holding a company of fellow men in spell-bound attention to their words. But, in that same Court-house I am addressing, night after night, a much larger and quite as attentive a company. Well, these may seem trifles, and doubtless in themselves they are so, but their associations give them a sweet importance to my mind. It is thus, Ruthy, that past afflictions may enhance the pleasure of our after experience, as the spring time seems the more delightful for the winter which precedes it," etc.

Chambersburg is a finely situated town, surrounded by a fertile country, and picturesque in its scenery from the proximity of the blue ridges of the Alleghenies.

My next stop was at the mountain town of Bedford, seat of justice for the county of that name. I went thither by stage, and after defraying my tavern charges for the night's entertainment, I had not a single penny left. What now was to be done? Pittsburg, my point of destination, was yet one hundred miles distant; in the region intermediate I had not an acquaintance, not a co-believer even, so far as I knew—I *could not* dig, and to beg I was ashamed. *What was to be done?* I asked my wits the question over and over again, and the only answer I could get from them was—*nothing*. I had just abandoned all hope, when I overheard a young man say to another, "The Sheriff is about starting for Pittsburg with his prisoner." "From whence?" I asked. "The jail," he replied. To the jail I went forthwith. The Sheriff's vehicle was at the door; he was just taking leave of his family; in a minute more I should have been too late. I stated my situation to him

frankly, told him that if he would convey me to Pittsburg, and defray my charges on the way, it was barely possible that I should find friends there who would enable me to reimburse him, but that, beforehand, I knew none such. He scanned me closely for a minute, then told me to jump in, and in an instant we were off.

Really, these coincidences are either very lucky, or very providential! I should not hesitate to decide in favor of the latter, if I were orthodox in faith; but as it is, it were perhaps a sin to regard God as taking care of heretics.

Conceive me now, seated by the side of a negro prisoner, and, in connection with him, at the charges of the Sheriff of Bedford county. But my sable companion was no common personage after all, but a veritable member of the *sanctum fratrum*; a *bona fide* subject of holy orders!

Judge Thompson, presiding judge of the middle district of Pennsylvania, and several lawyers, were traveling in the same direction to hold a court somewhere westerly. We all stopped several times at the same Inns on the way, and as often engaged in conversation on literary and religious topics. The judge was a Presbyterian. He remarked, nevertheless, that he had found now and then a Universalist among his acquaintances, and that they were generally correct and honorable men.

"But then," said he, "they were persons of unusual intelligence, and such alone are likely to embrace your faith. I should dread its influence on ignorant individuals, if such should become converts to it."

"And so should I," was my answer, "if it left them as ignorant as it found them. But it evidently does not so; it expands the mind with sublimer conceptions of the Deity; it infuses a wider charity in the heart; it counteracts the narrow selfishness which, of necessity, must be generated by the vain conceit that the divine favor is limited to a select portion of the human family. Consequently, although it is quite possible for a Universalist to be *illiterate*, yet to be in religious respects *ignorant*, is a thing not possible, as I conceive, to one who is truly a Universalist."

Arrived at Pittsburg, my first business was to seek some friends to truth in the city, who would enable me to discharge my obligations to the Sheriff. I knew none such, nor had I been furnished with references to any; in truth,

no Universalist minister ever before visited that city, so far as was known. In the course of a few hours' search, however, I succeeded in this first object. My next was to secure a place to preach in, and in that I found much greater difficulty. In efforts to that effect, indeed, two whole days were laboriously employed, when at length, we obtained the vestry room of the German Lutheran church; but from that we were excluded, after our first meeting, at the instigation of the pastor, who was a timid and time-serving man. We next, at very great trouble, obtained the grant of the Court-house from the County Commissioners, who long withheld their assent from a fear that they should incur public disfavor by yielding. Very large congregations were attracted to my meetings by motives of curiosity and opposition, and this continuing with an increase rather than abatement, the clergy of the city took alarm, and actually went in a body, some half a dozen of them, and persuaded the Commissioners to exclude me from the Court-house. Nor was that all; the Commissioners must atone for their offence in admitting me thereinto, by engaging it to a certain Rev. Mr. Tassy, a resident of Pittsburg, *for the same time that I was to have occupied it by virtue of their previous engagement to me!* And this same Rev. Mr. T. had the modesty to request me to advertise my congregation to that effect, and to notify them furthermore, that his discourses would be in answer to those previously delivered by myself. Thus my mouth was first to be stopped, and then I was to be refuted. "Well," remarked I, when I had read out this notification as requested, "it is to be hoped, friends, for the gentleman's sake, that injustice and effrontery are not among the sins for which his creed eternally damns people." This was in the midst of an immense congregation, comprising a thousand persons, as I should judge; around the lawyers' table sat a number of clergymen, in terrible array for note-taking, as though they meant to scare me with the poet's threat—

> "A chiel 's amang ye takin notes.
> Faith, an he'll print it."

I had taken my text, and was proceeding to specify the points which I meant to establish therefrom, when up rose one of the clergymen and challenged me to debate the subject with himself publicly. "Agreed," said I; "but

in what building? Shall it be in your church?" No, the gentleman could not agree to its being in his church, nor would he take it upon him to furnish another building for the purpose. The Court-house he well knew we *could not have*, so that his challenge was manifestly a mere bravado, and I so pronounced it to the audience.

Again I began my discourse, when another preacher arose and gave out that he should reply to me on the morrow evening.

"Not on to-morrow evening, if you please," interposed a third, "for I have already notified the public that *I* shall then commence a series of replies to Mr. Rogers."

Well, as I felt under no obligation to await an adjustment between these litigants for the honor of the first lunge at my heresy, I once more resumed my discourse. I begged that the audience would listen to me for themselves, instead of trusting to subsequent reports of the sermon, which might be garbled and distorted; for the clergymen around me had an interest in misleading the public mind relative to a doctrine which they found it easier to denounce than refute! I told them that years might elapse ere they should have a like opportunity of hearing my doctrine from one of its accredited ministers; that it had cost me and my friend several days of laborious effort to obtain that house; that we had also been at an expense in notifying the public that we should occupy it at certain times—for which we had engaged it of the Commissioners—that, after all, we were to be denied its occupancy for the future, and the same was to be granted to our enemies for professedly hostile purposes, although they had houses of their own quite as convenient for the purpose. These considerations, I contended, gave me a peculiar claim upon their candid attention and forbearance, and should be my apology for preaching to them with the utmost plainness and explicitness. Notwithstanding, I had proceeded but a little way in my discourse, ere one man bawled out—"That fellow is not fit to preach." "No, he is not," exclaimed a second. "Out with him!" vociferated a third. And then came a shower of missiles from the gallery, directed at my person, by which a pane or two of glass were broken in the window back of the desk, and full fifty voices joined in the outcry to drag him out, etc. Several ladies made their exit from the house in high alarm, which they found it difficult to do through the ex-

cessive crowd. I stood calm amidst the uproar, and when it had subsided, I informed the congregation that their very violence gave evidence against the religion in which they had been taught. "For, if it were truly the religion of Christ," said I, "it would lead you to better things than to maltreat a stranger, to whose character you can attach no reproach; merely because he pleads for what he believes to be gospel truth, and in opposition to what he conceives to be hurtful error. It is to Scripture and reason, I appeal," I continued, "and to those authorities I am amenable. But if you think to intimidate me by brute violence, let me tell you, my friends, you have mistaken your man; I am not thus to be stopped: I would preach the love of God at the martyr's stake."

I then, a fourth time, re-commenced my discourse, and —with the exception of an occasional hiss and groan—was allowed to proceed to the end without further interruption.

Being now destitute of a house in which to preach, I betook myself to my pen, and wrote two illustrative tales, entitled an "Old Settler's Narrative," and "A Pleasant Rencontre." In these I endeavored to present the doctrines of Universalism and endless misery, contrastively, in some striking points of light, which should show the superiority of the former over the latter for practical and consolatory purposes. By this labor of my pen, I designed to effect what, for want of a suitable room, I could not with my tongue, on the public mind of Pittsburg. But while I was thus employed, a card appeared in the several daily papers—I know not by whom communicated—in which the inhospitable treatment of myself was complained of, and a public meeting called at a certain hotel, for the purpose of taking measures to detain me in the city, and procure me a place for my meetings. The result of this call was, that about two hundred persons met at the place specified, and appointed a committee, through whom a large hall was hired for my use, which was capable of containing some five hundred persons. In that hall I delivered about a score of sermons; and it was excessively crowded to the end of my stay.

Thus much for a history of the introduction of Universalism into Pittsburg. It furnishes additional illustration of the fact, that violent means are apt to defeat the end they are employed to promote; and also that the utmost

brute force is very weakness when employed against the truth.

From Pittsburg I proceeded by water to Wheeling, and by the National Road to Zanesville. On my way to the former, I offered a pamphlet to a gentleman in the cabin, who had been grinning for an hour or two over a book of obscene songs and conundrums. "As on board of a boat," said I, "time hangs heavily on one's hand who has nothing to read, you may possibly be interested in the matter of this tract; it contains a Universalist sermon." "*A Universalist sermon!*" he contemptuously retorted: "I have found *something* to approve in every subject I have ever turned my attention to; but in Universalism, by G–d! there is *nothing* to approve—Tom Paine's Age of Reason is piety, compared to such d—d trash." Of course I replied nothing to so *mild* and *polite* a rejection of my favor; but I bethought me, that as *sinners* all love Universalism, and *saints* alone are opposed to it, why, of course this same moderate gentleman must needs be a saint. Can the reader doubt it?

There had never been manifested in Zanesville a sufficient interest in Universalism, to attract a large congregation to the hearing of it. Abler men than I had previously preached it there, but to small audiences. But the fact of my being from a distance, operated in my favor. I preached nine discourses there to constantly increasing assemblies, until the capacious old State-room at length refused to accommodate the numbers who wished to hear. Bigotry, of course, did not rest easy under this state of things; placards were found posted at the corner of the streets, and in the market-house, describing me as one of the locusts out of the bottomless pit, or some such thing, and calling upon the public of Zanesville to rise against me as they did at Pittsburg. A certain Methodist preacher also—still a resident there—arose and assailed my doctrine at the close of one of my sermons; to whose logic, however, the task of reply was not *exceedingly* difficult. He has since published a book against Universalism, in which I come in for a passing notice.

Zanesville is now a station for a Universalist preacher, and of a thriving society, which, under the first regular pastor, G. T. Flanders, erected and now own a neat meeting-house. The town itself is a flourishing manufacturing one, with a population of six thousand, exclusive of its

environs. Its position on the Muskingum river, where it is crossed by the National Road, is one of exceeding beauty, and the hills, which to a wide extent surround it, are rich in coal and iron ore; besides that, they support a dense agricultural population amongst their picturesque slopes and vales.

I have often preached in Zanesville in later times, and always feel a pleasure in revisiting that first of my Ohio fields of labor, for there are some choice spirits there.

From Zanesville I proceeded on horseback to McConnelsville, seat of justice for Morgan county, which is also situated on the Muskingum river; there I preached several discourses. Thence, still keeping down the river, I proceeded to Watertown, where was a Universalist meeting house, and a small but excellent society. I delivered one sermon there; and went on to Marietta, at the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, where I tarried over four days, including a Sabbath, and delivered six discourses. In this charming town there was then, and for a long time had been, a Universalist society, which, with the other religious societies of the place, was entitled to a dividend of a fund accruing from the rent of a section of land appropriated by law to religious purposes. The other denominations in the town—and the same has often occurred elsewhere—contested for a time the Universalists' right in this fund, until, in a trial at law, the latter obtained a verdict which set the question at rest. Since then, the Universalist society being without a preacher, had disbursed their annual dividends in the purchase of books for a public library. Latterly, however, a very neat meeting-house has been erected, and a clergyman settled at Marietta. It is a delightful station, and the region about it presents as interesting a field for Universalist labor as any which the State of Ohio affords.

Fourteen miles below Marietta, on the Ohio river, is the settlement of Belpre; it is one of the oldest settlements of the State, and its inhabitants are, to a proverb, peaceable, industrious, and virtuous. A Universalist society, of old standing, is situated there, which, with or without a minister, has regularly met on Sabbath days for religious worship. They now have a meeting-house, which overlooks the Ohio river; but they were without one at the time of which I write. N. Wadsworth, since deceased, was then their minister. I met him as I was on my way thither;

we were both of us traveling on horseback, in opposite directions, and were strangers to each other except from description. We each guessed who the other was, however, and dismounting from our horses, we sat and conversed on the river bank in relation to our cause, its condition and prospects in the Western country. The day was lovely: the scene around us was lovely: our hopes were as cheerful as the sky and landscape. Is the reader philosopher enough to determine whether these had not a mutual influence on each other? And whether the world within us is not apt to borrow its hues from the world without?

Well, N. Wadsworth has long since been gathered to his rest. And matters of fact, as they affect the cause for which he labored, do now fully justify the hopes we then mutually entertained. We have now three preachers in that valley, and four meeting-houses, with a fair prospect of two others, where there then was but one of either.

From a part of the Ohio shore which skirts the farm of Pitt Putnam, at Belpre, I was taken aboard by a boat bound for Cincinnati, where I arrived at about nine in the evening of the next day. No arrival was ever more opportune. No boat had arrived for several days before, on account of the ice in the river, nor did any for a week or two after. I had been expected, and with great solicitude at that particular juncture, for one of our most zealous and amiable female members in that city, had deceased on that day, and the next was appointed for her funeral. She was in health when my letter was received announcing my intended visit, and to none was the news more welcome: she carried it from house to house of the friends of our cause, and dwelt in ecstacies on the happiness she should enjoy in hearing once more, what, with all her soul, she believed to be "the gospel of the grace of God." My feelings, while standing at her grave—and my first sad office in Cincinnati—administering consolation to the many who mourned her departure, may well be imagined. Soothly saith the poet—

"Death walks in Pleasure's footsteps round the world."

I was the guest of Enion Singer, at whose dwelling I experienced a cordial hospitality; and by whom, indeed, I had been induced to extend my visit to that city.

During my stay in Cincinnati, I delivered there in all seventeen sermons, in something over two weeks. Most of them were delivered in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, which was hired for the occasion at three dollars per night. One was delivered in the Unitarian church, and several in a school-house, now a livery stable, at the southeast corner of Sixth and Vine streets. All my meetings were very numerously attended; more and more so to the termination of my stay; and the interest excited was apparently deep and extensive. The friends called it a *revival*, and so it was; for why may not truth be revived as well as fanaticism?

At the close of one of my sermons, I was publicly defied to an oral controversy, by a certain Doctor Sleigh, whose pretensions to learning and to polemical ability were very high. He was flushed with the honors he supposed himself to have won, in a recent debate with a minister of the Disciples sect, on the question, "Is the gospel salvation conditional?" in which he, being a Calvinist of the old school, had taken the negative. To my fancy, however, he was but a quack in theology, whatever he may have been in medicine; and exhibited a spirit by no means favorable to the elicitation of truth in a public controversy. I informed him to that effect, and pledged my word at the same time that I would consent to meet any respectable *clergyman* of the city, whom he could get to appear as his substitute. In answer to which, he modestly informed me and the congregation, that he considered himself as at least the equal of *any* clergyman of the place in *any* and *every* sort of learning.*

I have always been of the opinion of the sick lion in the fable, that there is no particular honor in being kicked by the heels of an ass. I have also thought the devil was in the right, when, according to Milton, he declined battle with the inferior angels, who, being employed by Gabriel to seek him within the precincts of Paradise, found him "squat like a toad" at the ear of our sleeping grand-dam Eve. Said that shrewd arch tempter—

* That same Doctor Sleigh subsequently rendered himself very notorious, by holding public controversies with distinguished infidels in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. It is believed to have been a mere matter of pecuniary speculation between the parties, however, for they divided between them the sums taken in as the price of admission.

"If fight I must,
It shall be with the sender, not the sent:
Or all at once; for in such strife of arms
More glory will be won, or less be lost."

It were well for the public advocate of truth, to learn something even from the devil in this matter, and not subject the cause in his hands to contempt, by consenting to discuss with every loquacious prig who may challenge him to the same.

Thomas Whittemore, of the Boston TRUMPET, was an early herald of glad tidings in Cincinnati. His meetings were crowdedly attended, and were productive of a deep interest in behalf of the truth. He received an urgent request to station himself in that city, which, had he done, there is no calculating the probable results to our cause in the West by this time. He, however, has been engaged with equal usefulness in another sphere. Josiah C. Waldo is the only minister who had been regularly settled there, and since his removal, in compliance with the demands of his wife's health, the progress of the cause of truth in Cincinnati had been retrograde. The society existing there tried in vain to obtain a pastor; failing in that, they were obliged to sell their church—an indifferent building, and badly located; they became scattered in process of time, and, as a society, extinct. Such was the state in which I found them, and the irrepressible feelings which, in the absence of any knowledge of their condition, induced me to visit them, I am half tempted to interpret as a call of Providence: and this, forsooth, would be attaching no small consequence to my ministrations, were it not known that in the gospel economy God employs, as his instruments, "the *weak* things of this world." At the close of my labors there, I re-organized the society; and it then included some thirty persons who were not formerly of our faith. This done, I agreed to return and live amongst them as their pastor, until they should be able to obtain one of less wandering habits than I had contracted.

Having procured a horse at Cincinnati, I started on my return to north-eastern Pennsylvania, by a route wholly different from the one by which I had traveled westerly. About thirty miles on my way I put up for the night at an Irish Inn, in an Irish settlement called Fayetteville: there had been an election for town officers that day, and such a scene as the interior of the Inn presented is beyond de-

scription. There was mud enough on the bar-room floor to have produced a crop of potatoes; and wallowing therein, kneeling, sitting, sprawling, were as fuddled a set of men and women as ever bartered their senses for the inspirations of whiskey. Some were making orations, some singing of "swate Ireland," some crying, some pledging each other with filled glasses, and not a few blaspheming. In such a pandemonium, nevertheless, was I fain to put up, for the night was dark, and the roads as nearly impassable as can be imagined.

From thence I proceeded on through Hillsboro', Chillicothe, Lancaster, and Somersett, all county towns, to Zanesville; thence to Martinsburg, Newark, and Mount Vernon. In the fine Court-house at Newark, I delivered several discourses; the first, on *any* subject, that had ever been delivered therein, for the building was not yet finished, and the workmen were at the trouble of removing their work-benches for my meetings. I preached also at Coshocton, which is situated on the Tuscarawa branch of the Muskingum, and is the seat of justice for the county of the same name. There I met with George R. Brown, who was just entering upon the ministry, and has since distinguished himself therein by eminent usefulness. At Mount Vernon I fell in with Asher A. Davis, who was then the most active Universalist preacher in the West, but is now removed to another field of labor. He accompanied me to Fredericktown, where I preached; and from thence passed on to Mansfield, capitol of Richland county, where I delivered two discourses to large congregations. At the close of my second meeting there, I found myself surrounded with former acquaintances, who had recently emigrated from Sussex county, New Jersey. Only the summer previous they had bidden me adieu, in the expectation that to the western home to which they were bound, I should not be likely ever to direct my steps; nor did the contrary seem probable to myself at that time; yet, without intending it, or even knowing that such was to prove the case, I had brought the Gospel to the very door of their new home; and ere my departure I solemnised a marriage between a young lady of the family and a respectable farmer of Richland. Strange coincidences occur betimes in this changeful life.

Touching that same marriage, I learned about a year afterward, that in performing it I had violated a law of the

State, which requires that a preacher be authorised to perform that office by an express license from one of the County Courts. I was ignorant of such a requisition, there being none such in the other States in which I had labored. It happened that Mansfield was a place of much religious bigotry, and as I was but a visitant in the country, it was conjectured that I was unfurnished with the required license, and was therefore a transgressor of the law, and subject to a heavy fine. Accordingly a warrant was taken out, and put into a constable's hands, for my apprehension. In perfect unconsciousness of all this, however, I was scampering off as fast as my horse could carry me, and so I continued to do the whole of the next day, and a constable would have had to ride at John Gilpin's speed to have brought me within the clutches of my prosecutors. The truth is, that the wedding had so delayed me, that so soon as it was effected, I found myself under a necessity of riding at a full gallop in order to reach my appointment for the night; and on the next day, finding the distance to my next meeting to be much greater than I had supposed, I was obliged to go on at the same speed. And thus, by these purely accidental circumstances, was I saved.

At Peru, where I stopped for a few days and preached, I procured a dearborn wagon, and changed my mode of travel. Thence I drove to Huron, at the mouth of the river by that name, on the southern shore of lake Erie; whence I took passage on a steamboat for Buffalo. I had now traveled over Ohio, in zig-zag directions, for full four hundred miles in all: I had observed that in nearly all its towns and settlements there existed a disposition, in many of them an eagerness, to hear the gospel of a world's salvation. The opposition thereto, I perceived, was in scarcely any of them so organised, and consequently not so vigorous as in the older States. In addition to this, I saw that the country was one of immense resources, a fertile soil, a plenitude of water-power, amply furnished with mineral wealth, occupying a central situation, and being, to a large extent, a thoroughfare of travel in various directions; with the Lake on its northern, and the Ohio on its south-eastern borders; having, withal, a fine climate, and an agreeably diversified surface. Perceiving the State to possess all these advantages, I became seized with a burning desire that it should become, to a much larger extent than it was, a field of Universalist labor. I felt sure that the same amount of

effort for the spread of truth that was being made in some portions of the older States, must necessarily effect much greater results here; and the language of Caleb and Joshua was continually uprising in my mind, as applicable to my co-laborers in the gospel—"Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it."

The passage to Buffalo occupied three nights and two days, and was an uncommonly boisterous one. I had not calculated on so unusually long a passage, and had failed to provide a sufficiency of provender for my horse; the poor brute devoured my whip, and one of the floor-boards of my dearborn, for lack of more dainty and nutritious fare. It was the second week in April, and nature, on the northernmost border of Ohio, had put on her spring robes; her mantle of green was bright, and her head-gear was profusely bedecked with lilach-flowers and peach-blossoms: nevertheless, in the vicinity of Buffalo she had not yet relented from the sullenness of her wintry mood, and might have been found by morbid minds disposed to break affection with her, in all the unsightliness of her dishabille. I preached a Sabbath in Buffalo; and judged our cause there to be in about as cold a state as the clime in which it was situated. But in this judgment I may have erred, as my stay in the place was not sufficiently long to enable me to acquaint myself with its real condition. Thence I passed on to Le Roy, where Alfred Peck then resided; with him I tarried several days, and preached both there and at Pavillion, between which places he was dividing his labors. I also preached at Perry, at Rochester, at Victor, at Auburn, at Geneva, at Genoa, and numerous other places in western and central New York. With its scenery I was charmed exceedingly. I cannot well conceive a landscape combining, in a superior degree, magnificence and quiet beauty; and the inhabitants of that splendid realm have co-operated nobly with nature in embellishing it. Their dwellings are neat in structure, and dazzlingly white; their towns and hamlets are adorned with elegant edifices and garden enclosures, with numerous ornamental shade-trees, and churches of exquisite models and symmetry of proportions. With several of our ministers in that region I formed a pleasant acquaintance; with A. K. Townsend I spent several days at Victor; with G. W. Montgomery, and Jacob Chase, jr., I also spent some time, respectively, at Auburn and Geneva. My descriptive powers would utterly fail me

in an attempt to depict the loveliness of the two latter towns, more especially the last, so far as respects its situation; and yet Canadaigua is, as I conceive, taking it all in all, the undisputed paragon of western New York.

I arrived at my home in Susquehanna county, after an absence of five months, where, after remaining for a few weeks, we made arrangements for our removal from thence to Cincinnati. We had spent four years there amongst pleasant and amiable friends: we had known, at times, "how to be empty," and but very seldom "how to abound," yet had we experienced no small degree of humble happiness there; and if our income was small, so also was our expenditure; my whole wearing apparel, indeed, from hat to shoes inclusive, rarely ever cost me any thing, but were usually presented to me, article by article as I needed it; for money is commonly less plentiful than other things in that country.

Desiring to be present at one more Association in the State of New York, previous to my removal, I sat out, accompanied by my wife, for Hartwick, in Otsego county, where one was appointed to be held on the third Wednesday and Thursday in June. The distance was full one hundred miles by the route we took—a most delightful one. We crossed the Susquehanna at the Great Bend; thence proceeded to Binghampton, at the confluence of that and the Chenango rivers; thence up the last named river to the very handsome village of Oxford; from whence we crossed a pleasant hill country which divides the Chenango from the Unadilla river. At a little villa called Mount Upton we stopped to dine at the residence of one of our ministers, Edwin Ferris, author of a book entitled "The Plain Restitutionist;" but which, in truth, is any thing but *plain* to *my* apprehension. We then passed up the very charming valley of Butter-nuts, about eighteen miles, and were delighted with the fineness of the road, the elegance of the farms and villas, the fertility of the flats, and the picturesque beauty of the arable slopes on either hand. From Butter-nut valley we again crossed a hill country between it and the Susquehanna, on the banks of which latter river stands the village of Hartwick, nine miles below the point where the river issues from the Otsego lake and commences its sinuous course to the Chesapeake bay.

The Association at Hartwick was, of all the meetings of the kind I had attended, the most lively and animating.

The congregation was very large at the commencement, and it continued to increase to the close.

A custom prevails on these occasions in York State which well accords with the genius of our doctrine. Brethren living in the vicinity of the place of meeting accommodate as many as possible at their houses, while those living too remote come laden with provisions for the supply of the congregation during the intervals of worship. The council room is usually the scene of this common feast, emblematical of "the feast of fat things to all people." Bread, butter, cheese, pie, and cake of various kinds, are profusely spread out on a table, or bench, and high and low, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, "all that will come, may come," and partake freely, "without money and without price." J. H. Gihon, one of our Pennsylvania ministers, was quite elated at a scene so realizing the visions of prophecy relative to the bonds of good-will which should bind man to man under Messiah's reign: he had never witnessed the like in his own State; and I fear me it will be long ere the leaven of gospel influence will so far pervade Pennsylvania, as to elevate it to an equality with New York and the Eastern States, in these respects.

At the close of the Association we accompanied Job Potter to his home in Cooperstown, which, as the reader may know, is the capitol of Otsego county, and is situate at the foot of the lake of that name. The reader is also probably aware that it is the scene of one of Cooper's novels —"the Pioneers." Here the northern branch of the Susquehanna has its birth, and it is a spot worthy the immortality it has acquired from Cooper's fascinating pen. If I could think of an adjective which I have not already employed in my descriptions, and which would at once express the ideas of *neatness*, *elegance*, *picturesqueness*, *quietness*, *seclusion*, I would apply it to Cooperstown; for it verily possesses these qualities in itself, and in its situation, to a degree unequalled by any place within my remembrance. My interest in the place was heightened by the fact that the cause of truth was very prosperous there, under the pastoral labors of Job Potter, whose virtues secured to him the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. The Universalists of Cooperstown, besides a meeting house at Fly Creek, three miles distant, possess a new and excellent one within the borough.

From thence we proceeded to Utica, by the way of Rich-

field Springs, where our brethren own a fine stone church. The spring there is strongly sulphurous in its smell and taste, and oozes up from a solid rock, higher by many feet than the ground in its immediate vicinity. We reached Utica, and were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Skinner, her husband being from home. A. B. Grosh was soon apprised of our arrival, and came to spend the evening with us, accompanied by his father and mother, who were on a visit to him from Pennsylvania. We spent a very pleasant evening together, having only its brevity to regret.

The next day we drove to Clinton, through a country of surpassing beauty by nature, and embellished by art with many tasteful mansions and farms exhibiting a high degree of culture. The Hamilton College (Presbyterian) is at Clinton; it occupies an eminence from whence the eye may range in various directions over a landscape of luxuriant fertility, embossed with innumerable dwellings of snowy whiteness, and teeming to repletion with human life. The Universalists, also, have a college there for male students, which is a massive, and not inelegant stone building; and a neat academy for females, which is a two-storied wooden edifice, surmounted by a cupola. Both these establishments are pleasantly situated, and are enjoying a liberal share of public patronage. Stephen R. Smith was then the Universalist minister at Clinton; with him we abode during our stay, and on the morrow, being the Sabbath, we attended divine service at his church. In the evening of the same day I preached in the church at Utica. Dalphus Skinner was then the resident minister there; he had returned in time to supply his desk during the day, and we therefore had the pleasure of his society until our departure for Pitcher Springs, whither we went to attend a Conference which was held on the last Wednesday and Thursday in June.

Of Utica it can scarcely be necessary for me to give a description: much has been said by tourists and journalists in its praise, and they have not exaggerated its claims to admiration: I must own that it surpassed *my* preconceptions of it, both in magnitude and magnificence. It is, indeed, a splendid city—cleanly, neat, well shaded; its better class of edifices fancifully adorned, even its foot-pavements fancifully chequered with flag-stones and brick work, and some of its buildings exhibit even a toy-like gaudiness of embellishment. It lies, too, as the reader knows, in the

lap of the Mohawk valley, and therefore wants not the advantage of one of the finest situations in the world to give full effect to its beauty.

We had a very pleasant Conference at Pitcher Springs; a large congregation, and many warm hearted and interesting friends. Thence, with Nelson Doolittle and his wife, who were present at the Conference, we returned to Oxford, where I preached in the evening. The Sunday following, I preached at Greene, a pleasant village on the Chenango river, where I had several times preached before; and the same afternoon at a school-house some four miles above Binghampton, on the same river. The neighborhood was a Presbyterian one, and a Sunday-school of that kind was occupying the house at the time of my arrival; the teachers whereof successively prosed at the scholars on the immense, the almost infinite, and certainly the *eternal* advantages, which might result to them from regular and serious attendance upon the lessons there inculcated. If they had added, that said lessons tended to fill the heart with charity, and improve the manners, their own subsequent conduct would have grossly belied the averment; for several of those same teachers remained for my meeting, and their conduct was so at odds with common propriety, that I was under the painful necessity of publicly reproving it.

"If *Universalists*," said I, in effect, "should, at a Presbyterian place of worship, read pamphlets or newspapers during religious service; if *they* should whisper together, make mouths and the like, why, doubtless, it would be a wicked thing in them, because, as every body knows, *they* are a wicked people; but when *Presbyterians* do the same, it must be regarded, on their part, as but a manifestation of *their* peculiar kind of piety, which feels itself under no sort of obligation to restrain its expressions of scorn at every thing which in the remotest degree approximates to what is unorthodox, however much in violation of common decorum such expressions may be."

Our last stop for preaching was at Binghampton, where I often preached in those days; and always, until very recently, to very small audiences, composed chiefly of the humbler class of citizens. What, then, was my inducement?—the pecuniary recompense? I assure the reader that, for some thirty sermons which I preached there in all, the total of my pay would not have purchased the

means to keep me from starving, if a penny loaf had sufficed to that end. And as to the *pleasure* of the thing, it was pretty well balanced by the *mortification* of having to meet in a little obscure school-house in that proud village, and addressing a few humble individuals, who were subject to be scoffed at for so far bemeaning themselves as to consent to hear me. And yet, Binghampton was one of the places at which I best loved to preach in those days, and it was doubtless owing to the warm sympathy I felt with the struggling and humble few who, against every discouragement, so zealously maintained their cause in that abode of intolerance and bigotry.

CHAPTER VIII.

A second journey to the West—Visits the southern portion of New Jersey—Settles with the Cincinnati Society—Organizes a Society at Patriot, Indiana—Connects himself with the "Sentinel and Star in the West"—Travels in behalf of that paper—Sees some dark days about that time.

At the time of our removal from Susquehanna county, we had one only child, a daughter, aged nearly two years. Our property was summed up in a horse and chaise, and one hundred dollars in money, with not one penny of indebtedness to any body. We thought ourselves rich! And were we *not* so? We have never, at all events, been as rich since. We were rich in youth, in health, in hope, in the approval of those to whom we were known, in a strong trust in Providence, and in the possession—may I presume to add?—of "*a cheerful heart, to taste those gifts with joy.*"

As we were in no haste, and my wife had never seen that city, we took the route through Philadelphia, which from the home we were leaving was distant one hundred and fifty miles. We lingered there, and thereabouts, for nearly a month, and visited portions of West Jersey in the meanwhile, where I employed myself in the old way, of preaching wherever openings could be obtained for the purpose. Bridgeton, and in the neighborhood of Esquire Fithian, forty or fifty miles South of Philadelphia, I had *been* preceded by A. C. Thomas, and I know not but other

of our ministers; but below there, in the whole distance to the southernmost point of the State, there had never before been a visitor of the kind, and I am in great doubt if there ever has since. I regret that I have forgotten the name of a young school-teacher, who accompanied me down thither, and also the names of the several villages in which I preached; I remember, however, that a sea-serpent could hardly have been a greater *curiosity* in that region than was a Universalist preacher, and not a particle more of a *novelty*. Moricetown, I remember, was one of the places alluded to; it is on the southern shore of a river of the same name. It had got out the evening before, that a Universalist minister had applied for the use of the Methodist church on the morrow. The morrow came; it was the Sabbath; it was amusing to see the people flocking to the house from all directions; there were many more than the house could contain. "You cannot have the house, sir," said a person to me as I was approaching it. "Very well," answered I quietly, "I will be an attendant on *your* worship there, then." I went in accordingly, and took a seat with others of the congregation: a dead silence prevailed for several minutes, only occasionally interrupted by a deep drawn sigh from one and another of the Methodist leaders. Then a consultation, in whispers, ensued, accompanied with uneasy glances at the throng within and around the house, as much as to say, "These people are evidently collected in this extraordinary number for the purpose of hearing this stranger preach: it were an impolitic step on our part to disappoint their expectation, so we must even submit." Accordingly, the local preacher approached me, and after heaving a sigh of unusual length and depth, he addressed me with, "Brother, we have concluded to have you preach for us, if you will." I was agreed, of course; and as I knew it to be the first sermon of the kind they were about to hear, and expected it would for a long while be the last, I addressed them with the utmost explicitness for the space of an hour and a half.

On the same night, I addressed another large Methodist congregation, under nearly similar circumstances, in a village about fifteen miles east of Moricetown. My text was, "the doctrine of endless suffering is, first, Unscriptural. Second, Unreasonable. Third, Unfit to *live* by. Fourth, Unfit to die by." I spoke full two hours to these several propositions, and was eagerly importuned to tarry

longer in the place, and to speak to the people again of those things.

I preached a Sabbath in each of our churches at Philadelphia; and then, accompanied by Savillion W. Fuller, I made a visit to Bucks county, and held some meetings in the woods near Addisville, where, as the reader may remember, I had oft aforetime preached, both as a good christian and as a heretic. S. W. Fuller has sometime since ceased from his earthly labors: very pleasant was his mortal companionship, and pleasant is the hope that we have lost him but for a season, that we may enjoy him again forever.

We proceeded in our chaise, to our Western destination, by the way of Lancaster, Carlisle, Chambersburg, and Bedford. The first hundred and fifty miles is through a fertile country; well watered, and densely populated; containing the hugest Dutch barns that are any where to be found. The climate, also, of that region is good; its atmosphere is salubrious; and facilities of egress therefrom to the seaboard are easy and numerous. It proved well for us that some Universalists happened to be traveling behind us in the same direction, for, as we approached Lancaster, two men on horseback overtook us, one of whom called our attention to a large and well-filled portmanteau that he held in his hand, and which, we were surprised to find, was our own. "Your trunk, also, would have fallen off in a few minutes more," said he, "for the strap which held it is unfastened." We found it was even so! Our portmanteau and trunk had been strapped on behind, and were hidden from our view by the chaise top; the former had fallen off in the road some twenty minutes before, and the latter would soon have followed; and, it is doubtful whether we should have known of our loss until we had stopped at night, when the discovery might have little availed us. "Whither are you journeying?" inquired one of the gentlemen. We informed him, to Cincinnati; and also, that I was about to settle there as a Universalist preacher. They heard this with a pleased surprise; informing us that they, also, were of that faith, and were residents of Athens county, Ohio, through which our ministers occasionally passed.

At Chambersburg we deviated from our route at a right angle, to go to Funkstown, in Maryland, twenty three miles south of the former place. Our sole motive was,

that having been informed that a Universalist preacher was residing there, and knowing, from the character of its community in general, that *such* a region must necessarily be a hard one for *such* a preacher, we felt impressed with a persuasion that a visit from a brother minister would encourage his heart and strenghen his hands. Of *him* we knew nothing previously, and had even heard nothing.

It was toward night when we reached Funkstown. We inquired of one, and another, whom we met, if a Universalist preacher, named Davis, lived in the place? Nobody knew anything of such a person, nor of such a character residing anywhere thereabout. Of course, we concluded we had been misinformed about it, and therefore drove to an Inn to put up till morning. As the landlord was about to put away my horse, however, I thought I would make one inquiry more. "Davis?" replied he, "a Universalist minister?—Oh! yes; he lives in that little log house you see yonder." To the little log house I went straightway—knocked; a feeble voice responded, "Come in." I entered and advanced toward the pale occupant of an arm-chair—his lower limbs bandaged with flannels. "Are you Mr. Davis?" I asked. "I am," he replied. "Are you a Universalist preacher?" "Yes." "Then," said I, "you are the person I have come to see. I am George Rogers;" and I advanced and extended my hand to him. "George Rogers!" exclaimed he, springing from his chair as if he had been electrified; at which his wife uttered a cry of surprise, for he had not risen from his chair without assistance for weeks before. And I doubt me if he would have done so for many weeks subsequent, if ever, had it not been for the accident of our visit. But *was* it an accident, think you, reader?

Their history was, that they had removed from Baltimore thither some months before; that he had taken sick on the day after his removal, and had so continued since; that all around them were strangers to them, and characteristically shy and unsocial towards persons of English origin, being themselves Germans by birth or extraction; and that their pecuniary condition was depressed and embarrassed. Can they be blamed for having felt greatly discouraged under such circumstances? And would not our visit seem to have been providentially directed? We tarried a week thereabout; he going with me in my car-

riage to various places in the vicinity, and my wife remaining with *her*.

We went in company to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, where I delivered one discourse. Our road thither was most shockingly rough. I had had some good degree of experience in rough traveling, I supposed, but it had not prepared me for this. The traveler had at least two chances against his neck to one in its favor. We passed an index-board pointing to the place, which was bottom side up; a fit emblem, I thought, of the fate of carriages which should travel that road. I am puzzled, as yet, to account how mine happened to keep its centre of gravity within the base.

Harper's Ferry, our readers know, or may know by a reference to the map, is at the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, describes it as so wild and curious as to justify a visit from across the Atlantic. There is perhaps a little exaggeration in this, although as it regards the *scientific* visitant, it may be true. It is undeniably one of nature's masterpieces, in the wild and sublime exhibitions of her power. A United States' Armory is located there; an extensive establishment, giving employment to a great number of hands. It seems to me, however, a very unfit location, both from its unhealthiness and its want of space for the necessary buildings, which are huddled together on a narrow strip of ground under a very precipitous ledge of some three hundred feet in altitude. Some of the houses, and all the churches, of which there are three, are perched upon the very acclivity itself, and to be able to see them from the street below, you must throw back your head so as to vary but a few degrees from a right angle with your shoulders. They are ascended to by means of steps cut in the ledge. I should be proud on some future visit, to see a Universalist church looking down on the Potomac from the sublime height of three hundred feet.

We also visited Sheppardstown, Virginia, where I preached to a very respectable and deeply attentive congregation. The meeting was in the large dining-hall of the principal hotel. Being anxious, on account of Mr. Davis' feeble state of health, to do all I could in the parts, I also laid siege to Hagerstown, a large and flourishing place, containing some five thousand inhabitants. But it was a time of political excitement. I preached two eve-

nings, incurring some tavern charge each evening, and although the audience seemed highly respectable, and gave great attention, yet not an individual gave the least manifestation of friendliness towards us personally, and would not, perhaps, had we continued a month amongst them; a too common characteristic of German towns, and very chilling in its influence on the preacher's feelings. Nothing of the kind is experienced in New York, or the New England States, or Northern Pennsylvania. The people there know nothing of this phlegmatic coldness towards a stranger, who comes to them on a message of love from heaven.

From Funkstown we returned to our route by the way of Clear Spring, where I preached an evening to an overflowing congregation. I was violently attacked at the close by a preacher of the New Light school. On two points, he was sure, infallibly sure, that he could hem me in past escape. The first was as follows: The Scriptures reveal but one way of salvation; that way is by *faith* in Jesus Christ. In the future life faith cannot be exercised; all there is *certainty*. Now it is undeniable that millions leave the world *without* faith in Christ; for these then there can be *no* salvation. He assured the audience that from this refutation of Universalism there was no possible refuge; and that the only reason why preachers of our faith had the audacity to continue propagating it about the country, was, that but few men in the world understood the art of attacking our heresy with effect. However this might be, I deemed that an *attempt* at escape from this wondrous dilemma would be no sin, and I made it as follows: All who die in infancy, die without faith in Christ; in the future life faith is impossible; ergo, all who die in infancy are damned! Now if the argument against Universalism is good for anything, this is equally so, and it equally applies against the salvation of all who die in heathenism or idiocy. By proving too much, therefore, it proves nothing.

His second dilemma was based on the case of the servant, in the gospel, who was cast by his offended Lord into prison until he should pay the uttermost farthing. "But," demanded my querist—who assumed the applicability of the case to the future state of sinners in general—"but as he 'had nothing wherewith to pay,' how is he ever to discharge that debt and get out of hell?"

"He must take the benefit of the insolvent act," answered I.

"Can you point me to any such act," he demanded, "in the gospel economy?"

"Assuredly I can, my friend," was my reply, "and here it is: 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; *being justified* FREELY by his grace, through the redemption that it is in Christ Jesus.' Here, I think, is an act of universal *ab*solvency from a condition of universal *in*solvency; an absolution co-extensive with the indebtedness of our whole race." It were strange, indeed--think you not so, reader?--if the statutes of heaven were less benevolently considerate of human incapacity than are the laws of man!

West of Chambersburg fourteen miles is a little village called Loudon; it is at the very foot of one of those numerous ridges, of which the traveler will be heartily tired before he reaches Pittsburg. I preached there on a Sabbath evening, and some came to hear me from the opposite foot of the ridge, which is distant eight miles. In the evening we called on an aged friend named Walker; his residence is twenty-six miles from Loudon, in the town of Licking; so called, I presume, from a creek of that name which runs through it.

I preached there in a *free* meeting house, which nevertheless, was opened for the occasion *per force*; it was situated in a wild looking place enough; embosomed in woods, in a deep, deep dell, to which one would think the sun would never find its way. I had so fatigued myself during the day, by walking up the mountain for the relief of my horse, and by walking a full mile to the meeting from Mr. Walker's, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my eyes open through my sermon, or get my mouth closed after widely opening it: there seemed a wondrously strong attraction that night between my breast and lower jaw. How my tongue got through its office, except from habit, I cannot account.

We did not stop at Bedford over more than one night, and that the night of an election day; so of course I made no attempt to preach. But I called on and introduced my wife to the Sheriff, who had befriended me the winter before so seasonably, and we breakfasted with him together next morning by invitation.

On our arrival at Pittsburg we found our friends in that

city in eager expectation of us; they had founded high hopes on my ability to accomplish great things for them there, and I must needs go to work without delay in order to a fulfillment of the same, if possible. Meanwhile a letter from Cincinnati informed me that there, also, my coming was looked for with much anxiety, and that our cause must remain in *statu quo* until I should arrive. Well, on the principle of "first come, first served," I went most earnestly into the work at Pittsburg. We had to be content with the Concert Hall for our chapel, upon the walls of which were hung pictures representing the different figures of a quadrille; and in the rear of which was a nine-pin alley! In this gracious place, for which we were charged five dollars a week, I preached three sermons per Sabbath, for nine weeks. During which time I organized a society, and procured the purchase of a small Baptist meeting-house.

This done, I remembered my sick fellow-laborer at Funkstown, S. A. Davis, and effected arrangements whereby he was settled as the pastor of the Pittsburg society. I set down those nine weeks of incessant care, labor and vexation at Pittsburg, as decidedly the most toilsome of my whole life; and *for* them I neither received, expected, nor wished any recompence. I *knew* it to be utterly out of the power of the society to render it, in conjunction with their other heavy disbursements. They had the will. God bless them!

It was mid December when we embarked at Pittsburg for Cincinnati. The navigation had been obstructed for two or three weeks by the freezing of the river, and ours was the first boat which ventured to put out when the ice sufficiently disparted to admit of a boat forcing through. Under these circumstances, it was not until after a tedious passage of four days and nights that we reached the Queen City.

Our place of worship, when I commenced my pastoral duties at Cincinnati, was the school-house aforementioned, now used as a stable, at the corner of Sixth and Vine streets. It was usually well filled at our meetings, but it required no vast multitude to fill it. It was not long ere we purchased the property then owned by the Mechanics' Institute, at the price of six thousand six hundred dollars, which, valuing the building at naught, was at the rate of one hundred dollars per foot. It was deemed

a very cheap purchase, and it assuredly was an opportune one for us, for it put us at once into possession of a building which answered our purpose as a place of worship for several years. We were poor in pecuniary means at that time, however, and it put our friends to a strain of their liberality to get along with it.

Meanwhile, I had visited and formed a society at Patriot, Indiana, about fifty miles by water from Cincinnati, and twenty-eight by land. Two families had removed thither from the latter city the summer before, whose interest in Universalism had been awakened at my meetings of the previous winter. Our society there was increased from time to time, until it comprised nearly all in the place who professed christianity. They immediately began to hold meetings for worship on the Sabbath, and they have continued the practice to the present time, whether they were with or without a pastor. They own a fine brick church at present, and a preacher may generally assure himself of finding it well filled at the times appointed, whatever may be the state of the weather or the roads.

Well, my barque had now been for a considerable while gliding smoothly along before favorable breezes, and it must needs at length encounter adverse gales and tossing billows. In plain terms, I had had a long season of uninterrupted prosperity; every thing to which I had laid my hands had seemed to prosper; but from this period I began to experience reverses, which He who knoweth man's heart knew to be necessary for me, "lest I might be exalted above measure."

At the earnest solicitation of Samuel Tizzard, the then proprietor of the Sentinel and Star in the West, I consented to become an assistant editor of that publication. It had just been removed from Philomath, Indiana, where it had been published for some two years, much to its detriment, and to the great loss and mortification of its publisher. It was thought that I might succeed in resuscitating it; and I was easily induced to *try to do*, in those days, whatever I believed was *possible to be done* for the furtherance of the cause of truth. Accordingly, procuring William West, from Philadelphia, to supply my place at Cincinnati, I took leave of absence for several weeks, and journeyed northerly, with the view of making what interest I could for the paper in that direction.

This, to me, was as sheer a self-sacrifice as I ever vol-

untarily subjected myself to. I had borne the main brunt of the difficulties incident to the establishing of a church in a large city, and to those who have not experienced them it is not easily conceivable what those difficulties are. Between my substitute, Mr. West, and myself, there existed a private understanding, that should the society then approve of the measure, I would resign my pastoral relation thereto in his favor on my return. This surrender of the advantage that might accrue to myself from what had been already effected at Cincinnati, was wholly induced by my most earnest desire for a wide diffusion of our principles in the West. I trusted that I could achieve much in that way by connecting myself with the publication aforenamed, because, while traveling in its behalf, I should accomplish the double object of preaching the gospel to a greater number, and obtaining for that valuable periodical a wider circulation and ampler support. The following sketch comprises the incidents of my first tour for that object.

I took the boat for Beaver early in April; the river was up, and filled its bed from bank to bank; to avoid the brunt of the current the boat plied closely along the shores. It is a pretty thing to be a gliding under the very trees that fringe the margin of the river; in a thousand instances one might have stepped on shore without inconvenience, or have clung to the extended limb of an elm or a sycamore, or conversed with a mounted traveler going in the same direction. On no other river in the world, with which I am acquainted, are the same facilities of travel afforded, both on the stream and the immediate shores; and the spectacle of a boat stealing along amongst the foliage of the banks is one which is full of beauty and romance.

"Great men are not always wise"—If we were even not told so in holy writ, we should have frequent occasions of finding it out for ourselves. Among my fellow passengers was Professor J., the author of several able and popular productions. I had had considerable conversation with an ingenious young man aboard, of the Presbyterian persuasion. The Professor, fearing, as would seem, that in such company my young friend's faith might be endangered, slipped into his hand Bishop Burnett's Free Thoughts on Religion. It was opened at the page where the prelate has condescended to prove that some people must be endlessly damned. *How well* he proves that comforting point,

may be gathered from the following synopsis. "Sin is infinite, because committed against an infinite Being. An infinite offence is deserving of infinite punishment. Such punishment cannot be inflicted in this life. Consequently, it *must* be perpetuated to eternity." God help you, reader, if you cannot see the fallacy of such a corollary! for then has nature gifted you with brains to little purpose. In English statute law, an offence against the king is greater than if the same were committed against the person next to him in dignity; and so, if I mistake not, the scale of culpability may descend to the meanest subject in regular graduation. But in common sense, which among men is *God's* law, if I injure a beggar, in person, fame, or property, I sin as greatly as though I offended against the greatest monarch on earth. But after all, the injury *intended*, constitutes the measure of criminality, rather than the injury *done*, and the *capacity* of the offender must also be taken into the account; for who would think of holding a babe, or an idiot accountable? If, then, it could be shown that the sinner *intended* an infinite evil; and if, also, it could be shown that he was *capable of appreciating* the evil intended, and had full power both to intend and to act otherwise, why then, undoubtedly, his offence might justly be pronounced an infinite one, and his punishment might be infinite also, *if* punishment contemplates revenge for sin committed, rather than prevention of its future commission. If these premises are sound, how slender is the chance that infinite punishment can be justified to right reason! But my argument has not been getting me onward to Beaver.

My object at Beaver was the establishment of the Star in the West there, as a position more central than Cincinnati, to the Universalist population of the West.* It is a point to which access is easy in all directions; healthily and delightfully situated, and happy should I have been to remove thither and contend with the bigotry of that priest-ridden region. Ovid Pinney, a wealthy proprietor there, offered me very liberal inducements to fix me at that location, but circumstances beyond my control decided otherwise. So adieu to that project!

MARIETTA AND BELPRE. Eusebius Hoagg, of the Pitts-

*It is far from being so at present, as the doctrine has more spread southerly and westerly from that point, than in opposite directions.

burg Society, expressing a solicitude to devote himself to the ministry, I visited Washington county, Ohio, in order to prepare a location for him there. On my arrival at Marietta I had the happiness to find L. L. Saddler there; we spent a day together surveying the Indian mounds and other remains, which are prominent objects in that vicinity. He left the next day for Belpre, fifteen miles below, where he was engaged to spend the Sabbath, and where on Monday I joined him and delivered a discourse in the evening. I was wet and very weary, having had numerous fences to pull down, and lots to cross, and ravines to get over as best I could, amid floods of rain which soaked me to the skin. We next day rode in company to Wesley, where each delivered a sermon in a little church owned in part by our friends. Thence I proceeded to Watertown, where I delivered a series of discourses, at which the Presbyterian clergyman and several of his people were present. We had a lively, comfortable, and reviving time together. The Presbyterian clergyman is apparently a very liberal man. June snow, they say, will cure weak eyes. I should think the sight of a *liberal* Presbyterian preacher might possess the same rare property, as the two circumstances are about equally common.*

Grave Creek, Virginia. Having bought a horse at Watertown, I commenced my journey up the left bank of the river, independent of steamboats. I confess, however, as now and then I was passed by one of them, I could not but envy those on board their cool and comfortable quarters, as well as the rapid rate at which they got along. My road along the river, had by recent freshets, been reduced to an almost impassable condition; the bridges had been swept away from over the numerous small creeks on the route, and in many places the road had been so obstructed with heaps of flood-wood, that I had to cross wet meadows and ploughed fields, and pick my way along the declivities of the river hills, which was not only exceedingly toilsome, but dangerous too betimes. Ah! Nature, thou grudging jade! thou never bestowest special favors but thou exactest a pay in disadvantages therefor; and so, as the price of a residence on these lovely shores, one

* That clergyman proved about as liberal as others of the same school. He subsequently held two or three discussions with one and another of our preachers in that region, of which he published *exparte* and highly abusive reports.

must be subjected now and then to the annoyance of a destructive freshet; and agues must sometimes rack his bones; and hordes of piratical mosquitoes must tap his system, as a sure preventive of its ever becoming gouty or plethoric. Well, all is right, I doubt not.

'There *will* be briars where berries grow.'

Grave Creek is twelve miles below Wheeling, on the Virginia shore of the river. It takes its name from one of those remarkable artificial mounds which abound in the Mississippi valley. This is a noted one; it is some sixty feet in height, and covers nearly an acre of ground; its shape is a parabola, depressed at the top, which is crowned with several large forest trees. A fine prospect is obtainable from its summit over a wide and level alluvial tract of country. I preached some ten sermons in that part of Virginia, and made my home meanwhile with George N. Cox and Doctor Baldwin. The former was for many years a Methodist minister, but is now a preacher of salvation to all men as the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.

The *worship* versus the *service* of God. "And pray, sir," asked I of a preacher, as we rode together up the left bank of the river, "what mean you by the service of God?"

"I mean, sir," he replied, "the praying to him, the waiting upon him in the ways of his appointment, the meditating on his word and character, the exercising a godly sorrow for sin, etc. This, sir, is what I call serving God."

"*So do not I*," was my answer, "and hence, between us there, an issue arises. To me it seems that all that you have mentioned may be done to the end of one's life, as it has been in all ages by monkish and ascetic men, and yet God be unserved the while. One may kneel before an earthly potentate, or, in oriental style, prostrate one's self in the dust before him. Another may never have done personal court to the monarch, nor bowed in his presence, yet he has lived in the habitual fulfillment of his laws, promoting, by his industry, the prosperity of his realm, and, by his virtuous example, the happiness of his fellow subjects. Now, sir, one of these *worships* his sovereign, and the other *serves* him: which is the more profitable subject, think you?"

"Am I to deduce from this the conclusion, that Univer-

salists repudiate prayer, meditation, and other acts and exercises of a merely devotional character?"

"No sir; only that of the two, we think that to *serve* God is of more importance, because of more utility, than merely to *worship* him. Ah! if the Great Father were but the hundredth part as well *served*, as in one form and another he is *worshipped*, there would be incalculably more virtue and happiness amongst his children. Rightly understood, the *worship* of God is but a *means*, of which the qualifying of ourselves for his *service* is the *end*. Not for itself, then, but for the end's sake, is the *worship* of God to be engaged in: whereas, the *service* of God is desirable for its own sake; for *to serve God, is to act for the good of mankind*."

"But, sir," somewhat tartly retorted the other, "*your* doctrine being true; all being destined for salvation ultimately, however they may have lived; of what use is it to be at the trouble of serving God, or worshipping him either?"

"Do you imagine, sir, that it was a *trouble* to your mother to serve *you*?"

"Ahem! I suppose, sir, that she may not have so considered it."

"And if God were more *loved*, sir, would *his* service seem so troublesome? The yoke of Christ, sir, is *easy*: his burden is *light*. And why? Because his religion presents Jehovah in points of view which show him to be *lovely;* and to serve a being we love is no hardship. As saith the poet,

> 'Love makes our service liberty,
> Our every burden light.'

And, sir, *what we do from preference, we want no reward for doing*. Did your *mother* want to be paid, or did *she* expect to gain heaven, by serving *you?*"

"Ahem! It seems to me that you ask strange questions, sir, and institute strange comparisons."

"Perfectly *natural* questions, sir, nevertheless. As to your mother, I can answer at a venture, that the only pay she required was the pleasure it afforded her to see that her service made you happy. When you were sick, she sacrificed her nightly rest to you, and thought it no hardship; she bore with your petulence, your waywardness, your ingratitude; for many weary days and nights together did she this; and when at length your symptoms indicated

an improvement in your state, she blessed God that in your restoration to health she was about to be *amply* compensated for all her toils and sufferings on your behalf. Love, sir, is the essential thing required to make duty a pleasure; and if professed christians more truly possessed it, they would not, methinks, so regulate their service of God, as it would seem they do, by the chances of their getting paid for it after their death. They would find their pay *in* it; while they live; during its performance. The 'doer of the work,' James says, 'is blessed *in* his deed;' and says David, '*In* keeping thy commandments there is great reward.'"

The widow Ratcliff had given our friends at Grave Creek an acre of ground for a church-site and burial-place. She is in her eighty-fifth year, and the faculties of her mind are yet unclouded. For sixty-three years she has resided on those Ohio shores; and in all probability, she was the first white woman who was ever a resident in that valley, from Wheeling to the Mexican gulf. She and her husband were compelled by the Indians to fly their home a year or so after their first arrival; all they had was abandoned in the haste of their flight. While I was at Marietta, she was on a visit to her son on the opposite shore, and she hobbled out on two Sabbath's to hear me preach; expressing great satisfaction that she had once more enjoyed such an opportunity before she went hence.*

* Being, sometime subsequent, at the house of General Baldwin, of Edwardsville, Ohio, he related an interesting circumstance concerning the same excellent woman, which is highly creditable to her generosity and patriotism.

The General had belonged to the army which was engaged in fighting the British on the Canadian frontier, and after the toils of the campaign, was returning to his native home in Virginia. His weary journey was nearly completed on his reaching the Flats of Grave Creek, where Mrs. Tomlinson kept an Inn, at which he and five of his military comrades stopped, and bespoke supper and quarters for the night. After supper the travelers were preparing to sleep on the floor, in camp fashion, each with his blanket wrapt around him and his knapsack for a pillow. but their kind hostess would not allow that; she had a good clean bed for each of them, she said; and. despite their remonstrances, (for they had become accustomed to the hard mode of sleeping I have described) they were prevailed on to occupy them. In the morning she again kindly opposed her will to theirs. They would have started away without breaking their fast, but she insisted on their having a good warm breakfast, and when, after this was finished, they inquired what they had to pay. "*Pay!*" said she, with noble disdain, "*If I could not entertain those who have been fighting for my country, without taking their money for it, I should think myself unworthy of the country I live in!*"

JOURNEY HOMEWARD. The direct road from Pittsburg to Steubenville is through a highly cultivated, undulating, limestone country; and bearing, as limestone countries are apt to do, a most beautifully varied forest. I was not aware that that portion of Pennsylvania is so charming. The same kind of country continues, only more broken and less cultivated, between Steubenville and Coshocton, a distance of fifty miles. In the latter tract, however, the hilly monotony is agreeably interrupted by the broad and fertile vales of the Tuscarawas and White Woman, which together form the Muskingum. In prosecuting my way to Mount Vernon, in a due westerly direction, I had to cross those streams some eight or ten times, by broad, deep, and rapid fords; yet not difficult, by reason of their firm gravelly bottoms and uniformity of depth. But woe to the traveler that is caught among them in a time of freshets.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH WESTERN MUD-HOLES. Hitherto I had suffered much in my journey from drought, and its concomitant, dust; but now came on the rain, rain, rain; and it kept at it until I began to apprehend a second edition of Noah's flood. For full three weeks did the rain pour almost unceasingly down. Meantime I was safely harbored at Columbus, the State capitol. I was lodging at the stage hotel, and I noticed that not only did the coaches come in bespattered to the very roof; but the passengers, also, appeared as if they had been undergoing christian baptism in a way-side ditch, or some such thing. They, many of them, forewarned me of the difficulty I should find in getting to Cincinnati in a light vehicle; but for my part, I could not conceive of a state of roads in which a large horse, as mine was, could find it difficult to draw a small man in a light buggy. So I set it all down for what an Englishman would call *gammon*.

Well, at the time appointed I left Columbus for my home in Cincinnati; for six miles of the way the road was McAdamised. As I bowled over it I thought what a wicked thing slander is; and how prone man is to indulge in that heinous offence! "Now here, for instance, is a road fit for the state-carriage of an emperor to roll on; firm, smooth, delightful; yet people are to be found who are wicked enough to call it muddy! Such folks ought—but stop—what's all this? Well, as I live, if somebody has'nt been digging a great hole right in the public road, and have put nothing up to guard the traveler from driving

into it! Woa, there! woa Jack! Why the brute is stuck fast! Up now! up fellow!" But there was no getting up for poor Jack; and I had to jump out, up to my knees in the puddle, and hold his head up to prevent him from being strangled. My next resource was to hallo for help, and well was it for me that a tavern was in sight, for otherwise I should assuredly have lost my horse. As it was, it took two strong men to get him up, and my carriage was stuck so fast that it could only be drawn out backwards by hitching oxen to the hindmost axletree. So much for my first experience of western mud-holes; and to pick a way homeward amongst them I found to be a task that brought all my small skill as a driver into requisition. I have had occasion to know, since then, that *holes* can exist in western roads big enough to engulph horse, buggy and driver, without any body's being put to the trouble of *digging* them.

On my return to Cincinnati, I found that discords and misunderstandings had arisen in the society, where, at the time of my leaving, all had been unity and concord. How this turn in affairs was brought about it were a long task to tell, and withal, not a very agreeable one. But, oh me! I had anguish of heart in those days.

One may learn much in the school of suffering, however, if he is but an apt scholar; and I, much as I had aforetime suffered, yet needed much experimental teaching to make me practically wise. Well, I learned during that ordeal, that the world will sooner forgive anything in a man than the crime of poverty. That, though that poverty shall have been induced by a self-sacrificing devotion to the public good; though it shall be associated with an honest disdain of all that is mean and unmanly in the policy of money-getting; though it shall not have bowed the soul to the servility of cringing for pecuniary favors; still, in the world's common-place book, a mark of discredit is affixed to the name of a man, who, having had opportunities of acquiring wealth, no matter how, has failed to use them to that first and greatest of human ends.

I had sold my horse to pay for the supply of my desk in my absence. The hundred dollars in money with which I had left Pennsylvania, were gone. I had even parted with my books to enable me to pay my current family expenses; and the birth of a second child occuring at that juncture, our straitened circumstances bore with severe

pressure upon us. Our chaise, somewhat the worse for wear, was left us, and that was *all* that was left. I had resigned the pastoral care of the society; for, with the church-property to pay for, they were utterly unable to pay my salary; and I was *as* utterly unable to subsist without it.

CHAPTER IX.

His prospects begin to brighten—Visits Yankee Town, has a narrow escape from death, there—Sets out on a journey in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

In August of that year, (1836,) occurred the meeting of the Miami Association, at Amelia, twenty-two miles from Cincinnati. During the day the preaching was done in the woods, and at night in the Union Meeting House. The assemblage present was large, perhaps numbering two thousand persons. Many were present from distances of fifty or sixty miles, and many, also, who were zealous and strong men in our Israel. There were Jacob Felter, now in Heaven; Benjamin Baldwin, C. S. Webber, now actively engaged in the ministry; John Mitchell, Dr. Dalton, and others, with whom my acquaintance then commenced, and with whom it has continued, with increasing strength, to the present time.

From the time of that meeting the clouds began to clear away from my sky, and sunshine once more to brighten the landscape of my prospects; the numerous country acquaintances I formed, gave rise to calls for my professional services from various quarters, which to comply with, in addition to my editorial engagements, kept me busy enough. It was my fault that I was prone to overstrain in exertions to do all that I deemed needful to be done; and to most violent shocks have I thus subjected my frail earthly tabernacle, from which it is a mercy that it ever recovered—if, indeed, it really has so. Once, for example, having an appointment for a Saturday evening, and Sunday, at Yankee Town, about thirty-six miles north of Cincinnati, and being without a horse, or means to hire one, I sat off on foot as far as Mount Pleasant, nine miles, with the purpose of borrowing a horse there, of

my friend Robert Carey, with which to perform the residue of the journey. I had only reached home from an excursion in another direction, about nine o'clock the evening before, and had kept up all night to avoid oversleeping, as I found that, to accomplish the day's work in time, I must set out as early as three in the morning. The walk to Mount Pleasant, over the then rough (it is now McAdamised,) and hard-frozen road, exhausted me so much, that when I reached Mr. Carey's, I was under the necessity of lying down for an hour or two; and to make up for the time thus lost, I had to ride from thence at a brisk trot. The wind blew directly in my face the whole day, and towards evening it brought a snow with it which almost blinded me. When I alighted at Yankee Town, I could scarcely stand, my jaws went together from mere nervous excitement, as if I had had a violent ague; I spit blood, and had a copious hemorrhage of the bowels. Nevertheless I preached that night to a large audience, which was greatly increased on the morrow—for as our faith had never before been proclaimed there, persons of various faiths turned out from curiosity. On Sunday evening they did the same again; but, by then, I had completely lost my voice, which had been failing from the first. I had notified them in the morning that I was doubtful whether I should be able to preach in the evening, and for that reason I considerably lengthened my morning sermon. Nevertheless when they found that my fears as to my voice were realized, there were many who reported that the Lord had struck me dumb in answer to prayer! As if the Almighty could employ himself no better than in making an insignificant little preacher hoarse, at the instance of some silly saints in Yankee Town!

On that same Sunday night I run an exceedingly narrow chance of being killed by the kindness of a friend. I lodged with a Mr. M. When he conducted me to my chamber, which was little more than large enough to contain a bed, and was without a fire-place, I inquired of him from whence the carbonic acid gas which I smelt proceeded. He did not even know what such gas was. "Perhaps," said he, "you smell the charcoal at the other side of your bed. We thought, as you were unwell, it would be better to warm your room a little." "My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that you have not learned of the dangerous nature of the gas that escapes from burn-

ing charcoal? Why—had I gone to bed without detecting its presence in the room, in less than an hour, in my present susceptible state, I should have been a corpse!" Mr. M., however, was wholly uninformed in relation to that matter, notwithstanding the many newspaper cautions which have been given about it, and the many recorded cases of death produced by that means.

I returned from Yankee Town to Mount Pleasant, where, at the hospitable dwelling of Peter Laberteau, I always could be assured of finding a resting-place, to which the weary preacher was ever welcome. I had appointed to preach there on my return, and I did so, in whispers, as best I could. Of Mr. Carey I bought the horse I had borrowed, on the condition that on my return in the spring from the South, which I was about to visit for the first time, I would pay him therefor in accordance with the price I should get for him in that market. Had the poor brute foreseen the hard experience to which he was destined in my keeping, he would have demurred at the change of masters, methinks.

December 3, 1836. I mounted my horse for my southern journey in tolerable spirits, although suffering under a severe cold, with hoarseness. I had an appointment for the same evening, at Patriot, Indiana. Distance through Kentucky about thirty miles. Was surprised to find such indifferent buildings, and so few embellishments of any kind on the Cincinnati and Lexington turnpike. I had expected to find it studded with elegant seats; certainly no extravagant expectation in regard to a stage route between two such towns; and especially on that part of the route lying adjacent to the former city and the Ohio river; for, leaving Cincinnati out of the question, the two towns of Newport and Covington, the latter quite a manufacturing place—would warrant the expectation of finding some highly improved seats amongst the neighboring hills; and on the Ohio side such would not fail to be the case.

Found our Patriot friends in good cheer: the cause amongst them going forward: of the few Methodists left, three are applicants for letters of dismissal, with a view to unite with the Universalist society. Found myself rather awkwardly situated while standing before the congregation, without the ability to raise my voice above a whisper, and knowing too that the people had come to-

gether with high expectations. Put it to vote whether preaching should be dispensed with—not a single voice in the affirmative; I therefore croaked out a sermon as best I could. Stayed in Patriot three days, preaching four discourses in the time, and visiting several friends, amongst them Mrs. McH.—not yet lopped off from the Methodist church—who was confined to her bed by a sudden attack of disease, which had brought her very near to the grave, in which crisis she had sent for some Methodist neighbors, that they might witness her willingness to *die* in her newly adopted faith, that Christ is a *universal Savior*. 'Twas a right feeling which led the poet to exclaim—

> "Oh that the world might taste and see,
> The riches of his grace:
> The arms of love which compass me,
> Would *all mankind* embrace."

Dec. 7. Left Patriot, for Jacksonville, Indiana; distant sixteen miles, inland. The intervening country is pleasant, gently rolling, and well cultivated. An appointment was soon circulated for a meeting that evening, which was well attended.

Dec. 8. Rode to Madison, twenty-four miles: arrived there between three and four o'clock; called on the agent for the SENTINEL, Mr. Watlington, by whose active co-operation I was enabled to get up a meeting in the Court-House that evening, a bell-man having been employed to cry the appointment through the town. Madison is a brisk and rapidly growing place, handsomely situated on the river: present population four thousand. Lectured there two evenings, to pretty good congregations; nothing short of a good degree of anxiety to hear the gospel would have induced those to attend who composed my audience on that evening. I have hopes of Madison, ardent hopes; it is a moral and religious place; and in such a place I can operate with pleasure and hope; but save me from places which are characterized by an infidel indifference to all religion! Too many such on these western waters. I believe I entered every store and shop in Madison, soliciting subscriptions for the SENTINEL: it would amuse the reader were I to report many of the answers I obtained. "Where is it published?" inquired one. "At Cincinnati," I replied. "Thank God it is so

far off," he rejoined. "Subscribe to a Universalist paper!" exclaimed a second: "I would subscribe to have it it burnt." "The deuce!" rather angrily responded another—"Think I'll support a paper that I know to be lies from eend to eend." etc., etc.

Dec. 14. No farther yet than Louisville! Preached on my way here from Madison, at Lexington, Indiana, to a small audience, convened on very short notice. The inn-keeper with whom I stayed, a Mr. English, generously refused the pay for my entertainment. Traveled next day thirty miles, through a country but little improved, and swampy; roads most execrable, literally wallowing in mire. Passed through Charleston, capitol of Clark county, which is a smart village, and arrived at Jeffersonville, (over against the city,) after dark, and put up for the night. I preached in Louisville two evenings to tolerable congregations, considering that the place of meeting is an upstairs suit of rooms in a private house, and the notice had but a limited spread.

Amongst my hearers was a French Catholic lady, of very respectable appearance: she seemed much affected by the preaching, more especially on the last evening, when she sobbed audibly, apparently unable to repress her feelings. "Me tank you very much," said she, on taking leave of me after meeting; "Me a broken-hearted woman: your talk do me much good *here*," laying her hand on her heart; "many tanks, monsieur." She seemed much opposed to our paying for the rooms, and, as she occupied them as a boarder, she judged that *she*, rather than the host, had a right to the pay for them, which she was quite anxious to dispense with in my favor, declaring that the preaching was better than the money to her. Oh! that professed ministers of Christ would but understand practically the objects of the mission entrusted to them! "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me," said the benevolent Jesus, "because he hath annointed me to preach glad tidings to the meek, to open the prison doors, and to set the captive free, to bind the broken heart," etc.

Dec. 15. Left Louisville, and traveled twenty-two miles, which employed me all day, busily enough; the roads were a continuous *wallow*, to the mouth of Salt River. This is the dreaded stream up which all unfortunate wights who run for public office, must take the hazzard of being rowed.

*Dec.*16. Mud again to-day, with the comfortable addition of a cold drenching rain: made a distance of twenty miles; and did not put up till between eight and nine o'clock in the night. Was glad enough to find quarters, after being lost in the barrens amongst roads that could not be distinguished by the stranger: they branch off in all directions to the various plantations through the country, which are hidden from view by intervening patches of sterile woodland. I had applied in vain for entertainment through the night at several of these. The wind blew a tempest, with alternate dashes of sleet and snow directly in my face: no houses to be seen; for the wretched log hovels are destitute of windows, and no light from fire or candle within gleams from them to cheer the benighted wayfarer. Knew not what would become of my mother's son that night; wet to the skin, benumbed with cold, in a country without inns, and presenting to the eye of the stranger the aspect of an extended scrub-oak waste. I had heard much of Southern hospitality, but experienced that the Kentucky barrens are not precisely the place where it is to be had. Having at length found quarters, I went supperless to bed—I had eaten nothing since morning—but not until I had very gravely officiated as a physician to a sick *servant*—that term denotes a *slave* in this region. Not Dr. Sangrado himself ever discharged his functions with more solemnity than I on that evening. My patient was well next morning. Poor fellow! I strongly suspect he was *playing 'possum*, in order to shift the *chores* into the hands of his fellow negroes during the stormy season.

Dec. 17. The mud to-day frozen to pointed *hubs*, and coated with ice; the roads in a wretched state for traveling, beyond the power of pen to portray. Made sixteen miles, and reached Hardinsburg, county seat of Brackenridge county. Put up at an inn kept by a widow Houston, in her sixty-fourth year, who surprised me by her mental energy and apparent youth: she has all her teeth in a sound state; reads and writes without glasses. She is her own accountant: I had hardly been seated before she commenced giving me a lesson on horse treatment, which convinced me that her observations in that department had been surprisingly extensive and accurate. Never was better pleased with a hostess; she assumes for the *time being* the relation of mother to her guests; they

scarcely can express a wish ere the bell summons a *servant* to do their bidding. After leaving the place, I was informed that she is—whom think you, reader? none less than the mother of the Texian-general, Houston, and sister to General Allen who was killed at the River Raisin.

I did not attempt to get up a meeting at Hardinsburg; it is a small place; the people in the adjacent country are very illiterate and superstitious, and, I suspect, not *immaculately* pious or moral. As the widow could not direct me to Smithland, I stepped into the other tavern to make inquiries, and found that several of the villagers were assembled there, indulging in a regular debauch—it being Sabbath morning too. One was reciting a Methodist hymn as I entered—the Methodist is the sole society of the town—

"Thee we adore, Eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms we be!"

Another, with much apparent sincerity, was going through the cant of a class-meeting confession. I say not that this is the practical fruit of Methodism; but it is easy divining what would be said of such a state of things *if* found to exist where Universalism was equally rife.

I was informed in these parts of a new sect in religion, viz. the *Live-forevers*. A lady told me that one of the preachers of that order was in the habit of quartering at her house in his rounds. He was very severely afflicted with scrofula, and on her inquiring the cause, he very seriously informed her that he was merely undergoing the process by which his youth was to be renewed. "When this is over," said he, "my skin will be as fresh as an infant's; my gray hairs will be displaced by those of a youthful quality; and I shall be in all respects renewed." But alas! when she next saw him, he informed her that, through an unfortunate lack of faith, he had failed to realize the hoped for metamorphosis! Simple fellow! to have lost the prize of a terrestrial immortality through a mere want of faith, when a lumpish saint of his easy credulity might as easily have believed in one thing as another!

On the night of Sunday, the 18th, I put up with an aged couple, whose situation I may as well describe, as the picture will answer equally well for a majority of the inhabitants of these parts. Their residence is a double log

cabin, with but a solitary window, and that consisting of four panes of glass; just four panes more than are found in most of the cabin windows of the country, by the way. The door must stand wide open in all weathers to admit the light. Their whole furniture, bedding excepted, would bring about five dollars, *possibly* ten, at a vendue sale in Cincinnati. You may easily distinguish between the house and the stable, as something like a chimney may be detected at one end and on the outside of the former. The *servants'* quarters can be known only by their being smaller; and, perhaps, in lieu of the four panes of glass, a dirty rag may be seen hanging over the aperture. The old couple referred to, professed to own between three and four hundred of barren acres, with scarcely fifty cleared, and they were partly a marsh; and yet they owned fourteen servants, little and big! They complained of poverty, and no wonder, with such a profitless stock upon their hands. They were a kind couple, and spoke of their negroes with tenderness. "Poor toads," the old woman exclaimed, "they have souls to be saved as well as the whites." In truth, I must affirm, that up to this date, I have seen nothing in the conduct of the whites towards slaves which savored of harshness.

Dec. 19. Arrived, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon at Hartford, seat of justice for Ohio county. Called at the public house for dinner, intending to proceed about ten miles further, ere I put up for the night. While I was engaged with my meal, I mentioned to the hostess that I was a Universalist preacher. "Do you intend giving us a sermon?" she inquired. I answered in the negative. "I never heard a sermon of the kind, but I am inclined to think it is my belief. I would be glad to hear it preached." Well, madam, if a suitable place can be obtained, and a notice issued, I am willing to deliver my message. "Well," said she, after a little reflection, "it is a very busy season with us, but still, I am willing to be at the expense of having our dining-room cleaned for the sake of a meeting." Accordingly, requesting me to write a notice, she gave it to a boy, with the direction to read it to every family in the town.

We had a full meeting, crowded indeed; made up of all kinds, a circuit preacher with the rest; great attention was given, to a sermon of two hours length; after it was over, I was strongly solicited, by several persons, to tarry

and lecture the next evening: I consented; but owing to the rain which fell all day long in tempestuous torrents, a meeting could not be holden; but it will take place this evening, (20th) for they will not consent to my going without another discourse; meanwhile they are kindly entertaining myself and somewhat jaded horse. The roads too, are completely flooded; so that I could not proceed on my journey, if I would. Indeed, I am seriously puzzled to know how I am to get from this place in any direction. The country to a wide extent is an extended flat, abounding in morass, with numerous streams, without bridges, which now are very full. A worse state of traveling cannot be conceived; the surface of the roads and streams are frozen, but not sufficiently to bear a horse. Heigh-ho, if I get out of this dilemma, I can *retrospectively* tell you how; but *prospectively*, my wits are sadly at a loss. I now experience that so long a journey on horseback, at this time of the year, is a serious affair; but, having been undertaken, it must be gone through with.

O the woods! the interminable woods! and the ponds and marshes, and flooded flats, in which the road is perpetually losing itself, to the infinite bewilderment of the traveler; and which, at this season, being crusted over with ice of scarcely sufficient thickness to bear a horse, lacerate his legs most cruelly. I promised in my last, that if I should succeed in escaping from where I then was, I would inform you *how;* but, now that the fulfillment of that promise is due, I find it no easy task; my descriptive powers are scarcely equal to it. I had had some experience in travel. I had climbed mountains, and penetrated into deep forests—and picked my way amongst mud and rocks; and had rode for miles, with hair erect, along the brinks of precipices; and forded streams of dangerous depth and current; and groped my way benighted through regions desolate, and infested with wild beasts; and had more than once made the cold and damp ground of the wilderness my bed; and I had also braved the snows, and piercing winds, and dangerous drifts of the north; but nothing in my former experience had prepared me for the hardships I had to encounter within the past two weeks. These were difficulties of a new kind, and of a kind which acted more discouragingly upon my feelings than those I had ever formerly encountered. But away with croaking.

Dec. 22. Left Hartford, and in about nine hours travel, made just fifteen miles. At night I found the road I was pursuing terminated abruptly at a set of bars; these, of course, I opened, and applied at the house to which they conducted, for quarters during the night. I was informed that I had mistaken my way, but had taken the plainest road, and that the same thing had often happened to strangers passing through that country. My host and hostess were a plain couple; had been born near that spot, and of course were well satisfied with it; for they scarcely knew of any other. The use of *butter* or *wheat* bread was an extravagance in which they had never indulged, as they told me, since they were married—a term of five years; corn hoe-cake was the best, by a "mighty chance," in their judgment; and as to butter, it was "nothin but grease, no how." An old quilt suspended over the entrance to the one room which the family occupied, was made at night to answer instead of a door, and drawn aside through the day to admit light into the apartment: it being the fashion in this country to depend for light on the opened door-way instead of on windows. And yet my host owned a good farm, such as a northern farmer would make to yield a comfortable, and even luxurious living; but they seem to have no experimental acquaintance with what is implied in the phrase *good living*, hereabouts.

Dec. 24. Arrived, an hour or two after dark this evening, at Princeton, seat of justice for Caldwell county, and the seat of Compton College — a pretty fine town. Was cheered that I had got once more into a cultivated and peopled region; learned that I could have avoided the swampy wilderness I had been traversing, by taking a more circuitous route, which would have lengthened the distance by about forty miles, and have taken me through a fertile country, by a much easier road. The knowledge came rather late; but it may avail me for a future occasion.

Dec. 26. Reached Salem, the capitol of Livingston county, and called on Mr. Patterson, one of our subscribers, by whom I was very hospitably entertained during my stay of two days. I was very much cheered, and they no less so, to find a family residing here who were recently from Reading, Pennsylvania, and members of the Universalist church in that town. They had nearly abandoned the hope of ever again beholding the face or hearing the voice of a herald of glad tidings; for none before myself

was ever heard in all this region. I delivered two discourses here, and to some lasting effect, I hope.

Salem was the second place at which I preached, after leaving Louisville; but let none infer from this, that I kept the word of truth "like a fire in my bones" through all that distance. No: on the contrary, I made it a point whenever and wherever I stopped, if but for five minutes, to make my profession known, which did not fail to elicit much conversation; and that conversation, it is hoped, did not fail to leave impressions which may favor the future upspringing of the seed of truth in that country; should which prove the case, I shall not have incurred the hardships and discouragements, incident to traversing its dreary swamps, to no end.

Dec. 28. Reached Smithland, and called on William Gordon, Post-master, and was cordially welcomed to the hospitalities of his house. Stayed here over the coming Sabbath; lecturing every evening. If I mistake not appearances, something of consequence can be accomplished here; but of this we shall know more by-and-by.

Smithland is finely, beautifully situated; it is not easy conceiving a place more so. The Cumberland, which here pays its tribute of waters to the Ohio, is a fine stream; navigable by steamboats up to Nashville, in times of high water. The population of Smithland, I should conjecture at seven or eight hundred. Its distance by water from Louisville, is considerably over three hundred miles; and by the land route, which I have traveled and is the most direct, it is two hundred and ten miles. The country intermediate to the two places is crossed by numerous streams; most of them, as I should judge, applicable to manufactural uses. I crossed the Salt River, Rough River, Green River, Pond River, Tradewater, and Cumberland; and only twelve miles below, the Tennessee disembogues its waters. From this place I shall proceed southwardly, through the western district of Tennessee.

For want of other matter, I shall fill out this chapter with *a most solemn, and awful, and extraordinary case of a death-bed renunciation of Universalism.* Reader, you may picture in your mind a parlor in Louisville; and the parties which occupy it during the story, being three elderly Methodist ladies; the eldest a native of the Emerald Isle, by her brogue; and the writer exerting himself to

keep his risible muscles from relaxing into any thing profanely approaching a laugh.

"Did a single case, madam, ever come within your own personal knowledge? as to tract stories, I cannot trust to them."

"Well—y-e-s, I did know of one particular instance."

"Relate it, madam, if you please."

"Well, let me see; I must begin by relating, that the person referred to used to belong to our church, and left it through some dissatisfaction; and I'll tell you a strange circumstance that happened soon after. I was at a prayer meeting where he was, and while he was at prayer—I don't know whether we ought to believe in supernatural appearances—but, at any rate, I saw three large black spiders under the table; it was night, and they kept within the shadow of the table. I tucked my clothes about my feet, and couldn't think of any thing but them spiders. So, after meeting, one of the sisters asked me, 'Bless me,' says she, 'why did you tuck up your clothes so? Wasn't you afraid the boys would see your ancles?' I would rather they saw my ancles, says I, than to expose myself to them spiders."

"But the renunciation, madam; I am wanting to hear that part."

"Well—now I give it to you as it was told to me by a Presbyterian deacon that was present—he said he never saw such a sight before: the poor wretch's features were dreadfully distorted; his eyes strained nearly out of his head; they looked as big as bull's eyes, and his mouth stretched to an awful size."

"But, madam, what has the bigness of his eyes or mouth to do with the matter; even if the latter was large enough to swallow the rest of his body; did he renounce Universalism?"

"Why, the man was so put to it for breath that he could'nt speak; he tried hard to tell those around him to pray; but as some of them were of his own way of thinking, they pretended not to understand him; and when he would exclaim, *Pray! Pray!* they would answer, '*Pay? Pay?* why you don't owe any thing.' And so the poor man died. The deacon said it was a *dreadful, dreadful* sight!"

"Why, truly, madam, I can see nothing in all this, *supposing* the deacon's version of the matter to be true,

that looks like a renunciation of Universalism! Are you even sure that the man had professed that belief?"

"Why, indeed, as to that I can't say; but he held to some things that are believed by Universalists; such as, that it's our duty to be moral in this life, and if we do, that we'll be happy, etc., which is pretty much the same way that Universalists talk."

And so endeth the story of the renunciation; given, word for word, as near as I can remember, as it was originally related. Am I not correct, reader, in calling it a most solemn, and awful, and extraordinary case? It might be made the basis of a most edifying tract; and who knoweth how many might thereby be deterred from the heresy of believing that God "will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth."

Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, is, as stated in my last, but twelve miles below Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland; and yet, by overland travel, it is found to be twenty-two at the least: I found it thirty, owing to the frequent semi-circles necessary to be made around the frozen marshes and lagoons in the route: besides which difficulties, there are two ferries in the way; one over the Tennessee, and the other over a stream called Island Creek. When I had arrived at the former, which was near night, on January 2d, 1837, I found it could not be crossed, in consequence of a high wind prevailing. It is here a noble stream, full a half mile in width. Six persons besides myself were waiting for an opportunity to cross; two had waited since the day before.

"And how long may it be," I inquired of the negro servant in attendance, "till the wind shall fall?"

"Don know, marsa, he blow for common, tree day up stream, and tree down, den tree up agin."

"According to that we may not get across in a month! And is this log nut-shell of a building to be our quarters in the meantime?"

"Yes, sir, cep you go better an two mile."

"Why, I see no place where we can sleep; and there is no woman about the premises, and therefore the chance of finding any thing to eat is but slender!"

"Hab to make beds on de floor, marsa; an I hab bread an meat yere all de time." Cold corn hoe-cake and fat pork, be it known to thee, reader.

"And what will be done with my horse?"

"I've guv him some corn, sir: we've got no hay, nor fodder, nor stable; got all dese tings at marsa's, but dat's eight mile from yere."

Such, then, were my quarters that night, with six others; not counting the negro, nor his master and master's son, who came about night fall; in a little, low, open hovel, with the door wide open to admit the light, and sticks of wood set on end for seats; and so bitter cold was the night, that sitting close to the fire, I found it necessary to keep my cloak closely wrapped about my ears.

"If de wind falls in de night," said the negro, "you must get over afore de sun rises, for de wind and de sun get up togeder yere."

The fidelity of the negro ferryman to his master's interest, interested me in him considerably; much better qualified than his master for pecuniary transactions; he seems to have the entire management in that respect, not only keeping the purse, but actually controlling its disbursements, so far at least as regards the ferry, and seeming to exercise a sort of guardianship over his master, in pecuniary matters, who seems an easy man, and but indifferently fitted for business of that kind: the negro might easily be mistaken by a stranger for the proprietor of the establishment.

Fortunately for us, the wind fell in the night, and we were enabled to get over the river before the sun arose. From the ferry I had but four miles to Paducah, provided I would swim my horse across Island Creek, which I preferred to do, bitterly cold as it was, rather than make a circuit of ten or twelve miles, through an almost impassable morass. It will give the reader an idea of the difficulties of the traveling, when I inform him that without stopping for breakfast, it kept me busy till half past ten o'clock to accomplish that distance of four miles.

The inhabitants of Paducah are a motley community, Jew and Gentile, barbarian and civilized, bond and free; a rare collection, I ween, take them all in all. And motley also are their employments; amongst which, cock-fighting is not the least conspicuous. Nevertheless, Paducah is a busy and growing place, and destined, I should judge, from its position, to become a town of much trading importance.

"*It wont do to die by.*" I went from house to house in Paducah, soliciting subscriptions to the SENTINEL. The read-

er may easily conjecture with what success in *such* a place. By one individual, of a cadaverous countenance, I was abused in terms of violent bitterness, which surprised me.

"You may go to h–ll with your cursed paper," said he, "you'll find it wont take with an enlightened and christian community like this, I tell you. For my own part, sir, I am a dying man. You may see by my appearance that the consumption will soon make a finish of me; and I would not for a kingdom die in such a cursed faith as yours. It will do in a calm, sir, but, by h–ll, it wont do in a storm."

A beautiful illustration, was it not reader, of the saving influences of the popular creed?

Northern people are much deceived with regard to the *temperature* of the climate in this latitude. I never experienced colder weather than is prevailing here at present, January 3. My horse trembled as with an ague fit this morning, in consequence of not being stabled in the night; and so intense was the cold, that a brook was froze sufficiently hard to bear my horse this morning, which was opened with an axe the previous evening. The changes of the temperature are very violent, and they succeed each other with much suddenness. A meteorological table kept in southern Kentucky would present changes almost incredible to a dweller on the sea-board. For example; I left Louisville, December 15; weather so warm that my cloak was an incumberance; evening of the same day was beautifully moonlight; next morning found about two inches of snow on the ground; continued raining all day; same evening it turned to a driving sleet, then to a snow, and by nine o'clock it had become too cold for either. 17th. Ground frozen very hard. 18th. Still very cold. 19th. A thaw. 20th. An uncommonly violent rain all day, until early in the night, when the wind veered into the north, and next morning the ground was hard frozen, and a Siberian winter prevailed. 23d. Another thaw. 24th. Warm rain. 25th. I started with the design of traveling twenty-six miles; a soft mud under foot, a drizzling rain over head. I had not gone six miles ere the mud began to stiffen with the frost; the puddles in the road were encrusted with ice. Indeed, so almost instantaneous was the change, that the northern wind exerted upon the retreating waters which had fallen from the clouds on the previous night; a power as magical, and almost as immediate, as that which was

exerted by the rod of Moses upon the waters of the Red Sea.

Fifth. Crossed the Tennessee line, and reached Paris, fifteen and a half miles beyond it, in a due south direction. It is decidedly, and by much, the handsomest town I have seen since I left Louisville: it contains a population of twelve hundred. Went the usual round of shops and stores in quest of subscribers to the Sentinel, but failed of procuring one; not from any particular opposition to the doctrine, but from a sheer indifference to mental improvement of all kinds; an indifference but too general at the South.

I have seen so much rudeness of manners during the last two hundred miles of my journey, and heard so much coarseness of language, that my soul is sick of it. I feel a moral nausea, which induces me to look eagerly forward to the period of my proposed return to the bosom of more refined society. I wish the preachers of endless wrath, who have had this region to themselves hitherto, undisturbed by the demoralizing doctrine of heaven's universal love, could vindicate the purifying influences of their faith by the fruits of peace, order, uprightness, and brotherly kindness, of the society which has been formed under its auspices! it is at least necessary to make good their pretensions as to the improving qualities of that dogma, and the deleterious ones of Universalism; that where the former exclusively prevails, the general state of public morals should greatly surpass that which exists where the latter is prevalent. And yet, how different is the fact!

Camp-meetings are very frequent and large in this southern country, and with the horse races, they form the principle diversion of the season. But the Methodists do not here, as at the North, enjoy a monopoly in the article of Camp-meetings; on the contrary, the Presbyterians engage in this wholesale scheme of proselytism as largely as they; and, indeed, it originated with the Presbyterians. Camp-grounds are here permanent establishments; instead of tents, durable booths are in many cases erected, formed of plank, and even of brick in some instances, with separate apartments for the different sexes, and for the *servants*, which is certainly more compatible with christian order and decency, than for all to bundle in the straw together, as is frequently witnessed east of the mountains.

Sixth. Called towards evening in the neighborhood of

Wright's Post Office, eighteen miles south of Paris, to collect a small sum due for a past volume of the Sentinel: the person was from home; his family told me of a near neighbor who would be glad to see me, being zealous in the faith. I accordingly made him a call; found the old gentleman at the wood-pile.

"Are you Mr. Simpson, sir?"

"Yes sir, I go by that name."

"Would you like, sir, to see a Universalist preacher?"

"Yes!" his eye brightening up, "I should be very glad to see one."

"Well sir, you have one before you."

"Happy to see you sir, dismount and come in."

Such was the first introduction of myself to the Universalists of Tennessee.

It was soon arranged that I should preach the next evening at the house of Mr. Hill, and on Sunday morning in a school-house near by. Accordingly, on the evening of January 7th, in an extremely open log house, without any partition between the ground floor and shingled roof, I preached *the first Universalist sermon ever delivered in the Western District of Tennessee*, to a small circle of hearers ranged around the fire; and so very, very cold was the evening, that those who could not get within the light of the fire had to wrap bed-quilts about their shoulders to keep themselves comfortable. During the sermon the chimney took fire; and being constructed of wood, I had to suspend the preaching until it was quenched, when I resumed and closed without further interruption. The next morning I found a good congregation of both sexes at the school-house, which was also very open, and without a door. They gave me an attentive hearing through a somewhat lengthy discourse.

Same evening, rode to Huntingdon, the county seat, accompanied by the old gentleman on whom I first called. Although it was near sun-down when we arrived, I took immediate measures towards a meeting in the Court-house, and succeeded in getting a large congregation. Court-houses are not kept locked in that country; they seem all to be in a delapidated state, although they had no owners; the windows broken, and doors unhinged, with interior furniture and arrangements corresponding. The same is the case with school-houses and all other public property.

I have found vastly better traveling since I have

entered Tennessee; the country is more open and dry, the soil being somewhat sandy. I feel as though I had struggled through the chief difficulties of the journey: the face of the country is pleasant, and even beautiful betimes. I saw yesterday, for the first time, a field of cotton; it had not undergone its last picking, and therefore, presented a white and handsome appearance. If the reader can imagine a field thickly covered with weeds, disposed neatly in rows, like field peas; and if he can further imagine some large flakes of snow to have fallen from the clouds and lodged on said weeds without touching the adjacent ground, he can then have a true idea of a field of cotton just before picking. I have said that I felt as though the chief difficulties of the journey were surmounted. I meant the difficulties of *roads* and *weather;* but there are others before me which I contemplate with no great satisfaction, viz: the long reaches of thirty and forty miles between houses where entertainment can be had, through a sparsely and rudely peopled wilderness, and the having to pay two or three dollars for a single night's entertainment of man and horse.*

A fact, displaying the influence of prepossession. Not a hundred miles from here, I stopped for the night at too late an hour to admit of my getting up a meeting; and on learning that the ———ists had preaching that evening, I attended, as is my invariable custom on such occasions. An elderly gentleman, as I entered, had just commenced reading the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes; he was a portly personage, with spectacles on his nose, and a sententious manner. To my great astonishment, when he had finished reading the third verse, the concluding clause of which reads, "In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be," he made a little pause, as if to obtain greater attention to what was about to follow—then elevating, and giving additional emphasis to his voice, he repeated, "And as death leaves us, judgment *shall* find us:" he then concluded the chapter in his ordinary tone. At the close of the meeting I took the old gentleman aside, and respectfully asked him how he reconciled so gross an interpolation with his religious pretensions; for if, said I, the inspired writer had wished to convey the idea which

*The reader will bear in mind that this was during the speculating era of 1836—7. Prices have much abated there since then.

your *added* words import, he could have found means to express it without your assistance." The old gentleman heard me with an astonishment which seemed to strike him dumb for awhile.

"Do you then deny," he at length exclaimed, "that those words stand in the chapter?"

"I certainly do."

"Which then am I to believe, your word, or my own eyes?"

"My word, except your eyes serve you better than while you read that chapter. But are you sure those words met your eyes while you were reading?"

"Sure? why certainly! and to-night is not the first time I have read them there."

"Then they are there yet, and if so, I can see them too: be so good, then, as to point them out to me."

"To be sure; I'll do that for you, in a minute," said the old man, opening to the place in a very hurried and confident manner, and commenced reading, "'In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be.' Ahem! Why it isn't here sure enough! Well, was I mistaken after all?"

"I must think you were, my friend, for there is no blank space in the chapter, as though it had been erased since you read it."

"Well, I should be sorry to have it thought that I added that clause on purpose to deceive; I would have taken my oath that I saw it."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," said I, "I do not suspect you of any intentional mistake in the matter; you were so strongly prepossessed with the belief that it was there, that you thought you saw it."

And I *felt* as I spoke, when I took leave of the old gentleman with this assurance; for our prepossessions *do* strongly influence our perceptions. What else enabled our grand-mothers to see ghosts where they never were? and why else could the devil be seen in olden times of a dark night, by merely looking over the left shoulder? And why, too, is so much evidence of endless misery still, by a certain class, seen in the Bible, which actually says nothing about it? *Prepossession*, sufficiently answers all and sundry of these questions.

I left Huntingdon, which is the seat of justice for Carroll county, on the morning of January 9th, with the

view, if possible, of reaching Jackson the same evening, which is the capital of Madison county, and distant thirty-eight miles. The reason of this haste was, that a storm was impending, and as I designed to make a stay of some days in Jackson, I wished to reach it before the storm took place. I had not, however, proceeded many miles, ere I was overtaken by a horseman, a dweller in the parts, who expressed surprise at my riding with such speed, and with true rustic license inquired the reason; whence I came; whither going; my name; profession, etc. On learning that I was a Universalist preacher, he informed me that some excellent neighbors of his were of my religion; that they were expecting the arrival of a preacher amongst them, ere long; that from the name, I must be the person looked for; and that they would be much disappointed should I pass them without a call. Of course I could not withstand these considerations, so I left the "big road" and turned in with him to the plantation of Mr. John Bell, whom I found to be a sincere and zealous co-religionist. It was twelve o'clock in the day, yet an appointment was given out for the evening, and a large number of neighbors congregated, to whom, for an hour and a half I addressed the words of life. Mr. Bell was, until recently, a high Calvinistic Seceder.

Jan. 10. Reached Jackson toward sun-down. Called on Mr. M. L. Brown, by whose co-operation I was enabled to get up a meeting in the Court-house that evening. By the way, Court-houses are never found locked in this country; on the contrary, the doors are usually standing wide open, not unfrequently broken off their hinges; the windows are all broken, every one: it seems a point of conscience to let no one escape this embellishment. I preached in the evening to a larger number than had convened the night before. On the 11th, as I was about leaving the town, I was informed by some very respectable citizens that public attention was becoming considerably excited toward my doctrine, and that I should be able to increase my subscription list by the delivery of another lecture. Accordingly, I agreed to return and preach on the following Sunday evening. In the interim I went into the country, and held three meetings; one, six miles from Jackson, and two about twelve miles. The latter were in a neighborhood of Tunkers, who in this country are called Universalists; and they so call themselves. I found

a warm and ready countenance amongst them. It is this district that the eccentric David Crocket represented in Congress, and these Tunkers were his immediate neighbors. Returning to Jackson, agreeably to arrangement, I addressed an excellent audience, who gave evidence, by their attention, of a deep interest in the subject.

Jackson is a handsome and improving town; it lies on a stream called the Forked Deer, which is navigable up to the town for flat-boats. Jackson is therefore a depot for the cotton of the surrounding region: the bustle of its streets affords evidence that it is a place of considerable trade.

Jan. 16. Arrived toward night at Bolivar, county seat of Hardiman. The Hatchy river is navigable up to this place for small sized steamboats. Having been born on the sea-board, I always feel most at home in the vicinity of navigable waters, and was therefore agreeably surprized at seeing a heavily freighted steamboat plying on the narrow Hatchy, as I crossed the bridge over that stream. The direct distance, inland, from the Mississippi, must be about seventy miles. I had no appointment at Bolivar, nor friend on whom to call in the place, I therefore put up at one of the hotels. Hired a negro to make a fire in the Court-house, and succeeded in getting quite a tolerable congregation. Whilst I was at the hotel, in Bolivar, I had much conversation on theology with numerous planters from the country, who were then in attendance upon Court. The following fragment of one of those colloquies will afford a specimen of their character in general:

"But I've been another man since I found religion."

"Stay, my friend—pardon my interruption—where did you *find* your religion?"

"I found it at Grove Corners meeting-house."

"Is there any more to be found there? or did you get all there was?"

"No, sir, I didn't get it all; I *allow* you can get some too, if you'll use the means."

"What, of the same sort with that you *found*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps it may not be worth the trouble, when found; and besides, as I am journeying on horseback, I might find it troublesome to carry. Is it a heavy article?"

"I calculate, stranger, you never had religion, if you

are a preacher;" somewhat piqued, "or I allow, if you had, you've *lost* it."

"In the latter case, I might, I suppose, recover the property by advertising it, with a reward to the finder." As this was uttered with much cool gravity, the stranger supposed me serious, and was overwhelmed with amazement.

"Why, now! if that don't saw my leg clean off! I never see'd afore such ignorance of religion! You talk just as if religion was something a man carried in his pocket."

"So I understood you to speak, my friend; and I adapted *my* discourse to *your* apparent views; for you talk of *getting* religion—*finding*—*losing*—and *having* it, as though it were in fact a *tangible* matter, a thing of *possession*, rather than of *practice* and *feeling*."

The devil must *have* a fund of religion by this time, according to the language in common use among religionists, for he is said to have gotten many a poor fellow's religion away from him. But possibly he does not keep all that he gets, and in that case, he must be an ill-natured fiend, to filch from others what can be of no use to himself.

Seriously; every lover of Christianity must deplore the fact, that maugre all the preaching, praying, professing, writing, etc., about religion, so little apparently is known of its nature and offices. It seems a cabalistic spell, very potent in its qualities, but for what? To save us from hell—to get us to heaven! We all have religious faculties; in some they are more active than in others; and in the same persons they are more active at some times than at others: when these are excited into exercise, we *experience* religion; and this experience is delightful or otherwise, according as the objects by which it is excited are pleasing or terrible. Experimental religion is *feeling*, produced by the exercise of our religious faculties. Practical religion is *action*, prompted by that feeling. He, then, is religious, whose religious faculties are in constant exercise; and he is irreligious, in whom those faculties are dormant. Now a man may be religious without being a christian; because his religious faculties may be acted upon by other and different objects from those which christianity furnishes; he may be a Jew, Mahommedan, Pagan, and yet a religious man; and on the other hand, he may be in faith a Christian, without being a religious *man*. The current phraseology, therefore, on the subject

of religion, such as *getting* religion—*finding*—*having*—*losing* it, etc. expresses no intelligible sense whatever.

Jan. 17. Reached La Grange, Fayette county, a village of mushroom growth, near the southern line of the State. Its situation is exceedingly pleasant. The singularity of a native pine forest, here presents itself, and its usual concomitant, a sandy soil; the territory of both is extremely circumscribed, and they are therefore the more pleasing from their novelty. In the country where the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers have their birth, the pine forest is but a common-place and not much admired feature in the landscape; but as I had not seen it since I left that region until my arrival here, I was well content to hail it again as an old acquaintance. The town of La Grange is spread over a large extent of ground; if, however, the improvements in prospect should be realized, it will become compact. It lies in the midst of a rich cotton-growing country, and gives promise, by being connected by railroad with the Mississippi at Memphis, of being the principal depot for that staple for a wide extent of territory. Society there is agreeable and intelligent in a high degree, and in all respects, save the high rates of living, it is an agreeable situatioa for a residence.

I have delivered six lectures in La Grange, to gradually growing audiences; I have also delivered five in the country neighborhoods adjacent, and am to preach again next Sabbath, once in town, and twice six miles out; two of my lectures were delivered at the house of Mr. Kilgore.

You may easily imagine, reader, the novelty which attaches to the subject of Universalism in the parts, when you recollect, that throughout the entire Western District of Tennessse, it had never before been preached, nor had our works found their way into this region; and moreover, this is a quarter into which extremely few eastern men penetrate, that our principles might be introduced by their means. All is therefore new, all strange; even the most liberal, who think the doctrine *rational*, still shake their heads doubtingly when informed that it is maintainable from the *Scriptures;* their education has prepared them to think that point quite incredible. "It may be so," say some, "but I should be afraid to venture it!" Afraid to venture it! Look at the principle involved in this declaration: God may be as good as you say; but he may not, and I shall be prepared for the worst! Such is the amount of

it. A want of confidence in the justice and benevolence of heaven is a necessary fruit of the religious education they have received.

Jan. 27. I am now in Salem, Mississippi, where I have delivered two discourses, and am to preach again to-morrow, (Saturday,) at eleven o'clock, A. M. It is a strong seat of Methodism; some five or six preachers of that order live in the vicinity. The town, consisting of nearly a score of log buildings, inclusive of a church, has been built within a month or two; it lies within what is termed "The Nation," i. e., the territory owned, until recently, by the Chickasaw tribe of Indians; many of whom still linger in the parts. It is now being rapidily settled by the whites, and is destined soon to be transformed from an unbroken forest into a rich and populous cotton country. There are, even here, a few individuals of good morals and high standing in society, who "have seen and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world."

I am in the midst, remember, of the Chickasaw tribe, and have opportunities of obtaining an insight into their character. It is emphatically that of *children:* "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." They are as harmless and unsophisticated a people as I ever saw. I yesterday witnessed a meeting take place between a man and his wife, who had been a week or two parted from each other; they were each on a horse, and met unexpectedly at the door of the woman's father; they actually sprung from their horses, and were instantly enfolded in each other's arms, indulging in the most extravagant caresses, without seeming at all to heed the strange eyes which witnessed their conduct. I instinctively averted my face, as did also the other whites; it seeming to us indelicate to witness such gross familiarity between the sexes; but their ideas of delicacy are less refined, and, perhaps, the happier they that they are so. The Chickasaws, I am told, number about five thousand souls. I quartered that night within two or three miles of the residence of the chief, or king. He is pretty wealthy, they tell me—has several wives, and a considerable number of negro slaves. There are many of the Indians who own slaves, and many also who have several wives. The lands they occupied in common, have been divided to them severally by the general government, *prepa*ratory to their being removed beyond the Missis-

sippi. Their removal is to take place next fall; they are now, therefore, selling their lands to the whites, who are rapidly flocking into the country, from the slave-holding States; this being a cotton-growing country. Of course the Indians are flush of money; and they spend it as children would spend it, on baubles, and fineries, and knives, and horses, etc. From them the merchants, and venders of every kind, reap their principal harvest of gain. They think of nothing beyond the wants of the present hour; they buy necessaries only as necessity urges them; and the more cunning whites are not unmindful to extort, for their necessities at least, a two-fold price for all they buy.

An Indian in his native woods, is truly a picturesque object! His dress is very fantastical. He usually rides his horse on a smart canter, and makes quite a jingling with his silver gorgets pendant from his neck. Full one half the houses I passed yesterday and to-day were Indian dwellings, and a majority of the travelers I met were of that people. They are hospitable, civil, generous, and brave. If they incur the penalty of death, by a capital offence, they submit to it with fortitude; they as often as otherwise become their own executioners; they never seek to evade it by flight. If the execution be deferred till a given time, they go at large in the interim upon their ordinary avocations, as hunting, etc.; and when the day arrives they present themselves as willing victims.

In the vicinity of Pontotoc, Mississippi, a few days since, one Indian killed another in a frolic; he went to the relatives of his victim, giving them their choice, either to become his executioners, or allow him to be his own. The latter being their choice, he loaded his rifle and discharged it into his breast, by means of the ram-rod. The brother of the murdered, not being satisfied, killed a brother of the murderer; and he then served himself as the other had done, taking the rifle for the purpose out of his own *mother's* hand, who had loaded it in order to become his executioner! These things, although they comport not with our ideas of propriety, show strongly with what fidelity they adhere to *principle*. The offsets to the good traits in the Chickasaw character, are improvidence, indolence, and intemperance; and these, indeed, seem inseparable from the savage state.

I returned to La Grange, where, on Sunday evening, the 29th, I delivered a last discourse to an excellent audience;

and on the forenoon of same day, to a very full house, five miles in the country. On the 31st I rode to Holly Springs, seat of justice for Marshal county, Mississippi, and got up a meeting that evening in the Court-house, which, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, was crowded to excess, many standing without for want of room in the house; and the same continued the case for three successive evenings. One clergyman was present on the first evening; two on the second; indeed, during my journey hitherto, one or more clergymen have been present at a majority of my meetings; and although I have usually, in preaching, taken high doctrinal ground, yet has it in no case been publicly challenged; I hence infer that the divines of the South are not remarkably *pugnacious*. More than once in their presence have I declared, *that no one text in all the Bible warrants a belief in endless misery;* and have offered to meet any intelligent clergyman in a public discussion upon that issue; but no response! no *public* response, at least.

The town plot of Holly Springs is a square mile; over which is scattered a population of two thousand souls; the buildings are mere temporary cabins or shieldings, of logs, or planks, or scantling, or all combined; thrown up in a hurry, a great hurry, that the advantages of a very profitable trade with the Indians, and recently settled planters in the neighborhood, might be seized with as little delay as possible. Great anticipations are indulged with regard to the future importance of the town; it is certainly surrounded by a lovely country—fertile, beautiful to the eye, and well watered.

Feb. 4. Visited Ripley, another county seat. Had sent on an appointment, but it failed of reaching; got up, therefore, a meeting in a hurry, and, as usual in this region, a very full one.

Feb. 5. Put up for the night at a house of entertainment thirty miles from Ripley; was surprised, on taking up a solitary book from the mantlepiece, to find it *The Life of Murray!* in the heart of the Chickasaw nation. These heretical prints insinuate themselves every where.

"And do you believe in the religious sentiments of this book?" I inquired of the host.

"I do," he frankly replied.

O tempore! It was too late to order my horse, that I might fly those profane precincts; and I must therefore stay

under the roof of a Universalist. The old gentleman declined the pay for my entertainment: right glad, he seemed, of the opportunity of rendering a service to a herald of glad tidings; the first he had ever seen.

Feb. 6. Reached Pontotoc, and preached in the evening to at least two hundred hearers. This town and Holly Springs are rivals; nearly matched, so far as I can judge, in every respect; this at present is the larger place of the two: the government land-office is located here; and here, in consequence, is the grand resort of land speculators. The Chickasaws are very numerous in the vicinity, and may at all times be seen strolling about the town. I passed many of their habitations yesterday and to-day. I witnessed this morning what I took to be a regular affair of Indian courtship. I was riding along in a muse, when I was aroused by the snorting and caprioling of my horse, which usually keeps a sharp look-out for objects of suspicious appearance. On casting my eyes about for the cause of its uneasiness, I first discovered a saddled poney quietly grazing on the prairie grass; and after passing a large tree which stood in the line of vision, I saw the owner, a young Indian in full dress. He was seated on a log; and close, *very* close by his side, sat a young squaw; they had each an arm around the other's waist, and with the other hand were passing a rum-bottle to and fro in most loving alternation. They seemed nowise embarrassed by my sudden intrusion; the bottle passed from mouth to mouth as before; nor was the afore-described embrace in the least relaxed. Simple children of nature; they attach no idea of guilt to love, and why should they be ashamed of it? for shame is the offspring of guilt. I never before was so struck with the idea of the probable happiness of these children of the forest, when this entire and vast country was their common and undisputed hunting-ground; they were then strangers to the insinuating demon of the still; there was no gold to tempt their avarice, nor white man's ingenious methods of murder to assist them in exterminating each other; the noiseless arrow brought the game to minister to their necessities, and the skins of slaughtered animals served them for their couch at night. They believed in a Great Spirit whose word was thunder, and the winds amongst the forest leaves were the bland whisperings of his voice.

The making of a bill in this country is an easy opera-

tion. 'Twas thus I heard one summed up: "Let me see; you had a bushel and a half of corn for your oxen, three dollars; sixteen pounds of pork, at twenty-five cents the pound, four dollars; yourself and horse over night, two dollars; in all, nine dollars."

"A pretty round charge," muttered the guest, "for corn bread and fried crackling."

I thought so too; but I have since paid two dollars and a half for a night's entertainment, on corn bread without butter, and fried pork without sauce of any kind; and coffee without cream, or even milk; a lodging, I may add, in correspondence, on a bedstead bottomed with wooden slatts. But never mind it, brother, these things serve to make up the variety of life!

Having communicated by mail an appointment for Springfield, Alabama, to take place on Sunday, 12th, I had to use great diligence in traveling over the intermediate ground, to be able to fulfil it. In three days and a half I made a distance of one hundred and forty miles, an average distance of forty miles a day; which, over bad roads, I found to be a fatiguing business for horse and rider. On the 9th, I saw, in a distance of forty-two miles, but two human habitations, and met but four persons; one of them a mounted Indian, armed with bow and arrows: he could talk a little English. He was in chase of his hogs, which from running at large on the prairie had become wild, and had unaccountably forgotten their obligation to go home and have their throats stuck in due season; a most flagrant infraction of the implied compact between them and their owner. But as the Indian had not forgotten his claim, if the porkers had, it is probable that the matter is duly adjusted between the parties by this time. I traversed, on the same day, a most beautiful prairie. I do not know its dimensions, but it occupied me some four or five hours. The weather was delightfully fine, and the boundless prospect of grassy plain, on which the rim of the vast blue concavity above me seemed to rest, was adapted to awaken sensations of a grand and novel character. I arrived that night at a small village on the Tombigbee river, about ten miles below the head of steamboat navigation.

Feb. 10. Passed through Columbus, on the same river; a commercial looking town, containing many fine and substantial buildings; but nevertheless, in the midst of a rather barren pine country. I crossed into Alabama on

the same day, about one hundred and twenty miles below its northern boundary, and put up for the night at Pickensville, twenty-three miles below Columbus, on the Tombigbee river.

Feb. 15. I am now at Chiles' Ferry, on Black Warrior river, which is navigable for steamboats up to Tuscaloosa, the capital of the State, several miles above here. On arriving last night, I found to my great mortification, that the letter containing my appointment, had not come to hand; and I had therefore fatigued myself and horse almost to death, to no purpose. And must I then lose the day? I resolved to the contrary, and you shall know the result. Being informed of a friend near Clinton, twelve miles off, who would interest himself in getting up a meeting there, I mounted my jaded horse, myself no less so, and to see this friend I started; pleasing myself with the idea that I should yet succeed in improving a portion of the day: but alas! the event proved that I was doomed to disappointment. First, On reaching Clinton, I found my friend lived yet five miles farther. Second, After painfully plodding over this additional distance, and arriving at the house of my friend, I received the delightful intelligence that he was from home, at Mobile. But this was not the worst; for, Third, His lady, to my misfortune, proved a *pious* woman, and therefore, as she doubtless conceived, under no obligation to be *kind*, or even *courteous* to a *heretic*. I introduced myself to her; told her the object of my visit to see her husband, and of my extreme fatigue. She heard all this with the cheering warmth of an icicle, and failed to extend toward me the least approach toward a welcome, even to the small favor of a night's refreshment for myself and horse! If one of her negroes should be as inhospitably treated by my family, in my absence, I should consider my house disgraced. What a thing it is to be *pious* at the expense of a decent regard to the common obligations of life.

The banks of the Black Warrior, are at this stage of the river, more than forty feet above the water. Will the reader credit the statement that these banks are ever overflowed? yet they often are; and, in places, the shores are flooded for miles back; so great and rapid is the flux of waters. A steamboat is a singular spectacle on one of these streams, which are so narrow, that if one of the tall

pines on its banks were over-blown, its top would possibly lodge on the opposite bank.

There is much complaint in this country of the general indifference to the subject of religion; and, indeed, to every other subject unconnected with dollars, negroes, and cotton bales. I suspect there is some ground for the complaint. Reading seems in a great measure neglected, because—I know of no other reason—it does not effect a larger growth of cotton: the high price for this staple seems wonderfully to have enlarged the acquisitive organ in the planters.

There prevails in many parts of this country much contractedness of feeling—much servility of spirit—much jealous espionage and timid apprehensions of being seen by each other in acts which will subject them to church censure; all this, too, in independent planters! sons of America! possessing such undoubted natural and constitutional charters for freedom! O fie! their own slaves experience a lighter bondage! I had hoped for a different state of things in a country whose inhabitants are circumstanced to be less dependent on each other, than are the small farmers, and manufacturers, and mechanics of the North.

The last evening of my stay at Mr. Chiles' was rendered interesting by the fact, that I had an opportunity for conversing at large, on the glorious subject of a world's salvation through Christ Jesus, with a numerous company of planters who tarried there over night, waiting for a descending boat on which to put their cotton for the Mobile market. They seemed to listen with eagerness, and contented themselves with merely putting such questions as were adapted to elicit farther developments of my views. I hope my labors of that evening were not thrown away; on one individual I am satisfied they were not. He is a wealthy and influential elderly gentleman; his wife is a zealous member of an orthodox church, of which he, on her account, is the main support in his neighborhood He has a camp-ground on his premises which is brought into requisition every summer, and his elegant mansion is the preachers' home. In the early part of the evening referred to, no one of the company manifested more opposition to my doctrine than he, but it weakened and weakened by degrees, until it became, I flatter myself, entirely *subdued*. We traveled in company the next day for twenty-

five miles, still continuing to converse on the theme, and on parting I received an urgent invitation to visit him at his house, and he became the bearer of an appointment at *Selma*, (the nearest town to his plantation,) which I made at his instance.

Feb. 16. Arrived a few hours before sun-set at the flourishing town of Greensborough; hitched my horse to a post, and commenced adventures toward a meeting for the evening, and made, it must be allowed, a most lucky commencement: I accosted the keeper of the first store into which I stepped. "I am a Universalist preacher, sir: do you know of any room in the place to which I could have access, for the purpose of a meeting this evening?" "Yes sir, I know of *one*, if you will accept of it. It is pleasant, and well situated. I mean the *theatre* in this town." "I will accept, sir, of *any* place—truth is truth, no matter where communicated—and to whom shall I apply for its use?" "I have control of it, sir, and will engage to have it opened for you." "And lighted too?" "Yes sir." I thanked him, and forthwith wrote an advertisement, which he procured a boy—male negroes of all ages, are *boys* in this country—to carry through the town. So far, all was right. I next ventured to inquire, "Do you know, sir, of any believer of my doctrine in the place, who would be likely to entertain myself and horse over the night?" "I really do not, sir; but, if you can put up with such fare as I can afford, you shall be entirely welcome." Thus was all satisfactorily settled in five minutes.

Well, the theatre was handsomely lighted, and notwithstanding that the night was inclement, the meeting was respectably attended. My stand was on the stage in front of the drop-curtain; and never surely stood a speaker there, whose voice, and manner, and attitudes were less adapted for stage effect upon an audience. Happily I had no thrilling horrors to relate, "whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, freeze the young blood; and make every particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Mine was a mild message of gospel mercy, and needed no "stare and start theatric" to give it effect.

Feb. 17. Rode to Marion, Perry county, a remarkably neat county town, possessing several features of a yankee village, all honestly come by; for it has been partly built under yankee supervision. Here were my eyes greeted by the first painted meeting-house spire that

I had seen in several hundred miles travel, and the first regular market-house I had seen since leaving Louisville. I must not be thought foolish for my minuteness in noticing such things; for, let any one travel for months as I had done, through a country utterly destitute of such embellishments, and then, on renewing his acquaintance with them, if he has any poetry in his nature, he will be enraptured too. I called on Mr. L. and I. Upson, who are eastern men; with them I truly felt myself at home; and oh! how much good it did me to hear myself called brother Rogers once more! Eight hundred miles and more had I traveled, without having been so greeted! The Upsons are nearly alone in point of religious faith; they have however, and deservedly, a good share of influence; and will, I think, not be long alone. I delivered three discourses there, to rather small and exclusively male audiences. Since leaving home I had not before addressed an audience of this character, and I *scolded* a little upon this ground, at Marion. Whether I showed good sense in scolding the gentlemen for the absence of the ladies, I care not to have decided; but really I don't like to be treated as if I were a traveling philosopher, who taught matters too high for female comprehension or unconnected with female interests.

I attended church, as a hearer, on Sunday morning, and heard a pretty ingenious discourse, in which it was attempted to level the mysteries of Calvinistic atonement to human comprehension, and to vindicate it to human reason. A forlorn hope! Said system, when stripped of the verbiage in which it is usually concealed, is as follows: God from all eternity determined that men should transgress his law; he determined that his own wrath should thereupon be infinitely aroused, and that he would doom the offenders and their whole posterity to ceaseless ruin, for daring to sin in accordance with his own predetermination. He determined to consent to accept of an innocent substitute on whom to pour his wrath, instead of guilty man. To cap the climax of incongruities, this substitute was himself. He bore his own wrath! pacified his own displeasure! and rendered satisfaction to himself! But still, no intelligible object was answered, so far as the reprobate is concerned, since it is said, he yet holds him accountable for his offences, both original and actual, as *though* satisfaction for the same had not been rendered!

I shall not, reader, detain you at Marion, to recount how, on the first night of my stay, I was made to feel very much at home, while I cracked nuts and drank cider in the bosom of a yankee family in Alabama. You would think me moon-struck, if I attempted to entertain you with such trifles; besides, it may be that you are not aware that nuts, and apples, and cider, are not such common-place refections in this region, as where you may chance to live. So I will dismiss the subject, to save you from the heinous sin of dismissing this chapter unread, by which, let me tell you, you would be much the loser, and shall invite you onward with me in the journey.

Feb. 27. I am now at General Brantly's, whose wife is one of the most zealous, rejoicing, and practical Universalists I know of; a beam of gladness lighted up her features so soon as I had introduced myself. "I must take your hand," said she; "I didn't know that I should see another gospel preacher." I preached yesterday in what is termed the Shady Grove Meeting-house, in this neighborhood. A good audience was in attendance; but from two causes the meeting was not agreeable. *First*, By a sudden change the weather had become cold; and meeting-houses in this region, in the country, are the most comfortless houses imaginable; completely open to the weather on all sides. *Second*, "Certain lewd fellows, of the baser sort," evinced their lack of sense by their lack of decency; they had recourse to several means of annoyance, and afforded a beautiful illustration of that oft-repeated orthodox truth, that "*sinners love Universalism.*" However, there are several highly respected friends to the cause in this neighborhood, who, without doubt, would liberally sustain the stated ministration of the gospel here. The Shady Grove meeting-house is but nine miles from Selma.

Selma is a neat village, immediately on the Alabama river, fifty miles below Montgomery. That river is navigable at all seasons, and is truly a beautiful stream. The white buildings of the villages in this region, contrast pleasantly with the ever-green foliage of the pines. And while on the subject of buildings, I must pay a just tribute of praise to Alabama architecture. It embraces more variety than that of any part of the western country which I have seen. Nothing is so tedious there, as the un-

varying sameness of the dwellings; all appear to have been erected by the same architect; and he it would seem, was afraid that ornamental decorations would impair the simple nudity of his style. It is not the case here; there is a pleasing variety, and most of the specimens are in good taste; it has happened to me, however, to travel through the best part of the State for seeing it to advantage, in this and many other respects.

In Selma I found but one professed Universalist, the wife of Dr. Grigsby; it is but feeble praise to say of her, that she is well adapted to do the profession honor. Her station in society gives her influence, and she needs no prompting in order to the using that influence aright. I delivered three discourses in the Presbyterian church, to very attentive audiences. The Presbyterian clergyman attended two evenings. The Methodist minister, I believe, attended all three.

Montgomery is the most considerable interior town in the State. Tuscaloosa, the capital, is probably destined to that distinction at some future date, but the former exceeds it at present, both in size and commercial importance: it has a population of about three thousand souls; very christian souls too, if a judgment may be formed on that head, from the number of its churches, which is seven; but from what I could gather, religion is at a low ebb in them all. This may be mainly owing to the fact, that a large part of the population desert the place in the summer season, on account of its unhealthiness, considering themselves as but transitory residents, whose object is to acquire a fortune in the least possible time, and repair to some favored abode in order to enjoy it: they therefore do not feel a deep interest in any establishment of a permanent character in the place, and one among other consequences is, that the churches languish in almost total neglect.

The Universalist church in Montgomery is a neat and tasteful fabric, surmounted with a steeple and bell, and furnished with an excellent organ. It was gotten up, however, and entirely supported by about three individuals, two of whom, Majors Wood and Cowles, live, the one seven and the other four miles out of the town. It might have been foreseen, methinks, that it could not live long under *such* circumstances.

The situation of Montgomery is at the confluence of the

Tallapoosa and Coosa rivers, which at this point of junction form the Alabama. A noble stream is that same Alabama; navigable in all stages of water for boats of a large class; many of the lands which it intersects are very fine, yielding that costly staple, cotton, in great abundance, and affording ample wealth to the prudent portion of the planters in a few years. Several of these live in princely state; their elegant mansions, finely shaded grounds, and beautiful gardens, give evidence of the taste and munificence of the owners. Nevertheless, as an offset against these advantages, added to that of a very mild climate in the winter, it must be stated that Death has here erected one of his favorite summer seats, and never fails to give most desolating manifestations of his presence to such of the residents as have the temerity to abide his coming. Were it otherwise this lower country could not have failed, ere now, to attract to itself a dense population, such are its advantages of fertility and temperature; but taking all things together, nature has every where about equally distributed her smiles and frowns, and there is no very decided preference to be given to any one part of the world above all the rest. Of this fact I become the more convinced as I travel the more. Why else is it that the Bedouin of the desert is unwilling to exchange his burning and barren solitudes for the more soft and fertile seats of fixed and civilized existence? And why cannot the dweller among the eternal snows of the arctic circle be induced to migrate to milder latitudes, where he can feast his eyes with sights of nature in her most attractive robe of green?

The Sabbath I spent in Montgomery, was to me a very disagreeable day. I preached three sermons; and, there being no family of Universalists in the town, I had no place to which to resort during the intervals but the bar-room of one of the public houses. On the day previous I had the gratification to witness the passage, through the town to their encampment a few miles below, of about two thousand Creek Indians, with all their moveables; some were in wagons, some on horseback; but the most of the adults were afoot; and in proportion to the number of the latter class, I thought I had never beheld so many children. The Creeks are an ill-looking race. I should so have deemed them, I think, if they had not been recently engaged in murderous hostility against the whites; but

with the knowledge of this fact present to mind it is probable they appeared to worse advantage; and it is also probable, that feeling themselves to be a vanquished, oppressed, and degraded people, under sentence of banishment from their homes and fathers' graves, and escorted by a guard of mounted riflemen in van and rear; it is probable I say, that under these circumstances they exhibited themselves under the worst possible aspects. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that they compare very disadvantageously with both the Chickasaws and the Choctaws, in their costume as well as personal appearance.

About sixteen miles from Montgomery, across the Coosa river, is a neighborhood which bears the name of Mount Olympus, where is a little Universalist society, which meets for religious worship statedly on the first Sunday in each month. Mr. Atkins resides there, and preaches for them on those occasions: he is very highly esteemed amongst them, and by his neighbors of every class: he was formerly a Methodist, and the main support of that church in the same neighborhood. Mrs. Mitchel is a warm-hearted sister, indeed; known as a notable Universalist, so far as she is known at all, and her whole family and connexions are subjects of the same faith.

There is a free colored man, who with his family, are members of the Mt. Olympus society; the first Universalist person of color I had ever seen; for the African race are in general very ignorant, and prone to superstition. "They all believe in endless misery," said an old gentleman to me—himself a wealthy slave-holder—"for the reason, I suppose, that they want their masters damned, and think it would be hardly fair dealing to make them as happy as their negroes in the next world."

The colored person of whom I am speaking, is a man of very considerable intelligence; of industrious, prudent habits, and much respected: he told me he was decidedly opposed to the measures of the abolitionists, and that he regarded the slavery of the African race in the light of a providential visitation upon them for their barbarous and unnatural conduct toward each other in the parent country; that, like all the divine dispensations, it will have a benevolent issue; at some future day they will be restored from their captivity, and carry home with them the lessons in religion, civilization, etc., which they have learned. He approves of the colonization measures, and remarked

that he would himself emigrate to *Liberia*, but for the fear that the colony there being strongly sectarian in its character, would not comport with his enjoyment of the rights of conscience.

Wetumpka is at the head of navigation on the Coosa river, fourteen miles above Montgomery; it is built on both sides of the river, and is a fast improving place. Present population about two thousand. The Baptist minister there had promised my friends that I should occupy his church, on the condition that he should have the liberty of making remarks upon my sermon. Accordingly, as I wished to give him a fair opportunity, I hurried through my first discourse in thirty minutes, that he might have ample time for oppugning my positions, if he was capable. But it proved that a heavy thunder-shower which occurred at the time of collecting for the meeting, had prevented his attendance; it had not, however, prevented a pretty respectable number from assembling. The next night being fair, the audience was much larger; the clergyman was present, and succeeded me in a long—I was going to say—reply; but such it certainly could not properly be termed; it was rather a rhapsody, a rigmarole *ad cap tandum:* he disavowed all purpose of controversy, and peremptorily interdicted a syllable by way of rejoinder. On the third evening, I preached on the other side of the river to a crowded assembly. On the fourth, Saturday evening, as I was about dismissing the audience, the Baptist minister arose, and reminding me of a declaration I had made in a previous discourse, i. e. that I could establish the correctness of my views concerning the closing paragraph of the twenty-fifth of Matthew, by such evidence as would settle any question in a court of justice; said he would give me *one hundred dollars* if I would make my declaration good. I told him I accepted his terms, and inquired when it would suit him to have it done; he named the next evening, and I made the appointment accordingly.

Sunday forenoon I preached in the Episcopalian church, and notwithstanding the other meetings in town, the seats were all filled. In the evening it was crowded to excess, so much so indeed, that—being an upstairs apartment—there was danger of the joists giving way; I began to feel alarmed for the audience. At length, on the motion of the Baptist clergyman, we transferred the meeting to his church, which was larger and more closely seated. No-

thing could exceed the attentive interest with which I was listened to by that large assembly, while I attempted to show, by evidence sufficient to settle any question in a court of justice, that the coming of Christ, referred to in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, was an event of past occurrence, instead of being yet to take place as the popular scholiasts pretend. When I had finished, the Baptist minister succeeded me, in an harange—it really was nothing more. I wish, too, to speak of it in mild terms; but truly, and sincerely, it had scarcely any preceptible relation to my discourse, any more than the head of the man in the moon has to a treatise on craniology. He sketched us a history of his past life, and the disadvantage under which he had prosecuted his theological studies, etc., etc., with an evident view to enlist the sympathy of his hearers rather than to convince their understandings. I deemed it superfluous to occupy more than ten minutes in a rejoinder. Calling the attention of the audience to the fact that my opponent had advanced nothing which in the least affected my arguments; and reminding them that I had calmly addressed myself to their common sense, in a manner which implied that I did not wish to beg a favorable verdict from their sympathies; I then intimated a wish to know if they thought me entitled to the hundred dollars, and the house instantaneously resounded with a favorable response; it would not be too much to say that the voices of seven-eighths of the congregation united in that expression.

I have reason to believe that I left many friends and well-wishers to our cause in Wetumpka, and that with prudent and persevering exertions it might be permanently established there. The most of the inhabitants are enterprising and intelligent; the town is destined to be a place of much trading importance, being at the head of navigation, and as it is in the vicinity of a hilly region, its climate is probably more healthful than that of Montgomery.

My return tour in detail would needs be dull, for it was extremely barren of incident. About one hundred and fifty miles of the way from Wetumpka to Huntsville was through a poor and wilderness country, mostly sandy and mountainous, almost wholly devoid of objects to interest the traveler; except at a point where the road very

closely approaches the deep, deep bed of the Big Warren river, which has cloven for itself a passage through what is termed the Sand Mountain. The scene is there so grand, that I could not resist the temptation to dismount and survey it at leisure. I crept to the verge of a massive rock, which beetled over the perpendicular sides of the gulf, which, for its depth, seemed very narrow; and this, indeed, added to the picturesqueness of the prospect. The current of the river is very rapid, and its bed being extremely rocky, it sends up a continual roar from its depth of more than two hundred feet. Its beauty is also greatly aided by its various aspect, generally a deep blue, but here black, as reflecting the shadow of a beetling ledge, and there a foamy white, as it rushes onward amongst protruding rocks.

I was interested likewise with the scenery, as I descended by a winding road into the valley of the Tennessee river. It was about sun-setting when I got down; the descent is probably some thousand feet; the valley lay in deep shadow, and still as the grave in its solitude. Three miles brought me to the river's verge, and then for a mile or more the road run along it to the ferry, known as Ditto's Landing, which I did not reach till some time after dark. I had the mortification to find the ferry-house was on the opposite shore—ferry-houses are *always* on the opposite shore of *all* rivers. I knew therefore that at least a half hour must elapse ere I could get over. I had traveled forty-four miles that day, and was tired and hungry, and my poor horse, I suspect, was more so. I hallooed as loud as I could, and supposing myself heard, I sat down on a bank of earth to await the boat at my ease. My horse stood by me, with his nose on my lap, in which condition we both got to dozing; how long our doze lasted I know not. Arousing, at length, I strained my ear to listen for the coming flat-boat, but could hear nothing of it; renewed my hallooing, and began to bethink me how it would seem to take our lodging there for the night; was not much smitten with the idea, so I yelled again and again; and, to make the matter short, got over, at length, in about an hour from the time of my arrival. The Tennessee, even here, four hundred miles from its mouth, is a large stream, seven hundred yards in breadth, and is navigable up to Knoxville, which is several hundred miles above. I

should not think a residence on its shores desirable; they are in genral very flat and marshy.

Huntsville is ten miles from Ditto's Landing; the road thither, and indeed, beyond, to the line which divides Alabama from Tennessee, which is distant thirty-two miles, runs through a fine cotton country; very level, and under extremely good cultivation. I say *extremely* good; the adverb is properly applied; whether the adjective is, is doubtful, for the land has that yellowish aspect which shows it to have been nearly farmed to death. No rest for cotton-lands when the article is selling at fifteen or sixteen cents the pound; for how can the planter forego for one year the raising of a crop which will bring from twenty to forty thousand dollars to his pocket? Such sums are actually often realized in a single season!*

Did not preach in Huntsville; the town was up to its ears in shows, circuses, caravans, etc., and the Southerners are far from indifferent to such things. I found them in nearly every town through which I passed on my return route, which prevented my holding many meetings. Huntsville is a large and charmingly situated town; its population may be about three thousand; several of its buildings are large and elegant. The distance thence to Nashville is one hundred and ten miles, through a limestone, but generally very broken and rugged country; it greatly improves, however, as you approximate to the latter place. A finer location than Nashville enjoys, cannot well be imagined: it is a cedar hill, of something more than moderate elevation, possibly two hundred feet from its base to its apex, the inclination being very gradual on all sides; consequently a fine view is obtainable from its summit of the whole surrounding region. I know no reason why Nashville should not grow to a magnitude equal to Louisville. The Cumberland river, on which it stands, is truly a noble stream, and that far navigable for boats of a large class; the hills which shadow themselves on its surface are pregnant with iron, and if, also, with the proper fuel for smelting it, this might prove an immense source of greatness to Nashville.

Ex-President Jackson's return to Nashville, took place while I was there, amidst a roar of cannon and musketry,

*Not of late, however, since cotton has fallen to six cents per pound.

the ringing of bells, and the huzzas of the populace. There was no mistaking him amongst the crowd on the boat, as it slowly glided up the river toward the landing; his venerable appearance and time-whitened head made him a conspicuous object, as he stood waving his hat in answer to the greeting from the shore. None farther than I from being a political partizan, either for or against the General; but, I confess, as he walked from the boat to the carriage, leaning on the arm of the Governor of the State, amid the dead silence that succeeded to the previous uproar, and a single voice greeted him with, "A welcome to the hero of New Orleans;" the fine circus company's band at the same instant striking up the touching strain of "Home, sweet home;" I will confess, I say, that I was affected to tears.

A few hours subsequent I had the satisfaction of being in the old gentleman's company for about thirty minutes, with but few other persons present besides the family of Mr. Crocket, the Inn-keeper with whom I put up, (no lack of Crockets in Tennessee,) to whom he came to make a neighborly visit after the glorification was over; smoking his pipe and conversing familiarly and affably with all who approached him. I liked extremely his downrightness of manner; his accessibility; his disposition to communicate freely with all, and upon all subjects. Amongst the many, both white and black, who shook hands with the General, was an aged negro; a privileged character, I take it, who, as he took the proffered hand, exclaimed, "How do Gin'ral? Grad you got out o' purgatory once more." Old Hickory laughed very heartily at this greeting.

I parted with my horse at Nashville, and prosecuted the rest of my return by water. Up to this point I had performed on horseback, since I left Cincinnati, just fourteen hundred and ten miles of travel, in five different States, viz: Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. I had crossed twenty rivers besides the Ohio, which I crossed three times; several of the others twice. The rivers are as follows: Salt, Rough, Green, Pond, Tradewater, Cumberland, Tennessee, Clark's, (Kentucky) Forked Deer, Hatchy, Wolf, Elk, Duck, (Tennessee,) Tallehatchy, Tombigbee, (Mississippi,) Black Warrior, Cahawba, Alabama, Tallapoosa, Coosa, (Alabama.) Sufficiently wearied of land travel, I was glad once more to betake to a steamboat; but that proved wearisome too, for

the one I started in from Nashville stopped full fifty times on its way down, to take in iron, which utterly prevented rest from being enjoyed on board by night or day; besides that, we were four days and nights in getting to the Ohio at Smithland, and the distance only two hundred miles.

Arrived once more at my friend, Capt. Gordon's in Smithland. I truly began to feel that I was getting home. Need I describe what that feeling is? Conceive yourself to have long been traversing a burning and arid desert, and you arrive at length within sight of a cooling fountain, in a shaded retreat from the sun and dust. I borrowed a horse and rode to Salem, fifteen miles, where I delivered two discourses. Returning to Smithland, I attended Presbyterian preaching on the forenoon of the Sabbath; (first Sabbath in April.) The Rev. Mr. Johnson invited the Episcopalian minister, who was present, or myself, to add remarks, if we felt disposed: which, however, we both declined doing, thanking him at the same time for his liberality. I availed of the opportunity to appoint a discourse for the same afternoon in the same house. The Episcopal clergyman accompanied me home to Captain Gordon's, where we spent several hours in social chat. He attended my lecture in the afternoon, as did also the Rev. Mr. Johnson; and the latter, at my invitation, closed the meeting in a liberal and friendly spirit.

On the next day I got on board of an ascending boat, and had the satisfaction, in about an hour afterward, to discover that it was commanded by Captain Rudd, a member of our society at Patriot. I was not to profit long, however, of this happy circumstance, for in the night the boat grounded on a bar, where she stuck fast enough, for twelve or fourteen hours, despite of every effort to work her off with the engine. On Tuesday afternoon, the *Mississippi*, a large and powerful boat, lent her aid for two or three hours, but without effect, except that of breaking several cables. The passengers therefore abandoned the former and transfered themselves on board of the Mississippi, which on Thursday landed us at Louisville.

Thus terminated my first journey to the South; which was incomparably more fatiguing than any I ever performed before; it involved more varieties of hardship and exposure; and put to severer proof my health, patience, and fortitude.

CHAPTER X.

Commences writing and publishing the Pro and Con of Universalism —Visits the White Oak region in Highland county, Ohio, and the Wabash region in Indiana.

My labors of the following Spring and Summer were divided, principally among the four societies of Montgomery, Oxford, Deerfield, and Edwardsville: at these I preached statedly, and at other places as I found opportunity. In August of the same year, amid my other engagements, I commenced the writing and publishing of a book, entitled, "*The Pro and Con of Universalism, both as to its doctrines and moral bearings.*" For lack of funds to publish it entire, and also of time to write it out at once, I issued it in sixteen numbers, of twenty-four pages each. The reader will smile at my presumption when I assure him, that I had written but half a dozen pages of the work when the printer begun upon it, and had formed no determinate plan as to the remainder, other than this, that, as far as was possible, I would make its contents bear out its title. Well, I was properly punished for my audacity, for the printer's devil so haunted me for copy, during the progress of the work, that the dread of him became a sort of waking nightmare to me. Now, it was not as though I had nothing to do but to sit in my study and beat my brains for subject-matter. On the contrary, I had the money for paper and printing to obtain; to get that I must travel to obtain and collect subscriptions; that, again, took me from my writing, and increased my arrears to the devil aforesaid. Then, moreover, I had my stated preachings to fulfill, and my family to provide for, and, if the proverb holds true, that "an idle man is always in a hurry," then was I, in good sooth, a very idle man in those days.

I have set up many a live-long night, for instance, to prepare matter for the printers to work upon while I should be fulfilling engagements in the country, and, deferring for the same reason, the starting to those engagements until the last moment, I have had to ride at full gallop in order to be up to the time of them.

One Saturday, for example, I started within two hours

of sun-set for Deerfield; where lay my first appointment for the next day. The distance thither from Cincinnati is twenty-six miles. I arrived at my friend's there, Mathias Roosa, between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Without disturbing the family, who were retired to rest, I put up my horse in the stable, and found my way to the chamber I was in the habit of occupying. After my meeting there in the forenoon, I had next to go to Edwardsville, ten miles, across the Little Miami, which was too high to be forded, and Todd's Fork of the same, which was nearly so. When within a mile of Edwardsville a copious thunder-shower fell, which soaked me to the skin. Nevertheless, as on my arrival at the meeting-house I found the congregation to be fully assembled, I commenced the services without delay, and my shoes, while I was preaching, filled with the water which drippled from my clothes. But that, to one accustomed to exposures, was nothing.

But I had a third meeting to attend to, at Goshen, ten miles: and thither I sped, after my services at Edwardsville, without stopping for refreshments. There, also, I found the audience to have assembled in readiness for me, and I must needs go to preaching forthwith. When that was over, I accompanied a friend home who had a Methodist wife, and went supperless to bed, in a room that had been plastered but a day or two before. Indeed I plainly perceived the sheets to be more than dampened, almost wet, from that cause. Yet I continued in them, from sheer indolence, or exhaustion, and slept soundly until morning.

That my health received no shock from all this, seems to me now almost miraculous; if I may assign a cause therefor, I would assign it to the general sparceness of my diet; my entire avoidance of stimulants either in the form of food or drink; my never eating between meals, nor shortly before retiring to rest; and above all, my total repudiation of the use of medicine, except in very extreme cases. I also bathe much in the warm season, and make it a great point to keep my skin clean, and its pores unobstructed.

I started from Madisonville, on Tuesday, September 5th, accompanied by the late Samuel Tizzard, then proprietor of the Star in the West, to fulfill an appointment of a two days' meeting which I had authorised to be made *somewhere* in Highland county, I knew not exactly where,

and had therefore to go to Mr. John Mitchell's, in Clinton county, to ascertain the precise *locale* of the appointment. We reached our good old friend Yost's, about two o'clock same day, and were treated to the relics of a wedding dinner, which I thought was making a good beginning; but such beginnings, it is said, don't usually end well; and it proved true in this case, for it shortly set in to rain: we were compelled to push on through it; so, being unprepared with an overcoat, I borrowed Mr. Yost's, which was nearly large enough for self and horse, and away we trudged toward Mr. Mitchell's, sixteen miles distant, which we were bent on reaching that night.

In the gray of the evening we reached Blanchester, which might grow to be ten times as big as it is, and not be a very large place, even then. Thence to our destination that night was six or seven miles; and for most of the way through the deepest kind of a swamp. Such is the title under which it was described to us, and our experience verified the description. We were between two and three hours floundering through this extensive quagmire. The night was dark—the tree-tops met overhead—we could not discern each other; and the only circumstance which enabled us to keep in the road, was, the water being more visible there than among the bushes on either hand; there was continual danger too, of our horses stumbling over stumps, snags, and the like. However, the longest and worst roads must end somewhere, which is one comfort; and about a quarter after nine o'clock we had the consolation to find ourselves at John Mitchell's.

Believe me, reader, or believe me not, there really is more poetry, and more philosophy, too, in sitting in the chimney corner, while the kettle is hissing to the tune of a forthcoming supper, and in making calculation as to the probable number of wights that may be plodding through the rain which is pattering against the windows, than there is in being included among said luckless gentry, and wallowing in a deep morass into the bargain.

Wednesday morning, still raining. John Mitchell and Selden Weber determined on accompanying us—precisely the men I would pick from a thousand for a like purpose. Our way lying through Martinsville, we called on our highly esteemed friend, Dr. Dalton, with whom we tarried to dine. From thence to the place of meeting was about thirteen miles; toward the last part of the way we en-

countered another extensive swamp; the road through it had been newly trenched and thrown up, and was now, after the rains, almost impassable. My nag got her hind feet fast between some sunken poles, and in the effort to extricate them, down she fell into the mire. I feared the use of another pole would be required to pry her out; but it proved not quite so serious an affair; she escaped with a slight gash in one of her legs. It was within an hour of night when we reached old Mr. Colvin's; there the road seemed to end in paths to the different widely scattered dwellings. The scenery here looked wild and broken enough, and the prospect for a meeting dull enough in all conscience. I began to think I had come sixty miles direct from home through mud and rain to little purpose. Our friends went to hunt for the meeting, whilst Mr. Tizzard and I dismounted and let our horses browse in the woods.

Mr. Colvin was upwards of seventy years old: he had journeyed on foot upwards of forty miles, to the Association at Amelia the preceding fall. I thought it but just, as he had taken such pains to go to a meeting, that I should take some pains to carry a meeting to him.

It was after sun-set ere I was informed where the meeting was to be. This left me little time enough to eat my supper, and walk, fatigued as I was, for more than a mile through mud and darkness. As we approached the schoolhouse, I was cheered by hearing my companions, Mitchell and Weber, engaged in singing to the waiting audience, and on entering was greatly surprised at finding it filled —uncomfortably filled—dark and rainy as was the night, and miry as were the roads. Such an anxiety to hear, ought to inspire a preacher, if anything can. I have reason to believe that not a word I said was thrown away. Another meeting was appointed the next day at eleven o'clock. Thursday proved to be even more stormy than the two days previous; the rain descended in torrents; still, it did not prevent a large congregation from convening, of which a good portion were females. I did endeavor so to preach "the gospel of the grace of God," as to afford them some kind of compensation for their trouble and inconvenience in getting together; how I succeeded in the effort I say not.

On the whole, I grudged not my trouble and sacrifice *in visiting* this obscure settlement. I liked the simple-

heartedness of the people—their frank and cheerful hospitality—their close and interested attention to the preaching. They proffered me such pecuniary remuneration as they could afford, but I declined it: my glory in preaching to the *poor* is, that I have made the gospel no expense to them; I am compensated when I witness the joy with which they receive it, and reflect that my weak instrumentality has been effectual to their increase of hope and confidence in God.

On Thursday night I preached in a little village called Lynchburgh: the appointment was made about sun-set, we having arrived there about that time, on our return from the meeting on the waters of the White Oak. The congregation, for the circumstances, was quite good. After the services, we all went to tarry for the night with an old Universalist, living about a mile distant. The next night I preached at the house of Dr. Dalton, in Martinsville, to a good congregation; the next day, (Saturday,) in the afternoon, at Cuba. This was the first discourse of the kind ever delivered there; and in the evening, in John Mitchell's neighborhood, to a very excellent and attentive audience.

On Sunday morning, forsooth, I was pretty well fatigued; but no time was there for thinking of fatigue with the business of the day before me, which was to consist in traveling twenty-six miles, and holding three meetings, viz. at Edwardsville, Deerfield and Palmyra. At the last named place, ended the business of my *wet* tour, in which I had the pleasure of Mr. Tizzard's company all the way, and for most of the way, that of several highly valued brethren. It rained the larger part of the whole time, and yet the meetings were good in nearly every place; on which account, although somewhat jaded in body, I was cheered in spirit; for I do love to roll on the news of salvation over this sinful and suffering world.

Being from home some fifty miles, a week or two afterward, for the purpose of preaching a Sabbath in a neighborhood till then unvisited by any of our ministers, I was completely frustrated of my object by a cold, copious, and tempestuous rain, which, from morning till night, poured down without intermission.

One needs to be superabundantly good-natured to resist the acidifying effects of such a day, upon his temper, under any circumstances; but especially does he, when,

in addition to its own discomforts, it flatly disappoints his projects, and coops him unescapably, as this did me, in a little, dark, dirty, and smokey cabin; teeming with cross and dirty-faced children; and from whence one cannot stir afoot in any direction without getting half-knee deep in mud and the ordure of pigs, geese, and cattle. How well, or otherwise, my own temper behaved itself under such circumstances, I will not take it upon me to report.

But the father of my host, who was thoroughly orthodox, warp and woof, and who was troubled with asthmatic affection as a further provocative to petulence—he, I say, exhibited through the live-long day a good deal of grouiness. He was there from his home some miles distant, for the express purpose of hearing me; not that he calculated on believing a single word that I should say; but rather to gratify an inordinate propensity for contradiction. Very sore, therefore, were his mutterings of discontent at the rain, for balking him of his anticipated indulgence of that propensity.

Nevertheless, he had the preacher there, and he might indemnify himself on *him* in some sort; so he luckily bethought him of charging the rain itself to my account! "Providence is clear agin you, sir," said he. "You aint to make any Universalists by your preaching, *this* day. God has sent this rain on purpose to shut your mouth."

"Which being the case," I quietly retorted, "he has over-shot his mark; for by this same rain he has also shut the mouths of hundreds of orthodox preachers, and prevented *them* from making converts to the *truth*."

"Ah well, no matter! them that's kept from hearing the right kind of preachers, will pray and read their Bibles at home; but them what would a' heerd you, are kept from hearing lies, and from other deviltries."

"Upon my word, old gentleman, you are exceedingly moderate and courteous. Howbeit, like the God you speak of, *you* also have the failure of over-shooting; for I have understood that it was *your* purpose to hear me to-day. Why, then, may not *other* good christians also have been among my hearers? On the other hand, sir, if you rank yourself with those who would have gone to hear the right kind of preachers, how comes it that *you* are not praying, and reading your Bible? I have not seen you employed in either of these ways to-day."

My host's wife here stepped in on the old man's behalf,

for she saw that he had run his silly old head into a noose, and her own leanings were to his side of the question. "I must confess," said she, "that I think with father, that there is a providence in its raining to-day. I was sorry when my husband told me he had invited you into the neighborhood, but as he never opposes me, I don't him. But I do confess that I'm glad of this rain, and I pray it forever *will* rain when a Universalist preacher appoints a meeting here.

"All fair, ma'am," I mildly answered, "I like plain speech, provided it be not spiced with ill-nature. Time was when I should have felt and spoken as you do in regard to Universalist preaching, and also, perhaps, in regard to God's taking special measures to thwart it; but that time is long since gone by, and I will give you my present views on these heads with perfect frankness.

"You consider the public worship of God as among the means of grace. It is, indeed, a very prominent means; more are doubtless converted to religion thereby, than by all other means combined. The devil, too, it is said, seems to be aware of this, and to employ various devices to prevent the people from profiting of the Sabbath privileges. Some he tempts, through their indolence, to avoid the trouble of preparing themselves for public worship; others he lures to Sabbath breach, through their love of pleasure; others, again, through their pride; they fear to go lest they should meet with some people there who are better dressed than themselves, etc., etc. But, Madam, when God causes it to *rain* on Sundays, it must save the devil a vast deal of trouble in *his* line of operations. *He* may keep holiday when Jehovah does his work for him, more effectually than he can do it for himself.

"Suppose, Madam, that the average of converts made by the public means of grace, is as one per Sabbath for every worshipping assembly. Now, within any region in our country, over which extends a rain so general as the one now falling, there must necessarily be many thousands of assemblies which are thus prevented from meeting for worship; and, of course, the conversion of so many thousands of souls is thus completely frustrated. To that amount, then, does Heaven lose, and Hell gain, by every rainy Sabbath. Now, can you think, Madam, that God would throw so great an advantage into the devil's way, merely to baffle one poor Universalist preacher?

And, seriously, reader, is it not a thing to be marveled at, if, as is represented, the span of man's life comprises the whole term of his probation to eternity; is it not marvelous, I say, that so many hindrances to a favorable issue should be permitted to arise, especially as Jehovah is said to be so anxiously concerned for such issue?

Why, for instance, should lightning sometimes strike and consume churches? Why should boat-loads of missionaries be engulfed in the sea? Why are eminently useful ministers cut off in the midst of their work of converting sinners? Why was Mohammedanism permitted to over-run and subdue territories wherein the earliest christian churches were planted? Why, if Jehovah is Supreme Lord, and is as benevolently concerned for man's eternal welfare as he is said to be, why does he yield so much vantage-ground to the great enemy of souls, whereby he is the more easily enabled to people his dreary realm of endless rebelion and wo?

Ah! on Universalist ground—on the ground that God orders *all* events at *all* times, in *all* departments of existence, for the best ultimate good of *all*—on this ground, I say, all is satisfactory; nothing is inexplicable. But on the ground that man's whole eternity of being may be determined for bliss or wo, by the slightest circumstance of time; all is an infinite maze of perplexity, bewilderment and doubt.

It was not far from the scene of the above conversation, and whilst Samuel Tizzard was accompanying me in my travels, that, at the close of one of my sermons, a preacher arose and attacked my doctrine with great asperity. His appearance was genteel, and his language indicated a fair degree of intellectual culture; but his arguments and representations exceedingly puerile and self-destructive. For example. He said that if people could be brought to believe in my doctrine, there was nothing whatever to restrain them from crime; they would be fools if they did not sin their fill; he should do so, for his part, did he believe it! Not that he would insinuate anything to the disparagement of Mr. Rogers, by no means; he believed him to be a correct and gentlemanly man. "But, were I assured," said he, "that no hell awaited the sinner after death, I would say to my soul, as the fool did in the parable, 'Soul take thine ease, eat, drink, *and be merry*.'"

"My friends," said I, in answer, "the gentleman pays to me a very high compliment, or to himself a very low one. I, it seems, am so much his superior, that I can be correct and gentlemanly *without a hell*, whereas *he* must have the restraints which the fear of hell imposes, *to keep him within the bounds of decency.*"

Mr. Tizzard had a warm heart toward Universalism, and was disposed to make more sacrifices in its behalf than laymen ordinarily are; he took a real interest in hearing it preached, and in witnessing its spread; hence he proposed accompanying me in a tour to the Wabash country, in Indiana, which had, as yet, never been visited by any of our preachers. To this proposition I gladly acceded, for I had been for some time previous thitherward inclined.

In nearly all the places which we stopped at, in that State, we found a prevailing anxiety to hear "the gospel of the grace of God." In the most of them it had never before been proclaimed agreeably to Universalist views of it. Such was the case at Milan, New Marion, and Napoleon, in Ripley county; at Cumberland, in Marion county; at Bridgeport, Greencastle, and Pleasant Garden, Putnam county; at Terre-Haute, Vigo county, etc.

As Mr. Tizzard could not arrange his affairs so as to start with me, I set out alone, with the understanding that he should join me at Indianapolis. My journey was begun in very unpromising weather; so much so indeed, that had my appointments not been out, I should have deferred it till a more favorable season; but it proved to be quite as well as it was. It rained hard for two days, and snowed during one night, but despite the rain and the mud, I had hearers, and was enabled, I trust, to sow the seed of truth in some good and honest hearts.

At Napoleon I inquired at the first Inn I came to if any person of my sentiments lived in the place. The landlord frankly informed me that he was one of that description; and on my inquiring if—late, and rainy as it was—a meeting could be gotten up in the evening; he encouraged me to alight, and he would make an effort to that effect. It succeeded—his bar-room being the chapel for the occasion. He and his wife proved to be recently from Bucks county, Pennsylvania; and we took great satisfaction in conversing together concerning persons in that quarter with whom we were mutually acquainted: a woods-meet-

ing, which S. W. Fuller and I had held together there, two years before, was well remembered. Nothing can be more refreshing to one's feelings, in journeying among strangers, than to find occasionally some amongst them, with whom can be interchanged reminisences of this nature; and, owing to the extent of my rambles, such pleasure often occurs to me.

At Indianapolis I put up with Abner H. Longley; he had obtained the use of the Academy for my meetings on Thursday and Friday evenings, it being engaged on Saturday evening and the Sabbath by the Reformers, who were pretty numerous in the town, and were erecting a meeting-house. When I had closed my discourse on Thursday evening, I was informed that, contrary to previous arrangement, the Reformers would occupy the house on the next evening—most evidently with the design of furnishing the preacher, who was taking notes, an opportunity for attacking my positions, whilst I, being thrown out of a place, would have no means of replying: when it was perceived, however, that I was bent on procuring another place for the residue of my lectures, they agreed that their preacher should divide the evening with me; to which arrangement I acceded. This was the identical person with whom, in the spring of 1835, I refused to hold a discussion, on the ground of his being unlettered. This happened at Mansfield, Richland county, Ohio. I must do him the justice to say, that he evinced a tolerable degree of shrewdness, and made a very respectable attempt at proving that *salvation beyond death is conditional*. His main strength lay in two passages, and of their sufficiency he was so confident that he defied the world to a successful contradiction of the doctrine thereon erected. The one passage speaks of Christ as having become "the author of ETERNAL salvation to *all them that obey him*." The other exhorts to our giving all diligence to make our calling and election sure; and adds, as a motive to christian diligence—"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the EVERLASTING kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." An *eternal* salvation, and the *everlasting* kingdom of Christ, he was quite sure, could not but mean a state of things beyond death. I flatter myself that I made the contrary quite apparent to the audience, and I trust that he and they were both brought to perceive that the notion of a future

conditional salvation, will abide neither a scriptural nor a logical investigation. On the whole, it was the general opinion of our friends, that at least nothing was lost to our cause at this meeting; and the largeness and respectability of my subsequent audiences in the town—at times too when the other denominations were holding meetings—gave evidence to the correctness of the opinion.

On Sunday morning, I went to hold a meeting about five miles south of Indianapolis; the audience was large and attentive. On the next evening I addressed a good collection of people at Cumberland, ten miles east of the capital; and was informed that they were very generally favorable to our cause. On my return from this place on Tuesday morning, I overtook Mr. Tizzard, on his way to join me, at the entrance of the town; and after we had dined at Mr. Longley's, we started together to the place of my appointment for that evening, a little village called Bridgeport, eight miles west of Indianapolis; where we found, and spent most of our time with, a Mr. McDaniels, recently from Philadelphia. A bar-room, and a poor one too, was my chapel again that evening.

Much can be said in praise of the beauty of Indianapolis; it is a plain, but from the main street, or National Road, on which stands the imposing capital, there is a very gentle declension toward the south; and the view obtainable in all directions, from any given point, is very extensive, which will be more and more the case as the adjacent forests disappear. The surrounding country is fertile, and abundantly watered with the White River and its branches, which flow in channels of fine white gravel. I know of no local causes which can militate against the health of the place.

On Wednesday, November 1st, we reached Greencastle, county seat of Putnam, about twelve miles to the right of our direct route to Terre-Haute: we called on Judge Farley, who, although the sun was nearly down, gave out sufficient notice of a meeting for the evening to effect a very tolerable gathering. Our next stop was at Pleasant Garden, twelve miles distant, on the National Road. Had to be dependent on the charity of our Methodist host for his bar-room as a place of meeting, and sooth to say, we found our Methodist host to be the only one in the place who took an active interest in the object of our stay; by his exertions we got up a good meeting: several Universalist persons *attended from* a distance of some miles.

I spoke of Indianapolis as possessing a fine situation; that of Terre-Haute is superior; it is passing fine. Between the Wabash and the nearest hills to the east, stretches a perfect plain of prairie land, two or three miles in breadth, its soil the mellowest conceivable, resembling an admixture of sand and leached ashes, and relieved with small copses of black-oak, at considerable distances apart. On the western or river edge of this level and beautiful plain, stands Terre-Haute, a town which can boast of some very pretty residences, and a population of about three thousand persons.

I delivered nine discourses there, and in the most unfavorable state of the weather and roads. It rained and blowed with scarcely any intermission; the audiences, nevertheless, were exceedingly good, and several converts to the faith were made; amongst them several, who, till then, had been sceptical in relation to christianity. I was pleased with the state of society in the place, and thought it by several degrees superior to that of most of the western towns. We have a large and elegant church there, at the present time, and a well sustained Universalist periodical is, also, there published.

Eugene, is forty miles above, on the western bank of the Big Vermillion river; in the heart of as fine a country as my eyes ever beheld; never, indeed, have I seen a tract, of *equal extent*, so combining beauty and fertility; excepting, perhaps, a tract in Alabama, commencing at Ditto's Landing, on the Tennessee river, and extending to the northern line of the State, a distance of more than twenty miles: it is doubtful, however, if this was ever so fertile, and it is certainly at this date pretty much exhausted. Beyond controversy, Indiana has more rich and beautiful land lying in a body, than the State of Ohio can boast; and, perhaps I may add, more poor land too.

Our arrival at Eugene was on a Sabbath evening, and my appointment was not till the night following, so we went to hear the Methodists, who were holding a quarterly meeting. The preacher proved himself a weak concern. He did not, so far as I remember, blunder upon one sound principle in religion, during his whole discourse. After him arose the presiding elder, who manifested a very respectable share of talent. Arduous were the efforts he made for converts; he ranted himself hoarse; he would *give*, he said, his head off of his shoulders, if thereby one

sinner might be saved! It would seem then, that what Christ did for man's redemption, was insufficient, and our good preacher was willing to throw his head into the scale to complete the *quantum*, a most valuable addition, no doubt, to take *his* estimate of its worth. "Now what harm would it do you," said he, after a long fruitless coaxing of the *sinners*, to come and be prayed for, "if you should all of you make up your minds to come and be converted together? Well now, suppose you do! my soul says amen! I will avouch that one hundred here will say amen. Who says amen?" Here two or three responded 'Amen!' "Oh yes!" continued the preacher, "we all say amen!" As this kind of spiritual provender was not much to my appetite, I also said amen, and quit the scene.

I preached twice in Eugene to very full and very attentive audiences. We found but one professed Universalist there on our arrival: that we left more than we found was made evident by tokens not to be mistaken.

At Perryville, on the western bank of the Wabash, I delivered one discourse to about two hundred hearers. Put up with a Universalist, formerly from Washington county, Ohio, whose orthodox wife had the delicacy to inform us, in his presence, that she never knew a moral or decent Universalist in her life! I told her I had never in all my life known the Universalist wife of an orthodox man to abuse her husband's guests on account of their faith; but that, by the orthodox wives of Universalist men, I had myself been frequently treated in a manner which set all decency at defiance.

Attica is a thriving village, and enjoys a situation on the eastern bank of the Wabash, not easily surpassed for beauty and advantages. I preached not there, but delivered two sermons on *Shawnee Prairie*, five miles above; and this occasioned a disappointment at the former place, which I learned, when too late, with deep regret. Appointments ahead prevented our tarrying to rectify the error: we would have returned for the purpose from Dayton, thirty miles distant, but a severe snow-storm rendered it impossible to traverse the wide prairies, of which nearly the entire distance is composed.

Dayton stands on the Wild Cat Prairie, seven miles above Lafayette: I saw it plainly from one point, across the open and level plain, at a distance of five miles! Meetings there, were numerously attended; indeed, whatever the

weather, the house was always crowded to inconvenience. This place strongly reminded me of Patriot, for the number and zeal of our friends there. I gave them four discourses, one of which was heard by the Presbyterian clergyman, resident in the place, who found fault with it for—what think you reader? its want of truth in the premises? No. The conclusions? No. The spirit in which it was delivered? No: may I never offend in that point! What then?—*it was not mine, but* (a sermon of two hour's in length) *was every word of it borrowed.* Must he not be a magnanimous gentleman, that same Dayton clergyman?

Lafayette, is larger than Terre-Haute, and presents more indications of growth: it is surrounded with prairies on every hand, though itself stands on a strip of woodland, on the margin of the river. I began to preach there amidst rain, and mud ankle deep; still the audience was respectable: the next day succeeded a violent storm of snow, through which, commixed with the mud, the people still turned out to my meeting; but I was compelled to dismiss them without a sermon, on account of the comfortless state of the Court-room. Application was then made to each of the orthodox denominations for the use of their houses respectively. They wondered at our presumption in asking for them! Well, failing in our attempts to procure another building, we were fain to have recourse again to the Court-house. Our proposed occupancy of it, on three successive evenings, was made to depend on the temperature of the weather on those evenings: in this particular, contrary to our expectations, and to appearances when the arrangement was made, we were much favored, by the wind shifting to the south, and so remaining during the whole of the time; so that we even could dispense with a fire in the Court-house. The audience was now large, and greatly increased each evening, insomuch that on the last evening we were put to it for seats and for room; and it is a capacious room too. The female part of the audience alone, occupied nearly all the original seats. It is not, however, to be disguised, that among these auditors, many were watching over me for evil. Still, I have reason to hope that several of these were disarmed of their prejudices, and were impelled to exercise their reasoning powers in a new direction. Oh, but there is a prodigious power in truth, even when unaccompanied with the embellishments of rhetoric! Simple, naked truth, de-

livered even in feebleness of voice, is all-powerful, and will make its way against a world of error.

We stopped one evening at the house of a Colonel B.'s, near which I was to preach, and our late arrival left us barely time to sup, while the people were gathering. As we were thus employed, our host explained to us that he was not of our faith, nor ever expected to be, for he deemed it in the highest degree absurd and unscriptural; but that we were not the less to feel ourselves at home with him, during our stay in the parts, notwithstanding. Well, time was too brief with us, just then, to admit of our discussing points of faith, and we repaired to the meeting. I took no text for my discourse that evening; but stated, and argued to, a proposition; and appointed to conclude the argument thereupon the next evening. We spent the day which intervened with a Baptist family, who had invited us on the score of a previous acquaintance with myself in Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania. After the meeting on the second evening, we returned with Col. B. Not a word was said relative to the preaching for a considerable time; on the contrary, our host seemed inclined to be taciturn, on that and all other topics. At length, however, he broke silence in nearly the following words,

"Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you what has been passing in my mind; I have been thinking that if all the world could have been present and heard those two sermons, there could no intelligent mind have withheld its assent to the truth of Universalism."

"What!" exclaimed we, "the doctrine which you yesterday evening pronounced in the highest degree absurd?"

"Yes, gentlemen, the very same. Yet so it is, I now am compelled to regard it in an altogether different light. I tried, too, when feeling myself pressed by the arguments of the two discourses, to withstand their influence; to intrench myself behind the usual subterfuges and evasions; but all would not do. I was anticipated by the preacher; I was driven successively from every sculking place; in short, gentlemen, I was compelled to become, what I now confess myself, however reluctantly, a Universalist."

Thus far on our journey our encouragements respecting the good cause greatly exceeded our prior expectations. A general spirit of inquiry was waked up, which has since continued to manifest itself to the present time. I never

before visited a region of country where no preacher of our faith had ever previously been, in which I found so many disposed to welcome me, and to hear my message with gladness. At Terre-Haute, at Lafayette, at Dayton, and at Greencastle, the most positive assurances were given, that if I would return in the summer ensuing, a society could be organized, and a meeting-house erected at each of those places; and I doubt not that these declarations would have been verified.

We found the road between Lafayette and Crawfordsville a very difficult one; the waters were high, and several of the bridges over the smaller streams were under water. When we arrived at the last stream to be crossed, it was night, and as a heavy thunder-storm had commenced, it was intensely dark; the stream was very deep, and so extremely rapid, that had we attempted to ford it, we should inevitably have perished. There was a flat-boat kept by a man on the opposite shore, but he declared it impossible to stem the current with the small assistance he had. To have gone back we must have groped our way by a blind sort of road for four miles; so we preferred to sit on our horses in the woods, amidst thunder and lightning and rain, until the storm had abated, when, with considerable coaxing, we got the ferryman over; his wife lending her assistance as *steersman*. We had scarcely disposed of our horses and got fairly housed in Crawfordsville, ere the rain commenced descending in torrents, which continued the case, with scarcely any abatement, the whole night.

Crawfordsville is the seat of a Presbyterian seminary, and contained then, as was thought, about two thousand souls. I delivered several discourses there on prominent doctrinal topics, which were listened to by very large audiences, including the clergymen of the several denominations in the place, and the Faculty of the College.

We stopped two nights on our way from Crawfordsville with a Mr. Fosher, at Blakesburg, a burg which consists of one house, where I delivered two discourses; and learned that there were a number of Universalists scattered through the adjacent country. Some of whom were present at my meetings; but the greater number were deterred from going by the darkness of the nights, and the distance at which they lived.

We had an opportunity, on our return route, of seeing

the roads of Indiana in nearly their worst plight; and that plight was quite as bad as we cared to have it. Between Shelbyville and Indianapolis, I was busily occupied all of one day in journeying twelve miles; this was across the Brandywine Flats. Still, on the whole, and considering that we were heretics, we were much favored. We had no bill of complaint to file against Providence; on the contrary, we got but one regular drenching on our whole tour of eight weeks duration, and embracing in all five hundred and fifty miles of travel. In several instances, had we failed by a single day to reach a given place, we would have been detained for days by the high state of the streams in the route. We found many pleasant friends, and had the pleasure of seeing the most cheering evidences that our cause needed but to be faithfully presented in that region to insure its success.

CHAPTER XI.

Visits New Orleans, and other portions of Louisiana—Re-visits Pittsburg—Priestly sway in that quarter—Travels in Northern Ohio—Universalism in death.

I had pledged my word to a Post-master, in Louisiana, that I would visit his neighborhood during the winter or spring of 1838; and he, on his part, had promised that one-half my expenses thither and back should be reimbursed. Some considerable time had elapsed since these reciprocal promises, and the state of business and finances had undergone a great depression at the South, meanwhile. I doubted, therefore, whether the Post-masters' part of the contract *could* be fulfilled, but that doubt did not acquit me of the obligation of fulfilling mine. Accordingly, on Saturday, March 11th, 1838, I took passage for Louisville, *on the deck* of the BEN FRANKLIN: those of my readers who know what a deck passage on our western boats is, will not much envy me my comfort, I think. However, the difference in price between a deck and cabin passage is full three-fourths, and my circumstances required that at every sacrifice of pride and comfort I should

make the saving, for the cabin passage in those days cost some forty dollars from Cincinnati to New Orleans.

Reached Louisville Sunday morning at day break, called on Gad Chapin, with whom I tarried, and by whom I have ever found myself cheerfully welcomed. I tarried there over the day, but did no more than preach a funeral sermon in a private house, for we then had no church nor society in that city.

I left Louisville on the 15th, for Evansville, in the JOHN JAY, a St. Louis boat. Among the passengers bound for the far West, were about a dozen Indians, of the Sac nation; their home, I believe, is near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Arrived at Evansville; I strolled about the town for awhile, trying the chances for Universalist preaching; but as the streets were perfect ditches after a rain that had recently fallen, and the weather was very comfortless, I judged it best not to lose time in problematical experiments, the season too being so far advanced. I therefore returned to the landing. and took passage for Smithland, in the EMPEROR, the largest boat on the Ohio waters.

Evansville, I judged, from improvements then in prospect, was destined to be to the Wabash, what Cincinnati is to the Miami country; and possibly to be to Indiana, what Cincinnati is to Ohio. At least capital and enterprise could effect such a result; and in that case, what western city, New Orleans excepted, could successfully vie with Evansville? Its situation, two hundred miles below the falls of the river, would be of great advantage to it, and it could easily be made the depot for the immense products of the great and fertile valley of the Wabash. Its greater proximity to the southern market would give it advantages over both Cincinnati and Louisville. Nevertheless, it is at present but an insignificant village, and is likely not very rapidly to become much else, for the shrivelled, and withering hand of avarice is upon it: those who own the ground, cling to it with miserly tenacity, fearful of selling it for too little, if they sell it too soon; and the consequence is, and possibly may be for years to come, that other towns, with very inferior advantages of situation, are outstripping it in growth and business.

My fellow passengers, bating some two or three *professional* gentlemen—I have no reference to what are termed *the learned* professions—were quite orderly and intelligent.

Amongst them were two Quakers; one of the still, and one of the shaking class. The latter was a hale looking subject of rotundity, with a benevolent and jocund cast of countenance, evidently a lover of fun and good cheer, whose complacency and corpulency did ample honor to his keeping. Some of the company roguishly attempted to addle the old gentleman's brain with the fumes of Champaigne, but the result proved that his brain was not so utter a stranger to that sort of fumes as to be easily addled thereby.

The passage to Smithland, although but one hundred and fifty miles from Evansville, occupied two days and nights, owing to the frequent stops that were made in collecting freight. The passengers had ascertained my profession, and towards night on Saturday a note was handed me, containing a request that I would deliver a sermon so soon as the supper table should be cleared, with which request I complied, and was listened to with quiet and respectful attention. In my discourse, for which, as is frequently my practice, I took no text, I endeavored, First, to prove, philosophically, that a virtuous and religious life brings with it its own reward; and that a vicious life must necessarily entail its own punishment. And, secondly, I proved the entire harmony of this philosophy with the uniform teachings of the Scriptures, and vindicated christianity against that class of objections which have grown out of the false lights in which it has been presented by what are termed orthodox divines.

I left Smithland about ten o'clock on Tuesday night, March 22d, in a descending boat, but she proved to be bound to St. Louis, and I was therefore under the necessity of disembarking at the mouth of the Ohio, where we arrived early next morning, and where I spent two rather lonesome days waiting for another boat. No less than six passed by in the time, but all bound for St. Louis. Twice in one night I was aroused from my sleep by the landlord's notice of "A boat coming, sir!" On went my clothes, in the greatest possible hurry, and down to the landing I scrambled, with eyes but half opened, and senses but half aroused; and then finding, after all the *fuss*, that the boat's destination was up the Mississippi, instead of down, I would return to my bed, muttering discontent at all the boats for having entered in a combination to go in a wrong direction.

March 25. Embarked in the Lexington, for Bayou Sara, with as motley a company as the deluvian patriarch had with him in his ark. Besides the passengers, which above and below were very numerous, and of all colors, we had horses, cows, pigs, fowls of different kinds, and the Lord knows what all. I tried a deck passage again, and found it quite tolerable, by reason of the very respectable character of my companions. Most of them were religious, one a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, with whom I became quite intimate, and two families of Christian Baptists, (yclept Campbellites) who regaled us with some fine singing every evening.

By the way, I like the christians of this school very much, on some accounts. They manifest a good degree of acquaintance with their Bibles; and I ever consider that those who do so, are better *entitled* to their particular faith, than are those who have never been at the pains of forming it for themselves from the sacred oracles. They are, moreover, decidedly more liberal in their spirit and practice, than are the generality of christian professors. They are the only people, besides ourselves, whose meeting-houses are free to the use of religious ministers of every name. This is creditable to them, and may God grant them success in proportion to the true christian liberality they practice. Nevertheless, I have somewhat against this class of our christian brethren. They are apt to be dogmatical, and to dignify their *opinions* with the title of *facts;* all they advance is *fact*, and most or all advanced by others, is *opinion;* a distinction flattering enough to themselves, to be sure, but one which truth does not justify.

"It is just as cheap on my part," said I to one of my traveling companions, "to arrogate this proud distinction for my doctrines, as on your part to arrogate it for yours; but the assumption proves nothing in either case. The Trinitarian may say, it is a *fact* that God subsists in three persons; the Unitarian may say, it is a *fact* that he subsists in but one. The Arminian may claim it as a clearly revealed *fact*, that God has made salvation *possible* to all, whilst the Universalist feels himself equally entitled to state as a *fact*, that he has made it *sure* to all. The Pedo Baptist insists on its being a *fact*, that baptism was practised in such form, and upon such subjects, in the apostolic *age;* and the Anti-Pedo, asserts the contrary as *fact.* Who,

now, of all these, shall assume with a better right than may others, that on his side alone is *fact*, and all opposed to it is *opinion?*"

Our boat stopped an hour or more at Memphis. It was then a less considerable place than I had supposed, but has since grown into the magnitude of a city. Its situation is unsurpassed by any on the river: it is a table bluff of some fifty feet above the water level, always secure of a good breeze, one would suppose, and consequently, of good health; but fact is opposed to theory respecting the latter.

While at Memphis, the cabin passengers became aware of my profession, and the discovery led to a request that I would deliver a discourse in the cabin that evening. I agreed, on the condition that there should be no dissenting voices: the applicants assured me that the arrangements should not be made until that point was ascertained. At the appointed time, they came and informed me that all things were in readiness, and that an unanimous consent had been expressed. I accordingly went up, found the chairs ranged side by side, in order, and well filled by both the gentlemen and lady passengers. I spoke about an hour, and had every reason to be satisfied on the score of attention and good behavior. I was apprehensive, however, during the whole time of speaking, that my feeble voice was unheard amidst the noises of the engine and the escape-pipe; but I afterwards learned, that my fears on that hand were groundless.

Oh, what mortification has my feminine voice often caused me, especially when addressing, (which is much oftener the case than otherwise,) large collections of people: under such circumstances, I have most sensibly sympathised with the poet's wish:

> "O for a trumpet's voice,
> On all the world to call—
> To bid their hearts rejoice
> In Him who died for all."

But wishes of this nature are fruitless: we must be content with such powers as we find ourselves to possess. Without doubt, all things are best as they are, whether we see them to be so or not; and I may interpret the feebleness of my vocal faculties, as a clear indication on the part of Madam Nature, that she did not design me to make much noise in the world.

We stopped about two hours at Vicksburg. It was the

Sabbath, but I should not have known it from the aspect of things in the town; for according to the prevalent heathenish custom down that way, the operations of business were going on as briskly as on other days. Vicksburg is well built, most of the houses were good, and many of them elegant; its situation, however, is far from agreeable; it inclines to the river in an angle of some twenty degrees or more, and, besides, the face of the ground is very irregular; moreover, the inclination is towards the south and west, and for most of the day is to be found no out-of-doors retreat from the burning sun.

On waking up the next morning I found the boat at Natchez, and ascertaining that I could employ several hours in the business, I toiled up the long dug road to the top of the bluff, and took a thorough survey of the town and its environs; and oh! I found them to be most romantically beautiful! they seemed the more so, from the contrast of climate as compared with Cincinnati, which but a week or two before I had seen covered with snow, whilst here I found nature smiling in the lap of summer. The trees and gardens luxuriating in the vivifying warmth of a sun as hot as ours in July! But of Natchez on the hill, and its nondescript adjunct below, more notice must be taken.

I have said that Natchez is a beautiful romantically place; and so in truth it is; no imaginative mind can fail of being charmed with it, at least in the season of vegetation. It is so embowered amidst trees, principally the beautiful *China*, and shrubbery of most luxuriant growth; its gardens are so tastefully laid out, and so skillfully cultivated; and altogether from these causes, though a large and compact town, it has so rural an appearance, that the mind must be of a square-cornered, drab-coated description, indeed, which can contemplate without admiring it. Between the upper and lower towns is a bluff, which by the eye I should judge to be at least a hundred and fifty feet in altitude, nearly perpendicular in some places, and beetling over the town below in others. The picturesqueness of this bluff is heightened by the fact that its side is covered with a rich profusion of bushes and small trees. A graduated road has been formed to the summit of the bluff, in an oblique direction; the ascent is somewhat toilsome, and when the ground is wet must be exceedingly so.

Some estimate of the business of Natchez may be formed from the great number of flat-boats, (these considerably exceeded a hundred when I was there) and other river craft lying at its landing. But what shall I say of Natchez under the hill? In good truth I don't know; it utterly defies my descriptive powers; a more ugly place, certainly more inconvenient, dirty, irregular, and huddled together, was never imagined, and never can be. It formerly, if report belie it not, was as odious in a moral point of view as in a physical; but in this respect, I am happy to say, it has undergone some improvement.

It was ten o'clock in the night when the boat touched at Bayou Sara. Not choosing to disembark at such an hour, I concluded to keep on down to New Orleans; more especially as I could get no information as to the direction or distance of Richland Hill, my place of destination, from Bayou Sara.

Not choosing to disembark, I have said; but suppose I expose the real cause to the reader, and make a clean breat about it. Well, the real truth is, then, that I had but just three dollars in my pocket; that amount, in those days, would not have defrayed my hotel charges at Bayou Sara until the stage went out to Richland Hill, where my friend, the Post-master, lived; and I therefore was compelled to keep on to New Orleans. *Nolens volens.*

We received some additional passengers for the city at Bayou Sara; they were of a most ragamuffin description; out at elbows, bloated and carbuncled with dram-drinking, and addicted to the genteel habit of embellishing every sentence they uttered with an oath. These exquisites had by some means got possession of some *pious* tracts, which, as they wanted a little change with which to commence gambling operations, they were willing to dispose of at the moderate rate of *three bits* (thirty-seven and a half cents) apiece. "Cheap as dirt, gentlemen, by G–d! the pictures could not be drawn for the money, if they could d—e! Here's one about the death of an infidel; that, gentlemen, means them as aint got no religion; see, here he is, his name is FRANCIS NEWPORT: if he did'nt die game, I'll be d—d!" etc., etc.

Unfortunately for our tatterdemalions, books of every description find but a dull market in the South; and they next resorted to the expedient of dividing cards into quarters, making each part to represent two *bits;* i. e. two

twelve-and-a-half cent pieces; and on this false capital, this shin-plaster currency, they commenced operations with dice, and were not long in finding fools to patronize their knavery.

Were you ever down that way, reader? If not, I would advise you to hesitate ere you assert that you have seen the fairest portion of America. O, but it is exquisitely pretty—*pretty* is a proper term for it; for it is not sublime, it is not grand, it is not romantic; it is merely, but exquisitely *pretty*. The river was at a high stage, and as the broad alluvial tracts on either hand are some feet below the water level, we could perfectly survey the whole scene. Many specimens of novel architecture may there be seen; many that are quite unique, nearly all are elegant; and with the object of tasteful display, they combine the *ne plus ultra* of comfort. Some of them are very lordly edifices; and the sugar-houses make no contemptible figure; many of them being surmounted with a dome, or a spire, and might easily, by the stranger, be mistaken for large churches.

Nor are churches wanting to complete the picture; they occur with very creditable frequency, and are usually very decent buildings. I doubt if the protestant portions of our country present a larger proportion of this class of buildings, than do these shores, peopled, as they are, with Americo-Gallican Catholics. It would, perhaps, not be exceeding the truth to say, that if the buildings of all kinds, including stables, slave-quartes, etc., from Bayou Sara downward, were ranged in one row, each shore would present an unbroken contiguity of edifices.

The weather was most lovely when I floated down through this scene, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Anxious to see all that was to be seen, I posted myself behind the wheel-house, on the hurrican deck; but my situation, nevertheless, was like that of a hungry ass between two locks of hay, whilst I gazed on the objects which passed my eye so rapidly on the one bank, I lost the view of hoset upon the other.

March 27. My narrative shall now assume the form of a diary. Reached New Orleans towards night. Knew not the name of a single Universalist in the place; knew not if it even contained a biped of the kind. A fellow passenger from Ohio happening to have business with the *Rev. Mr.* Clapp, I obtained his company to the residence

of that gentleman; who received me cordially, and gave me the names of two or three co-believers in the city.

A stranger here does not find very ready hospitality, for several reasons. There are many men who trade here only during the winters, and who therefore do not keep house. Such is the high price of board, ten and twelve dollars a week for that which is ordinary, that many of these economise by keeping bachelor establishments back of, or above, their store rooms. For these store rooms they pay enormous rents, and they naturally wish to get out of them all the use they honestly can. Moreover, where the influx of strangers is so great and constant, as in New Orleans, it will naturally tend to repress the hospitable propensities of the few who have their domestic establishments in the city.

Owing to these causes, I had made three calls, and it had become night; and, although I had in every instance been cordially received, I knew not how to dispose of myself, for I had received no invitation to a permanent abode with either, during my stay; my baggage was still in the boat, and, to confess the truth, the expenses of the journey had so nearly consumed my scanty means, that I could scarcely have maintained myself twenty-four hours in a place like New Orleans.

In this posture of things, I concluded, after some struggle with my pride, to hint my situation to the last person (Mr. Carrico) on whom I called; who very promptly put my mind at rest by accompanying me to a boarding house, and taking upon himself the pecuniary resposibility. So here I am, with my bark in port, anchored, and all snug.

My boarding house is a three storied brick, the lower story of which is used as a store, and only the two upper ones as a dwelling; these comprise four lodging rooms, a parlor, and a dining room. The entrance to the house from the street, is by a long narrow passage, paved with brick, which conducts into a back yard; from whence an open flight of stairs ascends to a piaza, or gallery, as it is here called; and for the dwelling part of this house is paid the enormous rent of one thousand eight hundred dollars per annum.

March 28. Called this morning on Mr. Carrico, who informed me of John Hilton, whom he had seen, and who had requested an introduction to me. To Mr. Hilton's we therefore went, who cordially invited me to make his

house my home during my visit; to which overture I, of course, gladly acceded. Dined with Rev. Mr. Clapp, in compliance with his invitation of yesterday. Preached my first sermon this evening in Mr. Hilton's front parlor. The meeting was not appointed till after supper: it was composed of some of the neighbors from the contiguous block of buildings. Amongst them was a lady of my own name, and faith also, to whom I had formerly been introduced at Smithland, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton are from Massachusetts. The first Universalist sermon ever delivered in their native town, was preached under their roof. Of course, then, I feel myself most perfectly at home here.

I am constantly meeting with strange, and in many cases, very fortunate coincidences. Why should the lady from Smithland, for example, happen to be in the only block of buildings, among a thousand, to which the knowledge of my first meeting in this city was confined. As I was coming down the river, a fellow passenger informed me of Mr. Hilton, and of his zeal in our cause; but I had utterly forgotten this, and even if I had not, I might have sought for him a week without success. But behold, without any agency of mine, I am thus early become his guest. My readers will have seen that in the fall of 1833, I met with an old gentleman in the State of New Jersey, who told me, in tears, that he was about to emigrate to the West, he knew not whither; and that, though at the time I had no idea of ever seeing the country west of the mountains, it yet so happened that I visited Ohio the following winter, and blundered, in my desultory rambles, into the very town, where, without my knowledge, my old friend had taken up his abode, and that I united his daughter in marriage to a citizen of that country.

April 1. Attended service in the morning at Mr. Clapp's church, and heard a sermon from him replete with sound sense and useful instruction. Mr. C. is not *non-committal* in theology, at least I should so judge from that sermon. The following passage is sufficiently significant of his religious faith. "I cannot love a God who would *create* an absolute evil; I cannot love a God who would *permit* an absolute evil; I cannot love a God, who, having the power, would not *prevent* an absolute evil."

Attended service at the Methodist church at four o'clock. *This* is the usual hour for afternoon meetings here; the

general dinner hour being three o'clock. The sermon was long, rambling, pointless, an *intellectual anodyne;* in vulgar parlance, it was a *bore*. When it ended—for the longest things will end, thank God — up rose another speaker, who scolded us who were present for being so few, which we could no more help than we can help being damned, if God made us for that merciful purpose. He next condescended to illumine our understandings in regard to a prodigious difference of opinion between himself and his Calvinistic brethren. In the opinion of the former, repentance takes place *before* regeneration. In the opinion of the latter, it taketh place *afterward*. Pity it is that all christendom cannot be convoked in council to settle this mighty issue. However, as I could discover no particular connection between this question and the discovery of the longitude, and as it wore towards night, I anticipated the dismissal, and went, according to engagement, to sup with Mr. C. Delivered at candle-light the first of my lectures in his church; audience pretty good; considered *very* good for a *night* meeting in New Orleans: such not being usual here. Mr. C.'s church is nearly opposite St. Charles Theatre: it strikes the northern man as a novelty to see the plays and masquerade-balls in operation on Sabbath evenings.

April 2, 3, 4. Preached each of these evenings to congregations not exceeding a hundred persons; but they are mostly, I am told, of a highly respectable and intelligent class. Meanwhile I am finding friends, Universalists, mostly from Massachusetts. Massachusetts has a huge account of heresy to answer for.

April 5. Heard J. N. Maffit this evening in the Methodist church. I liked his personal appearance better than when I had previously seen him, ten years ago; it is more staid—years have sobered it—the undulations of his voice are good; his eye is fine; his action theatrical, but natural to him, I am told. I had no fault to find, save with the *matter* of his discourse, or rather, its *want* of matter; for there was actually no matter in it. I am sorry to say this, for I dont wish to play the ill-natured critic on Mr. M. That he has talent, is evident from the length of time for which he has sustained his popularity. But his discourse to-night was decidedly a vapid affair; it was a nonentity, without even the trifling merit of verbal prettiness to redeem it from that character.

April 6. Lectured again this evening to a better congregation than I have previously had. We begin to feel quite encouraged. Found two letters for me on the desk, containing criticisms on my previous discourses, and requiring my immediate attention to sundry texts and difficult cases.

April 8. Heard Mr. Clapp again this forenoon, and was equally pleased with him as on last Sabbath; better, because the *man* has gained upon my estimation. Went, at four o'clock, to the Presbyterian church. I shall not essay a critique upon the sermon, for it was not worth one.

Mr. P. is the first preacher of his denomination whom I have seen in a black gown; he preaches in black *gloves*, too; not to keep his hands *warm*, one would think, for the thermometer was at ninety; neither can it be to keep them *white*, for Mr. P. is a pious man, and pious men are not *proud*. Well, we will not divine the motive. Mr. P. throws himself back on his seat with much studied grace, in the intervals of his exercises; and he fans himself with a good degree of parlor elegance, which, who can blame? for the preacher is seen by many eyes, ladies' eyes among the rest, and he therefore ought to be seen to advantage. Heigho! none who regards Mr. P. as divinely called, can doubt that "God hath chosen the *weak* things of this world," etc.

April 8, 1838. I preached this evening, the concluding sermon of the series, to a better audience than had attended before. The subjects of discourse were furnished by three letters, which I found in the pulpit, all requiring to be attended to that evening. I read them audibly, and answered them in course. The subjects of these letters were—let me see, what were they? I can remember amongst them the following: *The unpardonable sin; the resurrection to life and to damnation;* to Matthew, xxv. 46, with particular reference to the *antithesis* in said verse; the case of a suicide, and of *two persons who kill each other in a duel;* Paul's meaning, where he speaks of some as "not accepting deliverance, (from persecution) that they might obtain a better resurrection," etc., etc. A rather long and varied text for one poor sermon.

I found, towards the close of my stay, no lack of friends in New Orleans; good, warm-hearted, and liberal friends. Never, indeed, has it been my good fortune to find more and better i nany place. I was laid under obligations by

the kindness of all, and it were invidious to discriminate amongst them. I doubt, if a half dozen sermons, by *professed* Universalists, had been previously preached there. Strange, that so interesting and important a city should have remained thus long neglected! I found that New Orleans is a truly elegant city. Most of its streets are paved, cleanly, and graced with superb buildings; some of an unique and truly picturesque construction. And as to the people, they are, if I can trust appearances, not merely equally moral as those of other western cities, but they are also cordial, and high-minded.

April 10. I left New Orleans for Bayou Sara, to which place I obtained a free passage; the usual charge was from ten to twelve dollars. I learned at Bayou Sara, that Richland Hill is but the name of a post-office, about thirty-four miles eastwardly. The road to it lies through Jackson and Clinton, two pretty villages; the former is the seat of a college and female seminary; the latter is the seat of justice for East Feliciana parish.

I arrived too late for the Wednesday stage, and rather than wait until Friday noon for another, I determined to try the journey to Richland Hill on foot. So I sat off, with my bag on my shoulder, walking at my ease, admiring the beautiful forest, which presented many trees and shrubs wholly new to me. The magnolia, holly, wild peach, willow-oak, (all ever-greens;) the China tree, cucumber tree, and occasionally a live oak, a hawthorn, and honey suckle; besides an agreeable intermixture of pine, beach, oak, dog-wood, etc. It is a charming forest.

I walked seven miles the first evening, and obtained quarters at a private house, there being no taverns on the road. The next morning, I trudged six miles more, which brought me to Jackson; at which place I hired a horse to ride to Clinton, where I arrived within an hour of sundown. I called first on Mr. Guay, and found an advertisement on his door of a meeting for me on Sunday. Late as it was, I preached that evening to a large audience. The Methodist church was obtained for Saturday night and Sunday forenoon; and on Sunday night I preached again in the Court-house. All these meetings were extremely well attended, more especially on Sunday forenoon, when they came in from considerable distances in the country.

April 15. On Monday, I borrowed a horse of my friend

Mr. Guay, and rode to Richland Hill, where I found a cordial welcome from Mr. Black, Post-master. I preached night after night in various private houses in that neighborhood. On Friday, I went, accompanied by Mr. Black, to see an old Universalist, named Doughty, who lives on the Amite river. In his neighborhood, I preached in the woods adjoining a school-house, on Saturday at three o'clock; and by request of persons who had contributed towards its erection, I appointed to preach next forenoon in a Baptist church, named Hepsiby.

Arrived there at the appointed hour. I found the Baptist preacher present, organizing a Sunday-school; who utterly and indignantly refused me the use of his pulpit. Happily, there was a stand in the forest near the church, with seats arranged about it, of the use of which he could not deprive me. This man's conduct towards me was most ungentlemanly. I arose—apologizing for the unavoidable intrusion upon his engagements—to announce my intention of preaching in the forest, and to explain my reasons for having appointed to preach in his church, stating that I had been informed that it was a *free* church, etc., etc.

One minute would have sufficed for all I meant to say; but his reverence could not repress the sectarian bitterness in his bosom towards me, even for that short term; he must needs jump up and abuse me; applying to me the charitable appellations of infidel, deist, atheist, riotous person, disturber of the public peace, etc.; and when I mildly attempted my defence from these charges, he called out for a magistrate to take me into custody! He even refused to take my hand, when I proffered it at parting, as a token that I wished to maintain towards him none other than amicable relations.

It is by such men, alas! that the cause of Christ is brought into reproach, more than by all the attacks thereupon by unbelivers. I had the satisfaction, nevertheless, of addressing a large and very attentive audience, from the stand, many of whom were Baptist members. And I have since learned, that in the opinion of several of them, not only was their preacher's conduct highly disapproved, but also, that there was more truth than poetry in the sermon they had heard from the stranger. At four o'clock the same evening, I preached in another neighborhood, ten *miles* distant.

On Monday, I went to Jackson, whither I had written, appointing a meeting for that evening. On my arrival, I found that no place had been provided, nor could I procure any. The College chapel, which is usually opened to ministers of all denominations, was denied me by the president, to whom I applied in person.

Professor Wooldridge, of the College at Jackson, was, until lately, a very popular minister of the Methodist church; but his opinions have undergone a change, and he is now a Unitarian. This change, I am happy to say, has not diminished his popularity. He visited me at the hotel, and we spent an hour or two in discoursing on theological subjects.

Resolved not to leave Jackson without accomplishing the object of my visit, I had arrangements made for a meeting in the spacious hall of the hotel. It was well attended, but not by the ladies—possibly from the circumstance of its being at a tavern—none of these appearing but the wives of President Shannon and Professor Wooldridge, who came with their husbands. Jackson is a very handsome village, and has the reputation of containing an intelligent and refined society. But in no part of this region, have I found so many and cordial friends as in Clinton, where nearly the whole community seemed to hear me with favorable prepossessions; and when I was about to leave the place, a warm and too flattering testimonial of their sentiments toward me, was put into my hand, bearing the signatures of all the principal citizens of the village.

April 20. On Sunday, and the preceding afternoon, I preached in a brick church at Mount Pleasant, belonging to the Christian Baptists, or Reformers. The congregation was exceedingly large, many having come from long distances; a young lady, for instance, of uncommon intelligence and personal attractions, came on horseback, attended by her brothers, from a distance of twenty miles.

On Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, I preached my closing sermon at Clinton. The audience was large, notwithstanding the business of the season. Monday being the busiest day in the week in these parts, and, indeed, among farmers every where, for aught that I know. Tomorrow I take stage for Bayou Sara, whence I return to New Orleans.

I have been favored during the whole of my journey,

with most delightful weather. I have neither needed my cloak, nor an umbrella, in the whole time. It has in this as well as several other respects, been quite in contrast with my first journey to the South. It has, indeed, been attended with no particular hardships; on the contrary, I have enjoyed good weather, found numerous most agreeable friends, had almost uniformly large and attentive meetings, and the land travel I have performed has been in a country which, for beauty and climate, pleases me much.

Our preachers have directed but little attention to the southwest. This part of Louisiana has never before been visited by a Universalist minister. I doubt, indeed, if a single sermon of the kind had ever been delivered in the State, out of the city, down to the time of my arrival thither.

We can little foresee how our measures, in any given case, are to eventuate. In the whole course of my ministry, I never took a step so little in accordance with my particular inclinations, and so solely induced by a sense of duty, as was that of my visit to Louisiana; yet the event proved, that I never before had taken one, which was at once, so pleasant and so profitable. *Do your duty, and leave the result to God*, is a maxim of which I never before so strikingly experienced the truth. I had got no farther with my book than to the sixth number; means for proceeding with it had utterly failed; and this was the more embarrassing from the fact, that many had paid me for the whole set of numbers in advance: there was no danger that these would lose their money, if the work should fall through, of which I must own, the prospect was very imminent; but the sad alternative must be, that I must, in order to reimburse them, dispose of every dollar's worth of property I had in the world; sacrifice all that the work had already cost me, and experience the disgrace of a failure into the bargain. Thank Heaven! that to neither of these alternatives was I eventually driven; my journey to Louisiana, by the liberal pecuniary aid which it yielded me, prevented me being dashed upon Scilla on the one hand, and being engulfed in Charbydis on the other.

During the Summer and Autumn following, I traveled over a good portion of Ohio, preaching as I went, and writing on the "Pro and Con," as I found opportunity. I

also re-visited Pittsburg, and held meetings in several places adjacent to that dingy metropolis. A more bigoted community than dwells thereabout I judge it scarcely possible to find; and ignorant and priest-ridden, also, in a proportionate degree. I went out, one afternoon, to Sharpsburg, six miles, to deliver a sermon in a school-house, in the eastern skirt of that village. I was sitting, in company with an Esquire Lewis, who lived there, on the grassy slope of a hilloch, on which the school-house stood, when a person came riding toward us on a brisk trot, who, on arriving at the spot where we sat, stopped his horse, and authoritatively demanded of Esquire Lewis, how the school-house door came to be open at that hour in the evening, Esquire Lewis answered in a markedly deferential tone, that it was opened by the authority of the township trustees, for the purpose of a religious meeting. "A religious meeting!" exclaimed the other, in a tone which *would have been* contemptuous but that his anger overmastered that feeling; "A *religious* meeting! Well, sir, tell the trustees for *me*, that this house was not intended as a place where strolling infidels should vent their blasphemous attacks upon the christian religion—tell them this from ME, sir!" "And, pray, who *are* you," demanded I, as with cool unconcern I sat looking up in his face: "by what *name*, or *title*, shall we call you, sir, to the trustees?"

"Tell them for *me*, sir," repeated he, almost suffocating with rage, "it is ME, sir, and that's enough."

"Why, yes," retorted I, in the same careless tone as before, "I see it is *you;* but whether you are the Governor of the Commonwealth, or merely the Governor's man, I really am unable to determine."

He would—I know not what—perhaps have cursed me, so uncontrolable was his passion; but he had really got beyond the speaking point; so, turning his horse, he galloped fiercely off, to vent his ire as he could in that way. Meanwhile, *who* my gentleman was, or *what*, was to me a matter of marvel. I supposed him, however, some high civil dignitary, or the possessor of extensive property in the parts, who felt himself entitled to exercise aristocratic airs on that account. Judge of my surprise, when, as he was in the act of turning his horse, the worthy magistrate aforenamed, who till then had borne himself towards him like a whipped puppy, found courage to act as master of ceremonies between us, and introduced him to me as the Pres-

byterian minister of Sharpsburg! Thus meekly and humbly, do certain members of the priesthood bear themselves in that smoky region.

But there is a worse tyranny than even the priestly, although too often it is but another form thereof, of which I experienced the existence in that same region. By request of a gentleman who heard me at Pittsburg, I went to McKeesport, sixteen miles up the Monongahela river. He had particularly requested me to be there by a given day, because his wife, who was violently opposed to my doctrine, would then be absent on a visit to her friends, and so her feelings would be spared. Well, I liked that principle, and it at once raised him in my esteem, and increased my desire to accommodate him. However, our precaution did not avail us, for towards the second evening of my visit she returned; sooner, by a day or two, than she had been looked for. I first became aware of the fact by overhearing some energetic whispering from an adjoining room in a female voice, and certain hurried footsteps indicated a retreat in that direction whenever I arose from my writing, to pace the floor. However, I saw nothing of the lady; she was not in her place at supper, and I had nearly forgotten her presence, until about ten at night, as I was going to bed, I when was startled by a sudden angry exclamation, which indicated that an altercation had been for some time before going on, though so softly that I had not heard it—"I *wont*, I swear to God I WONT stay under the same roof with a Universalist preacher!"

Then followed a mild remonstrance on the husband's part.

"Oh! Anny, listen to me, Anny. Did I ever act so towards one of *your* ministers? Don't I often invite them here expressly on your account? Don't I allow you to pay them whatever you think proper? Oh! I beg of you, don't wound the feelings of our guest, for he is a man of unexceptionable character," etc.

This most reasonable remonstrance was of no avail, however, and it holds true, alas, that "Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel." Till after midnight the altercation continued; mildly on his part, furiously on hers; it ended at length with a slam of the door which made the house tremble, and an imprecation similar to the one above recorded: and this christian wife left the home

of her husband, outraged every principle of common decorum, set at nought every plea of justice and affection, and trampled on her nuptial vows, rather than to commit the sin of *tarrying for a night under the same roof with a Universalist preacher!*

From Pittsburg I proceeded by stage to Ravenna, where I held several meetings. Thence I was conveyed, by Hiram Torry, who had then just commenced the ministry, to Brimfield and Akron. The latter was then an insignificant village; it now is a county seat, containing some three thousand inhabitants, and bids fair to be the largest seat of manufactures in the State. The Ohio canal to Cleaveland on Lake Erie, and the Cross-cut canal to Beaver, Pennsylvania, unite at Akron: these both furnish manufacturing power; more especially the former, which has no less than sixteen locks at that point, eight falling each way. Besides all which, a stupendous power has been recently gained there by diverting the waters of the Cuyahoga river from a point several miles above, and securing thereby a succession of falls, amounting in the aggregate to something over two hundred feet. Akron, moreover, is a market for the wheat and other products of a large scope of very fertile territory. I next was taken to Massillon, twenty miles south of Akron, on the Ohio canal, which is the wheat depot for a large region of country, exceedingly productive of that staple; it is, consequently, a brisk and thriving town, and has the advantage over Akron, of being somewhat less bleak in situation, and less exposed to the Lake winds. Thence I was taken to Wadsworth Corners, where, and at Sharon, I spent a few days and was thence conveyed westerly, by J. Pardee, to Westfield. From thence again Esquire Mallory forwarded me still westerly, to Huntington, where S. P. Sage then resided and preached. For full two weeks Mr. Sage entertained and conveyed me from place to place, where we held meetings together, and traversed a considerable portion of the counties of Lorain and Huron. We parted at Peru, in the latter county, where our friends owned a meeting-house, and existed in considerable number. From thence I was conveyed to Tiffin, in Seneca county, where, during a tarry of several days, I was the guest of T. Bradley, who kept the principal hotel in the place.

Thus far, since leaving Pittsburg, my journey had been

mostly over what is termed the Western Reserve; a region comprising some ten counties, which form the north-eastern corner of Ohio. It is populous with New Englanders and their descendants, whose industry and refined taste have well improved that naturally fertile and beautiful region. We then had but three meeting-houses in all that section of the State, viz: at Brimfield, Sharon, and Peru. We now have, besides them, one at Akron, at Ravenna, at Medina, at Laport, at Olmstead, at Cleveland, at Parkman, at Elyria. It is all hopeful ground to any good cause, for its inhabitants are an active, prying, and progressive race, and are the very reverse of the inhabitants of the middle and southern States, in those respects.

From Tiffin I passed by stage through a country of extensive natural meadows, and mostly of level surface, to Marion, seat of justice for the county of that name, and distant from Tiffin about sixty miles. I tarried there a few days with Doctor Holloway, and held several meetings in the town and vicinity. Thence I crossed the country easterly to Mt. Vernon, thirty-five miles, in a wagon that was carrying wheat all that distance to be ground for family use. The season was an unusually dry one, and the level country, west of Knox county, furnishes no streams that are durable in a dry season. After a Sabbath at Mt. Vernon, I continued on south-easterly to Columbus, and thence to Worthington, to be present at the meeting of the Central Association. Worthington is a superbly beautiful and fertile township of land, watered by a large creek which unites at Columbus with the Scioto river. After the meeting there, I was conveyed to Springfield, nearly fifty miles, by E. M. Pingree, who had just received a certificate of fellowship as a minister. An old gentleman, Mr. Winn, who had long been an ardent advocate of our faith, deceased at Springfield during the short term of my stay there. I was with him, together with George Messinger, then our resident clergyman in that town, on the evening before his exit from time. A Methodist minister was also present, to whom the old gentleman said,

"Brother, we have been intimate for many years, and I am now about to die in the faith of which we have spoken together oftentimes. Well, my friend, believe me, for a thousand worlds I would not now be destitute of that *consoling* belief, and go to my God with the horrid persua-

sion, that he will damn, to never ending wo, millions on millions of the creatures formed by his own hand. No, my friend, it affords me unspeakable joy to know, that you and I, and all mankind, will meet in heaven, and dwell there forever."

To die happily in any particular faith, proves nothing as to that faith's truth; nevertheless, it is something to have a faith, in consistency with which one *can* die happily.

The journey above recorded occupied me somewhat over three months, and covered the length of the State, from north to south, nearly its entire breadth from east to west, and much distance in diverging and zigzag directions into the bargain.

After my return, I occupied myself chiefly in traveling and preaching over the south-western portion of the State. At the invitation of Israel Woodruff, I visited his neighborhood, on Cæsar's creek, near Waynesville, and preached several sermons at his house to large congregations. I also preached much about John Mitchell's, Martinsville; Leesburg, Hillsboro', Sinking Spring, Chillicothe, Richmondale, etc. I used to be much at my friend, Gen. Baldwin's, who himself was more than a preacher, in his good influence for the truth in his neighborhood.

During the Fall of that year, if I mistake not, I preached in Delhi and Green townships. In the former, my place of meeting was the house of Jonathan Bassett; in the latter, at that of Israel Applegate. This was the first time our doctrine was ever proclaimed, in those parts. At the former, which joins Cincinnati on the west, there is now a society composed of most excellent persons, who recently built themselves a neat house of worship. In the latter, also, are several worthy professors of our faith, who will, it is hoped, soon follow the example of their Delhi neighbors in the latter respect. The region comprising both these townships is one of picturesque hills and dales, which on account of their proximity to Cincinnati, teem with inhabitants and beautiful dwellings.

Early in the following winter, I performed a third journey to the South, of which the following is an account written for one of our denominational journals at the time.

CHAPTER XII.

Visits Vicksburg, and other parts of Mississippi—Travels extensively in Louisiana—Re-visits New Orleans—Also, Mobile, and various places in Alabama.

Dec. 1, 1838. Embarked at Cincinnati in the steamboat Rochester, for Natchez, as a deck passenger. Let the reader imagine an apartment twelve feet by twenty-five, with a huge stove in the midst, lumbered up with trunks, chests, articles for bedding, coils of rope, casks, cooking utensils, etc., and nearly every foot of the remaining space occupied by some half a hundred of passengers. Then let him imagine the fetor of an atmosphere tainted by so many breaths; by the continual frying of various articles of food; by the filth, of divers kinds, necessarily generated by the huddling together of so many persons and things in so small a compass; but cheifly by the vile tobacco juice continually spattering from nearly every mouth. Then the various noises: the working of the engine, the hissing of the steam, the clucking of some hundred dozens of fowls; the grunting and squeaking of a score or two of hogs; and, worse than all, the oaths and obscene ribaldries of the rough crew and passengers. When the reader has fancied to himself these and other unnameable annoyances, he will have a tolerably just idea of a deck passage on the western waters.

But why take a passage on the deck, then, rather than in the cabin? For the reason, most courteous reader, that they who have no shoes go barefooted. A cabin passage, as times then were, for the waters were low almost beyond parallel, would have cost me fifty dollars, and that is an amount that a poor preacher can seldom command. The South had been almost wholly unvisited by our preachers, because, among other reasons, not one in fifty of them could afford the expense. I preferred submitting to the hardships of a deck passage, rather than to forego my visits to that neglected region altogether. I hope that the way will be so prepared, ere long, that our ministers shall be able to go thither with less discomfort than I have done.

Our boat made a stop of an hour at Paducha, at the

mouth of the Tennessee river. There we found the General Brown, which, a day or two previous, had burst her boilers, and scalded thirty-two persons mortally. Gracious God! what a scene her forward cabin presented! Its ceiling was besmeared with blood and gore, and there were yet two of the victims on board, in the last stage of mortal suffering.

Dec. 9. Reached the mouth of the Ohio, after a passage of eight days, more than double the time usually so occupied, during which we ran aground ten times, and were only saved from sticking fast there during the winter —as was actually the case with some ten or a dozen other boats—by the fact that ours was a vessel of light draught, and but partially loaded.

While at the mouth of the river, we learned that an explosion had recently occurred in the Augusta, by which twenty-three persons were destroyed. And scarcely had we recovered from the shock occasioned by this intelligence, ere we learned that a similar catastrophe had occurred on board the Philips! Really, one can repose on board of one of these floating volcanos with about as comfortable a sense of security, as if he were to take lodgings in the crater of Vesuvius or of Cotopaxi.

Our boat went no farther than the mouth of the river; she there transferred her freight and passengers to the Diana, which was regarded as the fleetest boat on the western waters; but the more to be dreaded for that very reason. It is from the pride of showing off the speed of these *crack* boats, that most of the blow-ups proceed. The fleet Moselle, and the hundred and eighty souls who miserably perished in her, owed their dreadful fate to that cause. Whilst the transhipment was going on, I rambled over the point of land—Bird's Point—which is formed by the confluence of these mighty rivers. What a world of waters meet within a small compass here! The Wabash, Green, Cumberland, Tennessee, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and Mississippi. The consequence is, that the atmosphere of this region is charged with much humidity, so that when the temperature is scarcely down to the freezing point, it is yet most annoyingly cold and searching to the system not inured to it.

Dec. 13. Reached Vicksburg, where I disembarked, sufficiently weary of my tediously long voyage of thirteen days; disgusted by the sights, sounds, and smells,

therewith connected; debilitated by the irregular diet, irregular rest, and an atmosphere so carbonated as to be almost unfitted for respiration. I had been requested, by George Messinger and wife, to call on a brother of theirs, who has a plantation twenty miles back of this city, and who, being much of his time here on business, keeps a suit of rooms for his own convenience. So here I am, sharing his bachelor bed and board, and the services of his negro, who officiates as his cook and jack-of-all-work, during his sojourns in the city. To-morrow I am to ride to his plantation, and thence to Clinton, this State, and Jackson, the capital; my object being to explore the country with reference to the prospect it affords *in our way*.

By the kindness of Mr. B., in lending me a horse, I was saved the stage charges, which are here at the moderate rate of twenty cents per mile, twenty dollars for a hundred miles! besides three dollars per diem at the taverns, for a kind of fare, at the thought of which, even a Grahamite would grow lean.

Dec. 14. Mounted on a shaggy runt of a poney, about as big as a New Foundland dog. With my carpet traveling bag tied on before, and my cloak scarcely allowing more of the little animal to be seen than his nose and tail, I made a very grotesque figure, I fancy. Happily the Vicksburgers are accustomed to curiosities, so I escaped particular notice. Not even in New Orleans, have I seen more things to look at within an equal space. Planters from the country, encased in blanket coats; cavalcades of ladies riding in for shopping purposes—vehicles seem to be scarcely ever used here; negroes driving four yoke of oxen, or as many mules, before a wagon laden with cotton-bales; groups of Indians, some mounted, some on foot, their poor squaws burthened with cumbrous packs, reminding one of the picture of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress,* etc.

I found the interior country to be but indifferent; the soil poor and broken—not undulating, but broken into sharp ridges, and abrupt hills and hollows; the roads enlivened by but few houses, and they something short of

* Vicksburg is another sort of place at the present day; the railroad that goes out thence to Jackson, has produced a great and injurious alteration in its business, and in the life and variety of its streets.

palaces; and the long grey moss pendent from the forest trees, gives a sombre air to the landscape; which, however, is occasionally relieved by the green tops of the wild sugar-cane, and here and there a holly, wild peach, or other evergreen. Planters seldom build on the public road: one must often pass a mile through woods and fields, and let down some two or three sets of bars, to get at their dwellings. And then, my dear fellow, as you value the safety of the son of your mother, look out for the dogs, of which there are usually not more than half a score to a plantation.

Mr. Bacon's plantation consists of sixteen hundred acres, most pleasantly situated on the Big Black river, which is navigable for steamboats, in high water, to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles; and by keelboats much farther in all stages. Mr. B.'s nephew, who is acting as his overseer, proves to be a sort of former acquaintance of mine; at least heard me preach at South Bainbridge, New York, eight years ago, and was present also at my ordination. Thus I am constantly meeting with persons, go where I will, who have formerly known me with a less or greater degree of intimacy; and I know not where, in the United States, I should be safe if a price was put upon my head.

Dec. 15. Rode to Clinton to-day, and four miles further, to the plantation of a Mr. Morris: he is a native of Gloucester county, Virginia, where he has a tobacco plantation, on which he resides during the Summer. The loss of his wife, which took place some four years ago, still operates as a severe blight upon his happiness; indeed he laments it as freshly as if it were a thing of yesterday. Greatly do I reverence such grief. O! in the waste of selfish life how green a spot is such constancy of affection! And a soul, though wholly stained with sin besides, yet exhibiting this evidence of its affinity to the Godhead, is, for its sake alone, well worth saving, methinks.

Few persons in this country consider themselves *fixed*; hence the motives to making solid improvements, establishing a good reputation, and forming those kindly relations which constitute the main charm of social life, operate but feeble here. This accounts for the general unembellished condition of the country, and, alas! for the *too* general looseness of its manners and morals.

Even the well-trained and catechised New Englander,

forsakes the steady habits of his native land, on his removal hither, and adopts the barbarian garnishing of his person with pistols and bowie-knife. As if the arbitrament of these were more equitable, or more satisfactory, than is that of reason and law! Gracious God! are the restraints of a virtuous education thus easily broken through? Are the tender inculcations of parental love thus lightly cast aside?

But what is most to be deplored in connection with these brutal usages, is the utter indifference with which they are regarded by the female portion of the community. It was told me yesterday of a lady—of course she was a *lady*, a mere *woman* would have acted differently—that when her husband consulted with her as to his acceptance of a challenge he had received, her advice was, "Accept it, sir; for I would rather be the widow of a brave man, than the wife of a coward." "What do you think of that?" triumphantly asked my female informant of this case. "Think of it?" I answered. "Why, that the magnificent lady was weary of her present husband, and disposed to fall in with any scheme for obtaining a new one."

I could obtain no place to preach in at Clinton, save the ball-room of one of the hotels; and oh! reader, if you know anything of the general character of Southern hotels, you will not wonder at my repugnance to preach in them. I delivered one discourse only, to a good audience, considering that the night was wet and dark, and the streets almost impassably miry. Clinton is a "smart chance of a town," to adopt a Southern phrase; but as a rail-road passes through it to Jackson, which is distant but ten miles, it is going into decay. I did not lecture in Jackson, as I intended, for it rained, rained, until the whole country was converted into a puddle; and I had borrowed my horse for a definite time, which obliged me to return before the state of the weather was such as to favor my intentions. The country about Clinton and Jackson, and, indeed, the whole of Hinds county, is far from inviting in its aspects, or in its fertility; nor are its charms much increased by improvement.

Dec. 22. I am at Mr. B.'s plantation again. They are very wealthy, worth half a million at least, but childless; their home is desolate. Three children had they, all cut off at interesting ages. I have just been on a solitary

visit to their graves. What a lovely spot! A high point of land, commanding a view of the entire plantation; an unbroken vision of river, meadow, and cotton-fields, for two miles in extent, and a cypress forest terminating the view. A large arbor of wide lattice-work, is erected over the graves, under which is ample room for the parents to lie down to their long sleep, when their time is come. The mother's care is visible in the various trees and shrubs, with which the spot is overshadowed. Oh! that it had been my lot to experience a mother's soothing attentions! If I ever did, it was longer ago than my memory reaches; neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, has it been my happiness to know. From a very early age, I have been an isolated step-child of the world. It will not boot to say how the old dame has used me.

Dec. 25. Still at the plantation. Happy times for the negroes, now! Mr. B., who is a kind master, is discharging his debts among them. He owes them, he tells me, more than a hundred dollars. This is for work performed at different times, over their task. And, perhaps, he owes some of them for poultry, eggs, etc.; for masters are in the habit of thus dealing with their slaves, and they keep a regular debt and credit account with them. No master, I believe, would think of cheating his negroes in these transactions; but, to my knowledge, they will try to cheat him. The former, if he be a Southerner, will smile at these attempts, for he knows and is leniently considerate of the poor negro's foible. To the Northerner, these are less known, and he does not regard them with equal patience.

"Missus," said one of Mrs. B.'s negresses to her this evening—it is Christmas holiday time, be it noted—"Missus, Marsa owes me a frock." Mrs. B. answered that she knew nothing about it, and calling Mr. B., she inquired of him, "Do you owe Phillis a frock?" "Not that I know of; what's it for, Phillis?" Phillis scratched her head—"I don't memmer now, Marsa; but Marsa M."—the overseer—"he know about 'em." The overseer was called; "Do you know anything about my owing Phillis a frock?" "Do I? No: when did that happen, Phillis?" Phillis again fumbled about her seat of memory; "Oh! I memmer now; it wus afore Marsa M. done com'd yeer." This was four years ago! The court smiled incredulously, and poor Phillis was non-suited. Such is a specimen of the

petty impositions to which the whites are liable from their negroes.

Dec. 26. It has been raining again for several days, so that I could not stir out of doors; but never mind, I shall be compensated by the negro ball, which commences this evening; and, moreover, two parties have obtained Marsa's leave to marry. I overheard one of the males of the parties saying to his Mistress, "Marsa guv Tim a big wedding when he wos married; tink he ought to do as much for me; I wer born on de plantation." "To be sure," replied his Mistress, "you shall have as big a wedding as Tim had."

Well, a shelter of cotton-bagging is stretched across the China trees before the door, enclosing a semi-circular area. Within this a plank floor is laid for the dancing. Festoons of the bay, or magnolia, a beautiful evergreen, are fastened within the wall of bagging, and benches are placed around the semi-circular edge of the area, for purposes of rest, during the intervals of the dance. This hall is to be lighted up at night, and the negroes are privileged to occupy it from morning until twelve at night, during the continuance of the holidays. Happy times, I ween, for Cuffy!

It is night, and the ball is in full operation. I wish I could picture forth the whole scene in language! But my powers are quite inadequate. Besides the candles, it is greatly enlivened by the light of a large fire at each extremity. There are two fiddlers present, a tamborin, and banjou. In addition, the negroes sing, and *pat juba*, which consists of patting their knees with their open hands, and at the same time beating time with their feet. Nothing can be more comical than their songs; one is about a *fish barking at a dog, out of a mill pond!* In this exercise, they get wrought up into ecstacies, precisely as it is usual to see them—ignorant whites, also—at Methodist meetings. But oh! the bowing and scraping! Here's a school of politeness for you! Here might you perfect yourself in manners more completely than by the study of Chesterfield.

The marriages were performed by one of Mr. B.'s negroes, dubbed *magistrate* for the occasion; and if you could have witnessed the ceremony with a straight face, I should suspect that nature had denied you the organs of cachination.

So now, reader, I will describe no more; but will leave you to imagine the scene, as best you can, of a hundred and fifty negroes dancing, fiddling, singing, patting juba, etc., under a fire and candle-lighted grove, of beautiful China trees, and within a wall of bagging-cloth, festooned with bay-leaves, and enclosing them like the sides of a tent. My dear reader, whether you live in town or country, I defy you to describe a better Christmas entertainment.

Dec. 29. Returned by railroad to Vicksburg, accompanied by Mr. B. A duel was fought, over against the city, this morning, on the Louisiana side of the river. It was fought with rifles, at but thirty paces apart. One of the parties was wounded mortally in the head. The other would, in all probability, have been killed, but his ball hit the trigger of his antagonist's rifle, and prevented its discharge. The survivor has challenged his opponent's second, and the challenge is accepted. Report describes them as desperate men both, and to both, it is probable, the pending duel will prove fatal. These affairs take place every month or two, in plain sight of all Vicksburg. People here talk of going over to get a near view of them, with the *sang froid* with which they would speak of a cock-fight, or a bear-bait! For my part, I envy not the sensibilities of the man, who would not avert his face with disgust and moral loathing, from either of these spectacles, so disgraceful to humanity!

Dec. 30. Attended the Presbyterian church this morning, and the Methodist in the evening. Both were thinly attended; scarcely fifty hearers in either, out of a population of six thousand! Never, positively, never was I in so *rowdy* a place in my life. One half the shops are drinking establishments, and every bar seems thronged with custom. Let me wake up what time I will in the night, I am sure to hear whooping and hallooing.

A most singular place is Vicksburg! So broken into heaps and hollows is the ground, that your neck is in jeopardy, if you walk after night-fall; and the houses are built—Lord help me!—I cannot describe how. The ground floor is often on a level with the roof of its next neighbor! And after a rain, the streets are a paradise for ducks, geese, and other aquatics; but a perfect purgatory for horses and human bipeds. My quarters are over against the theatre. It seems to be thronged to overflow-

ing, every night. You can scarcely conceive of what a medley of beings the winter population is composed. And there is no place of equal size, that will at all compare with it in point of business. And such rents as are paid for stores! Think of sixteen hundred dollars a year, for the first story of an ordinary building!*

Jan. 1, 1839. I have been waiting for weather which would admit of my getting up a meeting in this place. It has arrived, at length, and a sermon is advertised for to night, in the Court-house. How much notice it will attract, remains to be seen. Not much, I apprehend; although a thing of the kind has never before taken place here. Yet, such is the prevalent indifference to religion in every form, that I do not expect the appointment to excite much curiosity.

Jan. 2. It turned out as I expected; the number of my hearers, last night, did not exceed thirty, and all males. Much regret was expressed, by those who did attend, that the turn-out was not better. And a promise was extracted from me, that I would revisit Vicksburg, before I returned to Cincinnati, when it is thought I will succeed better.

I leave for Natchez to-day; but I shall return here in two or three months, and try what can be done; for Vicksburg is a place of much *present*, and still greater *prospective* importance. It seems to be generally admitted, that it will outgrow Natchez, on account of its superior advantages for trade, and the larger and richer scope of country for which it is the commercial depot. Its direct communication, by railroad, with Jackson, the State capital, is also thought to be in its favor.† In this country, railroads must be the ultimate dependence for over-land transportation. Turnpikes are out of the question, for lack of stone; and canals, for lack of water. The natural roads are impassable to vehicles in wet and rainy seasons. Railroads, therefore, must be the ultimate reliance.

There really is various dangers attendant on solitary travel in this region. All men go "armed to the teeth," and it is to be expected, that amongst the many, wrecked in reputation and estate, who are constantly drifting south-

* All the above description, remember, as to the business, and much of it, as to the *rowdyism*, is inapplicable now.

† Time, the great realizer or defeater of human hopes, has shown the fallacy of this, in regard to Vicksburg; that rail-road has nearly *proved its* ruin.

ward on the tide of speculation, some are desperate enough to resort to robbery and murder, for the mending of their fortunes. A few evenings ago, a gentleman of Vicksburg was delivered of a gold watch and three hundred dollars, by four fellows, armed with double-barreled guns.

Another source of danger, are the runaway negroes, who infest the woods in considerable numbers. Unable to effect their escape out of the country, they skulk into the forests, and prowl forth in the night, on predatory enterprises. Over the slaves who remain with their masters, too close a vigilance is maintained, to admit of their being dangerous to the traveler; yet, even they, make serious depredations at times, on hen-roosts, and pig-pens, and such other quarters as may yield them the conveniences or luxuries of life.

Still another source of danger, are the panthers, which are pretty numerous, and very fierce. Sometime since, a female slave was covertly taking food to her runaway father, who was skulking on the skirts of the plantation; when she had got within a few paces of him, a panther sprang upon her from a tree, and mangled her to death before his eyes. The poor negro was so horrified at the spectacle, that he ran home and reported it to his master, who, on his arrival at the spot, found the monster still growling over his prey, and quite disposed to contest his right to it, too, until he was shot through the head. But an instance yet more illustrative of the desperate fierceness of these animals, occurred about a year ago, on the Yazoo river. Whilst a party of boatmen were at dinner in their boat, a large panther bounded in amongst them, and despite all they could do, though fully armed, he actually seized one of them, and escaped with him into the adjoining cane-brake.

Now, do not suspect, gentle reader, that these are mere Baron Munchausen legends, told thee for the purpose of bristling up thy hairs, or of gratifying thy marvelousness. Neither would the narrator have thee think that his own mind is haunted with idle terrors, on account there of, during his solitary rides through these south-western forests; for God wot, they seldom ever occupy his thoughts at such times. No, no: he somehow has the presumption to suppose that his precious little purse is not destined to fall prey to thieves, nor his precious little person to panthers.

The persuasion which is said to have sustained the great Wesley, in his dangers and difficulties, operates as no small degree of assurance in the writer's mind also: he holds himself *immortal till his work is done.*

Jan. 3. I am on board the steamboat Vicksburg, bound to Natchez. The news from above, is, that the river is frozen solid, as far down as Randolph, in Tennessee, which is two hundred miles below the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi! An event of the kind is not known to have happened before. The temperature here may be inferred from the fact that I preached in the Court-house last night, without a fire, with tolerable comfort.

Jan. 4. Arrived at Natchez, and sought out James M'Crea, a merchant, and resident in the city, who received me very gladly, and I am to be his guest during my stay. It is said there never has been a Universalist sermon preached here; which, if true, is strange, considering the age of the place. And yet not more strange than that the same should have been the case with regard to Pittsburg, until the winter of 1835. We have appointments out for meetings on Saturday night and Sunday, in the City Hall; a central and very commodious room for the purpose. There are two evil influences which most seriously affect the Universalist preacher's chance of success in these southern cities, these are *bigotry* and *indifference.* Of the two, I scarcely need remark, the latter is far the worse. It is easier overcoming the intemperate heat of the one, than the frigidity of the other.

"You see, sir," said a gentleman to me, after informing me that he regarded all the religious sects with *equal* favor, "You see, sir, that I am very liberal." "Very," I replied; "it is the same kind of liberality which I myself entertain towards the parties in French politics—the liberality of indifference. How easy it is to be liberal in regard to things for which we care not a straw."

In a former itinerary of travels in the South, I described Natchez as a romantically beautiful place. I am now disposed to ratify that description, and to carry it further. Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the praise of Natchez; on the score of beauty, it really is not. I have rambled through it, and about it, in all directions, and every new ramble brought new beauties to my eye. I should never weary of Natchez. No city of the size that I have seen,

can boast near so many fine buildings; none can boast a more pleasingly varied scenery; none can pretend to a comparison with it in the number and diversity of its evergreens, or the tastefulness of its gardens and *parterres*. In these respects, it certainly stands unrivaled by any town within the range of my acquaintance. Yet would I not be understood as claiming for its scenery an equality with that of many other places I have seen, in regard to those grand and startling features, which compose the awful and the sublime. Here are no towering ledges, no overhanging masses of rock, no impetuous torrents, awakening mountain echoes by their rush and fall. The prevalent characteristic of the scenery here, is a boldness and brokenness of outline, softened by a voluptuous evergreen covering, and the unimpeded and placid flow of the river. Oh! it is deligtful to stand on the verge of the bluff on a fine day, to see the lower town two hundred feet beneath you; a river-view of several miles in extent, enlived with here and there an ascending or descending boat; the various bustle about the landing, especially among the negro draymen, who seem to employ one half of their time in getting their teams in each other's way, and the other half in getting them out again.

By the way, these negroes are sad brutes in the management of horses and oxen. My heart has ached at witnessing the remorseless cruelty they exercise toward these dumb animals. Oh! why is it, since the mercy of their owners, or drivers, is so slender a defence against ill-treatment, that the shield of law is not extended over these faithful drudges of mankind? My God! if the doctrine of metempsichosis be true, I pray that my soul be not doomed to pass into the body of an ox, or a horse, with a negro (white or black) for my driver!

About a mile above Natchez is a place called the Punch Bowls, which is well worthy a visit. It consists of an isolated track of pine woods, tall and stately, (itself a curiosity, for there is no pine growth in the vicinity for many miles, and this tract does not include more than one hundred acres.) Still the chief attraction are the bowls themselves, of which there are three, with very narrow slips of unbroken ground between, on which the spectator can stand and look down into these circular gulfs, which, by the measurement of my eye, I should pronounce full one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and nearly perpendicular,

on all sides save that towards the river. It makes a weak head swim to look down into them. As these cavities are covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, they must afford fine retreats from the heats of the upper air in summer. I wonder that some quick sighted Yankee has not ere now secured a monopoly in these bowls, and improved them for the health of his own pocket. It would be no bad speculation, I think.

Jan. 15. I took a railroad ride to-day, to Washington, five miles from Natchez. It is the seat of a tolerable flourishing college, and, considered merely with reference to its scenery, it is a sufficiently charming little place; quiet and rural; but with little to boast of in the way of buildings, and in an evident state of decay, which must be hastened by the passage of the railroad through it to Jackson.

This is the season here for sowing onions, lettuce, radishes, etc. I saw many so employed as the cars passed along. Odd sort of business this, for the middle of January! But the weather is as balmy as any day in June, with us at the North. I think, indeed, we have few days so soft, in any season; it fulfills my ideal of the weather of Italy.

Jan. 18. Took stage to-day for Woodville, forty miles from Natchez, in a direction a little east of south. You may infer, from the little I have said on the subject, that my success in Natchez was not such as to elate me very greatly. I preached nine sermons there to congregations numbering as low as fifty, in one or two instances, and not much exceeding a hundred, in any, which, for a place of its population, was but indifferent encouragement. I had expected a greater manifestation of public interest in the matter from its mere novelty. But, ah me! there is too prevalent an indifference to religion in southern cities. Through the daily papers I had respectfully invited the attention of the clergy to what was going on. I assured them that if I was mistaken in my religious opinions, I was very sincerely so, and would therefore take in good part their pointing out of my errors, and would give them the liberty of doing so at the conclusion of my meetings. Nevertheless, but three or four of them did me the honor to hear me, and neither of them was so benevolent as to shed the illumination of truth upon my unfortunate blindness, from which, however, it must not be inferred that

they were hard-hearted, for I learned that some of them, to others, expressed their pity for me, and their abhorrence of my heresy; and furthermore, they acknowledged that for so bad a man, I might be a tolerable good one, etc. But still they left me in undisturbed possession of my dangerous errors, and the public to the unopposed influence of my dangerous teaching.

In journeying southwardly from Natchez the country assumes new beauty; I mean the forest, not the soil; its evergreens increase in number and diversity, and when you have got so far as Woodville, these are become so prevalent, that you are ever and anon cheated into the impression that the season is that of summer; which deception is much aided by the blandness of the temperature. Oh! what a beautiful forest! By universal consent, the magnolia is crowned queen of southern sylvan beauties: (when beauties are the subject, the gender must be feminine.) Next in rank, is the wild peach; then the holly, perhaps, or the pine; then there are the live-oak, the willow oak, the sweet bay, all evergreens, besides numerous shrubs, as the Cherokee rose, the myrtle, etc., (I give them the popular names,) among which I could ramble and make poetry forever and ever, supposing I were a poet.

About midway between Woodville and Natchez, is a river called the Homicheta—I will not vouch for the orthography—across which the stage is carried in a flat. But across the adjoining swamps, which is of great depth in high water, and two or three miles in width, it does not get so comfortably. My stars, but it is a perilous passage at such times! We passengers rid ourselves of overcoats, and other impediments to swimming, and put down the coach windows, that we might have a chance of egress in case of an overset; an occurrence extremely probable, and one that had actually taken place the day before. We fared better, however; and by holding up our feet, as the water rolled across the floor of the stage, we got through without a wetting.

What a sweet little place this Woodville is, both in itself, and in regard to the surrounding country. In my opinion, no interior town in Mississippi can vie with it, and it must be a healthy place too, for its situation is elevated.

There is a greater uniformity of soil over the entire State of Mississippi, than any other territory of equal

extent within my acquaintance. I have been much over the larger part of it, and I find the same general quality of soil obtains from its northern to its southern extremity. The upland is a soapy clay, extremely liable to wash away with the rains, and therefore to be scooped into deep gullies. In some parts, a method of plowing, termed *circular* plowing, is adopted, to prevent this washing, and with success, where the surface is not too uneven. On the creeks and rivers, the soil is fertile in the highest degree, and of great depth; bearing, in its natural condition, a forest which may well be termed tremendous, and a tall and compact growth of cane.

It is subject, however, to the disadvantages of extensive marshes, and stagnant pools, and to periodical overflows, which engender malaria, and render the atmosphere any thing but favorable to health; at times, most deadly. My friend, Mr. B., informed me that he had lost twenty-four negroes, by death, in one season; and there are, in his family cemetery, more than a hundred adult negro graves, besides, I know not how many, of those of infants. Mrs. B. gave me a most melancholy picture of some of these seasons of mortality. On a plantation remote from neighbors, far from foreign aid, she has spent months and months together, without seeing a white face. Coffins could not be procured to meet the rapid and urgent demand. It was found necessary, therefore, to substitute such boxes as could be found on the premises, which had formerly contained the family groceries, or dry goods; and for shrouds, the numbers of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier were substituted. I have somewhere seen it stated, by one of its publishers, relative to the cheapness of that paper, that its numbers were sometimes used for *table-cloths* in the wilds of the West. This I have myself seen, and for *window curtains*, bed curtains, and papering for the best room of the better sort of log cabins. I have also seen other of the large Philadelphia and New York papers, of our heretical publications, employed in a similar way. But what publisher, in our Atlantic cities, dreams, on folding a paper for the far South, that it is destined to perform the office of a negro shroud.

Well, I have somewhat enlightened the reader, I trow, on the subject of negro weddings and burials, and before I close this chapter of my itinerary, I must increase *his obligations* to me by a recital, *verbatim et literatim*,

of "the form of sound words," employed on the wedding occasion afore-mentioned, by the *magistrate of color*. My readers may have seen negro marriages for themselves; but I question if many of them have seen the business transacted by an ebony official. Therein consists the main glory of the spectacle. As it was a perfect novelty to me, my memory has carefully hoarded it in her cabinet of curiosities. Thus it ran—"Missur Jacob Bacon—all negroes bear the surnames of their masters,—you take dis yere gal for your weddin wife; you takin her better for wus; you promis to tick too her, and lib unto you die; and may de Lor hab mercy on you soul: slute you bride." I fear I should not do justice in an attempt to describe the smack which followed the closing injunction. I can think of nothing better with which to compare it, than the popping of a cork out of a bottle of yeast.

Jan. 22. I am now at Clinton, seat of justice for East Feliciana parish, Louisiana, where I have been treated, from the first, with more unaffected kindness than I have elsewhere met with in the South, if I may except New Orleans.

It is ever better to lean toward *right*, rather than toward what may seem *self-interest;* for it will be found in the issue, that the former *necessarily*, and therefore *invariably*, involves the latter. How oft has experience forced upon me a conviction of this truth. And yet, alas! how oft have I denied it in practice. In my first visit to Louisiana, however, I acted upon it fully. When times were good at the South, I wrote to a Post master in Louisiana, that I would visit the country, and preach in it for a month, if I should be previously assured of a reimbursement of *half* my traveling expenses. This assurance he readily gave, and I in return, gave him a positive promise of a visit. Between this promise, and the time for its fulfillment, that signal reverse of times occurred, which even yet continues, and no part of the Union was to a greater extent affected by it, than the cotton growing-regions of the South. Their staple fell to less than half its former price, and their money to half its nominal value. In this state of things, I seriously doubted whether the promise made to me in better times, could be fulfilled. But no matter, *my* pledge was given, and come what would, my

honor was concerned to redeem it. But to make matters worse, I had commenced writing and publishing the PRO AND CON. I was issuing it to subscribers, in numbers of twenty-four pages; but four (out of sixteen) of these were out; and I owed the printer for the fourth. Not a dollar had I to apply to that debt, nor to future issues; no certain income from any source; for my publication prevented my entering into regular professional engagements, and I was most seriously concerned to know how I should discharge my obligations to my subscribers. My conclusion, however, was, if I could do no better, to sell the little property I had, and return each one his money. Meanwhile, the time came for starting to Louisiana. Had I consulted my private inclinations, I would have preferred to go North, East, or West, rather than South; because I had hope of finding friends to my doctrine, and patrons for my book, in the former directions; whereas in the latter, I felt sure of finding very few of either. Nevertheless, having obtained the consent of my wife, whom I consult in every thing, (as in my judgment every husband should,) I threw myself upon Providence, and made the venture. Do you ask the issue, reader? It was in every way antipodal to my expectations; in no other direction could I have gone, and met results one half so favorable. It even seems to me to have been the only step I could have taken for my extrication. This, however, is all very egotistical. Yet the reader may forgive it for the moral it conveys.

Feb. 1. I have preached a number of discourses in and about Clinton; my reception is every way more cheering than it was last Spring. My audiences are larger; applications for preaching are more numerous; many are extending toward me a fuller confidence, and a more cordial friendship than they before evinced. I am now at Liberty, Amite county, Mississippi, where my audiences are very large, and where they listen with apparently motionless attention. The gentleman, (an M. D.) with whom I stay, informs me that he has never witnessed amongst the community of the place so undivided a feeling, as is expressed in regard to the matter preached. The publisher of the newspaper here, was a resident at Pittsburg at the time of my first visit to that city. He witnessed my being stoned and ejected from the Court-house there. His representation, together with those of an eminent lawyer of the

place, who had heard me somewhere else, were of service in preparing for me a favorable reception. In this way, I often find that the bread cast upon the waters appeareth after many days. Our national habits are so migratory, that a sermon preached in one of our populous cities, may be compared to a hand-full of seed thrown from an eminence in a high wind. Some will lodge in the immediate vicinity, and there germinate, whilst others will be scattered abroad, and seem to be lost, until the fruit starts up in places where it is least looked for, and every body is puzzled to account how it got there.

The preacher who would locate in this country with advantage to himself and his cause, must be a man of cultivated mind and manners; not meaning by the latter, a *fashionable polish*, but merely an *agreeableness;* and above all, he must betray no *littleness* of character; no *picayune* qualities of mind; for nothing is regarded with more contempt at the South, than this trait. A man may swear, gamble, get drunk, fight, any thing, (barring abolitionism,) and may still get along bravely, provided that he displays a magnanimous and generous temper. The only *unpardonable* sins here, are pusilanimity and abolitionism.

There are now two Unitarian ministers in this region, who were formerly of the Methodist connection. One is Professor Wooldridge ,of Louisiana College, in this parish, —of whom I have spoken heretofore—the other is Mr. Renea, who has a plantation in Amite county, adjoining. These are important accessions to the liberal cause here, and I hope much from their influence. But oh! how utterly alone am I in *my* heresy! These gentlemen are considered as *Simon Pures*, compared with me; there being no preacher of the kind within more than a thousand miles in any direction; nor has there ever been one in the parts before me. It may therefore be conceived how much erroneous prepossession requires to be removed, in order to our doctrine's being heard with any tolerable acceptance.

It is not here, in this respect, as I found it in the Wabash country, Indiana; for there the ground is fully prepared for the Universalist preacher, by the constant flow of emigration from the Eastern States. He finds our books and papers to have traveled thither before him. Hence, when I, a year ago last fall, visited Terre-Haute,

Lafayette, Crawfordsville, etc., although no preacher of our doctrines had ever preceded me at those places, I nevertheless found that they were pretty well known, and favorably considered by the people generally. I could scarcely bring myself to realize that they were being promulgated there for the first time. Now in the interior districts of the South, the case is far otherwise. They are populated mainly from Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas; and, one may travel a hundred miles together, without falling in with one of our publications, or with an individual who has ever heard one of our ministers. The work of conversion, therefore, must be done from the beginning.

Feb. 5. Mr. Campbell is, for the first time, a visitant of this country. I heard him discourse to-day, at Clinton. His sermon contained much that was admirable, and a little that was not so. He told us our first mother was tempted to eat an *apple*, by a fallen angel in a *snake*. This in sober earnest! Is he not a promising *reformer?* With his manner, also, which is very charming in general, I was not entirely pleased—it is too magisterial. He may think it beneath his dignity to convince by ratiocination; *great* men seldom reason, they dogmatize; and Mr. C. is a *great* man. He puts forth matter, trite and common-place, with an air which says, "I am revealing new truths." He informed us, for example, that the word *save*, and its derivatives, do not always imply the being made happy in eternity, but sometimes the being delivered from sin and error in time. He even hinted that the Universalian error is mainly owing to an ignorance of this distinction. Heard you ever the like of that? Mr. C. must be most deeply learned in Universalism!

"When it is said that 'God is the Savior of all men,' we are to understand it as meaning," quoth Mr. C. "that he merely saves all men *temporally;* that is, from sickness, accidents, death, etc." It follows, then, thought unlearned and simple I, that all men are actually saved from these things; that sickness, accidents, death, etc., never take place in regard to any; for God IS *the Savior of* ALL *men!* Now, if facts contradict his theory, we are by no means to distrust the correctness of the great reformer! oh, no. We must rather blame the facts, which, as every body knows, are perverse and obstinate things. "The temporal salvation is *conditional*," says Mr. C., "as

well as the spiritual and eternal." Well, if this be so, none are sick, none suffer, none die, but those who have violated the conditions; but infants of a day, are sick, suffer, and die; therefore infants of a day have violated the conditions. Here's reform for you. Moreover, if "God is the Savior of all men," merely by preserving them from sickness, dangers, death, etc., why is he not as well the Savior of all *animals*, as of all *men?* Why is not the proposition equally true with regard to all birds, beasts, fishes, and insects? I really can see no reason. It were better, methinks, even to admit the heresy of Universalism, than to turn the Scriptures into nonsense in the effort to evade it.

Feb. 10. It has been raining for a week, unceasingly. When it rains in this country in the winter season, (which, by the way, is not seldom,) it does so in good earnest. In the impressive language of Moses, *the windows of heaven open;* and for days and nights together, the water comes down in torrents. I had made arrangements for going on horseback from Clinton to Lake Ponchartrain, whence I could have crossed to New Orleans in two hours. I was to have preached at several places on the route, and to have been furnished with a horse from one to another, and with a servant to bring it back; but the rains have so swollen the streams that the route is now impracticable.

Feb. 12. Arrived, by stage, at Bayou Sara, to-day, which is the landing place for this part of Louisiana. A boat happened to be passing up the river, which sent its yawl ashore for some passengers, from the hotel at which I stopped. In the hurry, my cloak was thrown amongst their baggage, and I knew nothing of the matter, till it was too late to be remedied. So, good-bye to my cloak. I then walked up to St. Francisville, three-fourths of a mile, which is the seat of justice for West Feliciana parish, and most charmingly situated. My object was to get up a meeting for that night. This I soon accomplished, although it lacked but half an hour of night. I knew not a soul there; it was a sheer adventure, and it proved a very successful one.

Feb. 13. Embarked for New Orleans, which from this point is distant one hundred and fifty miles, and as sweet a sail as any one can well wish, bestrewed all the way with beautiful buildings on each shore, and presenting an unbroken succession of sugar plantations—a perfect series

of pleasant and varying pictures, which, however, by their frequency and prettiness, fatigue the eye. What happy shores would these be, but for the pestiferous little heathens, the mosquitoes! These, in the summer season, are so numerous, that if a lighted candle be exposed in the house, they will extinguish it almost instantly. It would be found impossible for persons to sit out a meal at table, was it not for the office of Cuffee, with his wisp. This, and an occasional epidemic which sweeps along these lovely shores, are serious drawbacks on their loveliness. It is well that it is so, however, for otherwise every body would be flocking to them; for there is a great charm in green gardens in mid-winter. There is a charm, too, in having a refreshing sea-breeze to fan the cheek on a summer night, which here is invariably the case. And there is also a charm in being so near the tropics that its fruits and vegetables are ever on your table. But nature is ever wont to blend some foibles with her beauties; and she has not departed from her rule in this case. So on the whole, taking its advantages and disadvantages together, a residence on the Mississippi coast is not very greatly to be coveted.

From New Orleans, I proceeded, by way of Lake Ponchartrain, to Mobile, and thence up the river to Selma, three hundred miles. The former I found to be a very handsome city in itself, though far from being strikingly so in its situation. It lies on a dead level with the Bay of the same name, whose water is too shoal to admit of the larger class of ships getting up to the city; and the country circumjacent is low, tame, and sterile.

I called on the Unitarian minister, Mr. Simmons, who gave his cordial consent, after an hour or so of conversation on the subject, to my occupying his church for some lectures, on my return from up the country. He proved quite unread in Universalism, not even being aware that we, with his own church, reject the Trinity, and other errors of that tribe! "What will be the character of the lectures you propose delivering in my desk?" he inquired.

"As explicitly doctrinal as I can possibly make them," was my answer.

"And do you really think that will be your best course?" he inquired, with unfeigned surprise, "seeing

that so great a prejudice exists against your views in this community."

"Most decidedly so," I answered, "and *for that very reason.* It may happen now, as it did to Paul, that we may make men our enemies by telling them the truth; but the truth, nevertheless, *must be told.* And, sir," I added, "you must excuse me for saying, that I deem it an erroneous policy on the part of your ministry, that it has shrunk from a bold and decided advocacy of your distinguishing doctrines. *We*, as a denomination, have less learning than you; less wealth; less age; a less respectable history; and yet, with all these disadvantages, we are leaving you far behind us in respect to increase of numbers, and extent of spread. And why? Simply because we address ourselves to the common sense of the people; we make intelligible to them both the distinction between ourselves and others, and the grounds therefor," etc. etc.

At Selma, I experienced a huge amount of most ill-natured and ill-mannered bigotry. Such a series of gross and gratuitous insults, it has never been my fortune to experience, so near together, within the whole course of my ministry. First: The mistress of the house where I first took lodging, at the express invitation of a boarder of highly respectable character, expressed extreme uneasiness at my being under her roof, *lest the people of the place might suspect herself and husband of favoring my doctrine!* Second: Application having been made for one of the churches on my account, by a lady, of whom it would not be too much to say, that within fifty miles, or as far as she was known, *not one* enjoyed a higher reputation for virtue and amiability, the ill-mannered saint to whom she had made it, wrote her for answer: That her preacher "had better be following the plow-stilts, than going about the country disseminating immorality;" and that he "wondered at so respectable a lady as she, lending countenance to a man who went about putting down religion," etc. Third: While several meeting-houses in the place stood idle, for want of clergymen, I could obtain for my meetings no house but the theatre. And, fourth, When a kind-hearted inn-keeper invited me to be her guest, from sheer pity to me, because I could be no where else, two of her boarders took upon them to remonstrate with her for opening her doors to so dangerous an individual!

All this in the South! the chivalrous South! And by persons, too—I fear not to adventure the declaration—who knew not, and in their secret hearts *cared* not for the difference between Christianity and Mohammedanism. Persons of sordid, time-serving souls, who, for a mess of pottage, would have sold their birthright to freedom of person and conscience; and in whose hands the life of Christ would have been in as unsafe keeping as in those of Judas, if thirty pieces of silver had been set against it.

Now I can bear such treatment with tolerable patience, when it proceeds from those who are sincere in their religion; and it is quite possible for those who are so, to persecute. Such, for example, was Paul. But when such bigotry is exhibited by persons whose religion is a mere thing of worldly policy, I despise it too heartily to endure it with a martyr's composure. And as to the religion of Selma, I greatly mistake if it could not have been all bought up at the price of a few negroes, or a few hundred cotton-bales.

In amusing contrast with the above-recorded conduct, as well as illustrative of the truth of the last paragraph, I must state that, at the instance of a beautiful woman of our faith, in the place, the Episcopalians consented to deposit a copy of the Pro and Con of Universalism, under the corner-stone of their church in Selma!

Well, at General Brantley's, eight miles out, I found a pleasant way-side harbor, where my weary heart could be sure of finding sympathy. There I several times preached; as I also did in the lecture-room of a seminary, equally far from Selma in another direction. Meanwhile, a reaction was going on in my favor in the public mind at Selma, which secured me large audiences in the theatre. And the little band of believers there—females, every one—were wrought up to a tone of heroic self-devotion to their faith, by the very virulence of the opposition which had raged against it. These I constituted into a little church, and *in the theatre;* and, in the presence of a large congregation, I administered to them the symbols of our Lord's broken body and spilt blood.

With a horse, borrowed for the purpose, I visited and preached in numerous places in middle Alabama, viz.: Marion, Montgomery, Washington, Wetumpka, Mount Olympus, etc. These journeyings involved long, hot, dreary, and fatiguing rides; which, together with the men-

tal weariness and loathing I had experienced, reduced me to the last supportable stage of bodily exhaustion.

It is worth one's while to be thoroughly homesick betimes, for the delight which one experiences at every stage of his homeward progress. I can conceive of no pleasure more vivid than is felt by the traveler, when arrived within sight of his dwelling, after a long absence. He sees the dog at the door, the window-shutters unclosed, the smoke ascending from his chimney, and all things indicating that the beloved inmates are at home and in health. But if such is his ecstacy under ordinary circumstances, how much greater is it when his absence has been attended with unusual hardships and imminent danger! Such precisely was my own case in the present instance; and most devoutly did I thank my Almighty Father for this last and signal instance of his providential protection.

On Saturday, May 25th, I arrived by stage at Natchez, from Woodville—the distance between the two places is thirty-eight miles,—the country, for the last twenty miles is fertile and pleasing, presenting a continuous succession of extensive cotton plantations, under excellent culture; the magnolias being in full flower, exhibited, in the contrast of their deep green leaves and large white blossoms, a most beautiful appearance. The weather was intensely hot and dry; the thermometer, I am told, stood at one hundred degrees in the shade; it seemed unaccountable to me that the land did not take fire and burn up; yet the corn and cotton looked exceedingly thrifty. It must be that this soil endures drought much better than do the limestone lands of the West. I thought the same when I was here a year ago; at which time the dry weather continued two months without any apparent effect on vegetation.

At Natchez, I tarried with James M'Crea, to whose kindness I feel under great obligations. He is almost the only person avowedly of our faith in the place. In the evening, as the weather was extremely sultry, I joined a little party in a walk to the *bluff*, which overlooks the river and the lower town, and is two hundred feet above them. Here the eye can take in a reach of the great Mississippi, of some ten or twelve miles in length; and besides that, the scene embraces every object in the lower

town, and a little villa and handsome court-house on the opposite shore: it is almost always enlivened by boats ascending or descending, by flats, and rafts, and even some ships. This elevated plateau, is a very favorite evening promenade with the citizens, and deservedly so. I know of nothing in the United States equal to what this might be made, with a little labor. However still the atmosphere elsewhere, one may here always enjoy the luxury of a cool breeze, which, in so warm a climate, is object enough to make it a chief place of public resort. And yet, a little levelling, and a few rude benches placed along the brow of the bluff, are the sum of the improvement bestowed on a place which nature has fitted to be one of the most delightful promenades in the world.

I was to have preached on Sunday, but all the public rooms in the city were pre-engaged; and it was quite as well they were so, for the flood of burning sun-shine in the streets, and the clouds of heated dust which every motion stirred up, rendered the stepping out of doors nearly intolerable; and it is not likely that the audience would have been large; for Natchez is a place of some bigotry and more indifference. On Sunday night I embarked on board of the BUCKEYE, bound for Louisville. It was brightly moonlight; and as the beautiful boat forced its way up the river, at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, it caused a motion of the air, which, after the sultriness of the day, was truly delightful. The Mississippi scenery rather loses than gains in interest, as you ascend it from Natchez; the shores become less and less populous, and the few openings that are seen, are marked by very indifferent improvement; the shores, moreover, are flat and uniform, continually wearing away by the attrition of the current, and liable to be overflowed in times of high water.

The Gen. Brown, which met with an explosion last winter, by which thirty-three lives were destroyed, had passed Natchez about two hours before the Buckeye came up, and as both these boats had some celebrity for speed, it was a point on board of the latter to overtake the former, as it undoubtedly was on board of the former to keep ahead. These races, if they may be so termed, cannot be avoided, there exists too many inducements to them; even the passengers, one and all, will stimulate *the crew* to every exertion, to enable the boat in which

they are to pass another, or to prevent its being passed. It is not uncommon in these trials of speed, to incease the steam by throwing tar and rosin into the fires.

I was walking to and fro on the forecastle deck, on Tuesday evening, enjoying the moonlight, we being under a high pressure of steam, for the Gen. Brown was plain in sight, and great was the excitement on board our boat; happening to cast my eye along the line of water between the two vessels, I saw with alarm that we were running full upon a large snag. I would have called out to the pilot, but surely, thought I, so large an object cannot escape his notice in the clear moonlight. Yet on, we sped towards it with fearful velocity, and never turned from the course we were pursuing, until we were within a few yards of it. It would seem that the man at the wheel never saw it till then, so intent was he in catching up with the Gen. Brown. He now threw the bow around to avoid the danger; but too late. The snag took us just forward the wheel-house, which it carried away with a tremendous crash; it then, by the motion of the boat, was drawn farther up, and protruded through the cabin floor, tearing it away for a space of about eight feet, by three or four in breadth; it also completely demolished three state rooms, and pushed off the escape pipe. Happily no passengers were in that part of the boat at the moment, or they must have been killed. It was also fortunate that the steam pipe escaped, which it did by only a few inches, otherwise it is probable that a majority of all on board would have perished. On afterwards surveying the damage, all expressed astonishment at the narrowness of the escape, but a still narrower one awaited us; of which, by and by.

These snags are pretty numerous in the Mississippi, and, as a matter of course, they always point directly down stream. They consist of the trunks and larger branches of immense trees, the roots of which, being very heavy, adhere to the bed of the river, while the trunk is buoyed up by the water in an oblique position. Conceive the concussion which the running of a large boat, at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, against the point of one of these must occasion! It often leaves but a few minutes' space for jumping overboard, ere the boat finds it way to the bottom. Many a beautiful and

richly freighted vessel has thus met its fate on the waters of the West.

Thursday, May 30th, was my birth-day, and most strangely was it destined to be signalized. We were now on the part of the river of which Tennessee forms one boundary and Arkansas the other. The river was rapidly rising, by copious rains above, and was full of drift. It would astonish you to see the enormous trees which are floated down at such times. The engine had to be stopped every few minutes to avoid a concussion with these troublesome customers. Such continued to be the case all day, and during the night. From some cause, whether from this circumstance, or from the accident of the snag, I cannot tell, but every one on board had, as it afterwards appeared, a presentiment of danger. I heard several of the passengers express a reluctance to go to bed. The clerk afterwards remarked, that, for the first time since he had been on the boat, he had that night gone to bed with his clothes on, and even with his watch suspended to his neck. The captain also had been heard to say, that he dreaded something, for that accidents seldom come singly. I will not pretend to have been wholly unaffected by the prevalent foreboding, but at any rate it did not prevent my going to bed, and getting into a sound sleep. Towards midnight I was awakened by the bustle proceeding from the landing of the boat at a wood-yard. "Put her forward a stroke or two," bawled the captain. "Some drif in de wheel, sir, can't uncouple him," answered the negro fireman. "Forward with her!" reiterated the captain, at the top of his voice. "Can't, sir," was again replied. Meanwhile no steam was let off, and from the smell of the burning iron, I could distinctly perceive that there was not water enough in the boilers.

We are on the very point of an explosion, thought I, snatching up my cloak at the instant, and holding it in readiness to protect myself, if possible, from the hot steam. The thought had scarcely passed through my mind, when it was realized, with a noise like the loudest thunder, and a shock like an earthquake; and then the hubbub that ensued is unimaginable. "We're on fire!" "We're sinking!" All was utter darkness, for every light was extinguished by the shock.

One of the boilers, which was blown into the river, went bubbling and hissing by, kept from sinking for a minute by the hot water it contained. Close in its vicinity arose the cries of a poor fellow who had been blown overboard, but who, happily could swim, and thus escaped. The captain was sent full fifty yards into the air, but lighting in the water near the shore, he received but little injury. One of the pilots, who was in his berth at the time of the accident, also lighted in the water, but he is since dead from his hurts. The pilot who was at the wheel, was found among the rubbish on the boiler deck. I assisted in carrying him out, and in dressing his corpse the next day. The acting engineer was found under the larboard shaft, his head blown off, and otherwise shockingly mangled. The mate, who was in his state room, was blown nobody knows where; he was a name-sake of mine, and a resident of Cincinnati. These, in addition to two passengers and a fireman, who was found lying on his face with the keel of the yawl across the small of his back, nearly severing it asunder, were all to whom the explosion proved fatal. Some six or seven others were wounded.

From the total wreck which the boat next day presented, it seemed wonderful that the destruction was not much greater, and so it doubtless would have been had the explosion occurred in the daytime; for then the persons aboard would have mostly been forward of, or over the the boilers, and could not have escaped being blown to atoms. It was also a favorable circumstance that all three of the boilers were blown clear overboard—one into a cornfield on shore—for thereby the damage usually done by the scalding water was avoided. To the boat itself, the shock was unusually destructive, but to those on board it was less disastrous than usual. As a Doctor had been sent for, to Randolph, six miles below, to minister to the sufferers, the citizens of that place were apprised of the catastrophe, and great numbers of them came up to see us next day in a small steamboat.

To the traveler returning from the South, after a long absence, to his home on the Ohio, the reaching the mouth of that beautiful stream, is an *event*, and a thrilling one, too, believe me; and, home feelings and local partialities apart, it does, without question, continually gain in beauty as you ascend it. Oh! how delightedly I feasted my eyes

on its scenery! It won me from study—even from light reading. I surveyed its sweet little islands; its sometimes sloping, sometimes alluvial, and sometimes perpendicular shores; its tributary brooks and rivers; its towns and villas. Had the gift of *writing* poetry been in me, equal to that of *perceiving* and *feeling* it, I should doubtless have been guilty of concluding my itinerary in rhyme, instead of this half-crazy prose. I reached Louisville on Sunday evening, just a week from the time of my embarkation at Natchez, sufficiently tired of steamboating, and most delighted to set my foot once more on *terra firma*. On my arrival at Cincinnati, I had the happiness to find my family well, for which, and all his other mercies, may the God of all goodness be praised. Amen.

CHAPTER XIII.

Reviews Mr. Raper against Universalism—Holds a public dicussion with Mr. Lucas, at Wilmington, Ohio—Has a Theological passage of arms with a Methodist preacher at Waynesville, Ohio—Some risks and hardships from high water in the Muskingum Valley—How shall the drunkard be disposed of after death?

My first employment after my return, was to write and publish a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, in review of a work of the same size put forth by the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern of Cincinnati, purporting to be a refutation of Universalism, by the Rev. W. H. Raper. I sold sixteen hundred copies of my review in the brief space of four months. In June I attended the meeting of the Miami Association, at Montgomery. From thence Judge Baldwin took me in his carriage to his home at Edwardsville, and from thence John Mitchell conveyed me, first to his own home, and then to Wilmington, the capital of Clinton county. On our arrival at the latter—toward the close of the day—application was made to the Reformers for the use of their meeting-house that evening; it was replied, that an appointment existed for preaching therein on that evening, by Mr. Lucas, a gentleman who enjoyed a high position in respect to talents amongst that people; but that, nevertheless, if I would agree to his *immediately* following me, with a reply to my discourse,

the use of the pulpit should be granted me. This condition was agreed to, and I occupied the desk.

"It is easily possible for me," said I, when I arose to speak, "to avoid occupying debatable ground in my discourse, and that would leave Mr. Lucas nothing to reply to; for there are many points which christians of every name hold in common. But, then, you would all be disappointed, if I should take that course and it would, also seem that I feared to subject my faith to a public examination; which is as far as possible from being the fact. I shall, therefore, take a course directly the reverse, and shall present no points before you but such as there is a broad issue upon, between us." I did so, accordingly, in as concise a way as was possible to me, and resigned the desk to Mr. Lucas, after an occupancy of about forty minutes.

He then followed in a tart replication of full an hour and a half, and he would not then have ceased if symptoms of uneasiness had not manifested themselves on the part of the audience, which drew from me a remonstrance at the unreasonable length of his strictures. An altercation then ensued, which resulted in an arrangemeut between us to meet at nine o'clock next morning, and debate the subject until six in the evening. There were some half a dozen of his ministers present, and almost the entire congregation, also, were with him in the general issue; for our doctrine had not been preached, and had no believers in the town.

I had left to Mr. Lucas the choice of a question for dedebate, only requiring that it should be such as would involve a clear issue between us. He chose the following, "Will all mankind be *unconditionally* saved in the future state?" I was for striking out the word unconditionally, because of its being somewhat ambiguous, and withal, superfluous; for the real issue between Universalists and others, respects the ultimate salvation of all men, *in any manner;* it respects the *fact* itself, not the *mode* of it. However, as he had been engaged, aforetime, in a discussion, with one of our ministers, of the precise form of question as he proposed; and as, mereover, he had with him the notes of that discussion, he was so averse to an alteration of it, that I had to let him have it his own way, or not have a discussion at all. The result was, that it threw me upon proving, that, whatever are the condi-

tions upon which our ultimate salvation depends, God's word is pledged for their being complied with on the part of all mankind.

If an *event* is determined upon by Him whose omniscience foresees and whose omnipotence controls all things, it implies, of course, that all the intermediate *means*, which are necessary to the fulfillment of that event, are also determined upon. If, therefore, we could prove from the Bible no more than the naked fact, that Jehovah has determinately purposed the final salvation of all, *that* would be sufficient of itself; and the showing, on the part of our opponents, that such final salvation depended upon certain *conditions*, would not countervail against our proof, nor affect it in anywise. Nevertheless, we can do more; we can adduce the pledge of God's word for the ultimate fulfillment of *those very conditions*, on the part of universal humanity. Let us see.

Is *righteousness* a condition of salvation? Very well. "As by the disobedience of one many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Romans 5: 19. From this is seen, first, That the same number is necessarily included in the latter *many* as in the former, and therefore, that neither can be limited so as to exclude any portion of mankind; and, second, That all who *are* thus included, all who became sinners by reason of the first offence, "SHALL BE made righteous." Of course, then, *this* condition is to be universally complied with. Is the being united to Christ, and conformed to his image, a condition of salvation? Again, very well. "As in Adam ALL die, even so *in Christ* shall ALL be made alive." "And *as* we have borne the image of the earthly" —as *who* have? why *all* who have descended from him, of course,—"*we shall also bear* the image of the heavenly." 1 Cor. 15: 22, 49. It is impossible, according to this testimony, to exclude any of the posterity of Adam from a participation in Christ's image at the time of their resurrection. Hence, in respect to all mankind, *this* condition also shall be eventually fulfilled. Is a moral subjugation to Christ, accompanied by a belief in and confession of him, a condition of salvation? Yet again, very well. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, *of things* in earth, and *things* under the earth; and *that*

every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Phil. 2: 9, 10, 11. I am aware that it may be objected that here the fact is, in our English version, expressed in the potential form, "that every knee *should* bow, and that every tongue *should* confess." This, however, is but a peurile objection, and cannot be urged by any one acquainted with the Greek reading. Nevertheless, as proof direct must be the arbiter here, we will go back to 1 Cor. 15, where it is shown that *all*, in the resurrection, are to be subject to Christ, in like manner as Christ himself is to be subject to the Father, and that then God shall be *all* IN *all*. And that this subjection is, as respects mankind, of a *moral* nature, is evident from the fact that all men are already subject to Jehovah and his Christ, in every other than a moral sense. Thus is *this* condition also to be universally complied with. Is the being freed from corruption, and brought into the liberty of God's children, another condition of salvation? Once again, I say very well; for in Rom. 8: 21, it is declared, that "the creature [*ptisis*, or whole creation,] *shall be delivered* from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." In the following verse, the same *ptisis*, there rendered "the whole creation," is represented as groaning and travailing for this event. And that this *ptisis* implies the mass of unredeemed humanity, in distinction from the portion thereof who in this life have experienced the adoption, seems most clearly manifest from the verse immediately succeeding. "And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, *the redemption of our body*." So we see that this condition also is to be complied with on the part of our whole race.

Is a knowledge of God another requisite to salvation? Still very well; for see Isaiah 11: 4, 5; Psalms 86: 9; 22: 27, 28, 29; and Heb. 8: 10, 11, 12; whence it will appear, that eventually all are to be brought into possession of this prerequisite. The reader will perceive from all this, that our opponents cannot successfully maintain an issue with us on the ground of the *conditionality* of the future salvation.

In the course of that same Summer, I introduced the gospel of a world's salvation, at Springborough, Warren county, which is among the most beautiful of the many

beautiful regions of Ohio. I mean not that the gospel, as we hold it, had never before been preached there; I believe it had, a few times, a considerable while previous; but no fruits thereof were visible. My first sermon was delivered in a Justice's office, but as it could not accommodate as many as wished to hear, the use of a commodious saloon was obtained for the next evening; a stove and seats being taken into it for the occasion; and the audience was then large and attentive, embracing several members of the society of Friends. The interest which was awakened in the place, by that visit, was kept alive by frequent subsequent preachings by others, till at length a large society was gathered, and an excellent meeting-house erected there.

I preached also at Ridgeville, in the same region; at Centreville, at the widow Baird's, at Lebanon, and at Waynesville. At the last named place, one of my clerical auditors, of whom I had several, appointed a sermon for the Sabbath following, in review of one I had preached from the last paragraph of Matthew xxv. He was a gentlemanly man, and of good attainments, and I therefore determined to attend to what he had to say. Accordingly, on the day appointed, I went from Ridgeville, accompanied by several gentlemen who had formed part of my morning congregation, and arrived at Waynesville just as my reviewer was commencing his meeting. It struck me that, if he was like orthodox preachers in general, it would not be at all to his taste to have me respond to his review, and that there would be no harm in my taking measures to secure another house, in case he might exclude me from that which he occupied.

The event justified me in this precautionary measure, for, toward the close of his discourse, he stated that its use could not be granted me for a reply; that as the teacher of the school in that building, he had a right of control over it, etc. Fortunately, however, I had seen the trustees of the building, and a majority of them had granted me the right of its occupancy for my purpose. I accordingly responded to his discourse: an immense audience, including several preachers of his fraternity, being present. I took up, point after point, as he had presented it, and calmly, and in a kind spirit, exposed what I believed to be his errors. He himself had also been calm, and respectful,

so that no chafed feeling between us interfered with the right exercise of reason and judgment.

When I had done, I offered him the right he had tried to deny to me; but, acknowledging that I had met all the points in his discourse in a candid and courteous manner, he professed himself unable to rejoin at that time, but remarked that he *possibly might* do so on some future occasion. I never afterwards heard from him on the subject, however.

Sometime subsequent, while I was preaching in that same academy, a troop of boys assembled about it, furnished with tin pans and other noisy implements; and they so much disturbed my meeting, that it was impossible to proceed with it. I regretted to learn that the rioters were headed by a son of that same Methodist preacher! It is certain that I found *his* argument a more difficult one to answer than his father's had been.

In the autumn of the same year, I was conveyed by one of our preachers, to Sydney, Troy, Piqua, Houston, St. Mary's, and other places in the counties of Miami, Shelby, and Mercer, in the extreme western part of the State. The winter following, I traveled by my own conveyance, into numerous parts of Clermont, Highland, Ross, Pickaway, Franklin, Licking, Muskingum, Morgan, and Washington counties. The winter was intensely cold, consequently the driving was less impeded by mud, than it is apt to be in Ohio in that season. Whilst I was at Marietta, however, a sudden thaw ensued, accompanied by copious rains for several days together; the result was, that the waters of the Muskingum were swollen much beyond their usual limits, and the roads which run along the shore of that river were inundated. I had no small trouble from that circumstance, as I must now particularly relate.

I was to preach, on the first night after leaving Marietta, at McConnelsville, which is distant from there something over forty miles, by the best route. Well, knowing that a hard day's work was before me, I took an early start, and found in the first few miles, which lie along the river, several places where deep wading was necessary. But the road struck across the hills, after a little, and so kept on for fifteen miles, which brought me to the Universalist meeting-house, at Watertown, near which I stopped at Mr. Beech's, barely long enough to leave him his horse, which I had borrowed on my way down, and to get my own.

Accompanied by him, I then rode to the ferry, where I

must needs cross the river; when arrived there, however, I was informed that I could not be taken across on account of the rapid state of the current, and the quantity of drift-stuff it was hurrying along. But, upon hard pleading, and promising to pay whatever damage might ensue, I got set across at length in safety. My road, however, was deep under water; and, to avoid it, I had to keep along the slope of the hills, till arriving at a narrow defile, formed by a rivulet, which also was swollen, I had, in order to cross it to ascend to the top of the hill instead of keeping along its slope.

On the summit of the hill, I found a path for a while, but it ended at a set of bars, and a house, at which I had to inquire how I could farther proceed. I was answered, that I must keep along the fence-side till I came to another set of bars, through which I must pass, and so keep on in a straight forward direction. Well, arrived at these bars, I perceived the field into which they opened, was completely under water. Nevertheless, as I supposed they must have known of that circumstance, I persuaded myself that it might be fordable, and so forced my reluctant horse into it. He had scarcely gone a dozen paces, ere souse he went in over his head, and I was under him! I disengaged myself, however, and finding my overcoat too heavy to swim in, I clung to the saddle till my horse had swam with me to where I could find footing. It was then, though, that our main difficulty commenced, for the bottom was so foul, that it took us full a quarter of an hour to get out, and then it was by a succession of struggles and flounderings, in each one of which I thought my horse would be strangled. When fairly out of that "slough of despond," I retraced my steps to the house whence I had obtained direction. This time I saw the man, who was a Baptist preacher; he expressed surprise that his women should have directed me so carelessly, and also that I should have got safely out of the desperate slough I have described. He assured me that if I should see it when not inundated, I should deem it impossible for one once in it to struggle safely out; for, besides the flood-stuff therein accumulated, its bottom was of quicksand. Well, we indulged in some merriment about the accident; I telling him that I hoped I had increased my chance for salvation, by being immersed, in case my own doctrine should prove untrue. He was kind enough to conduct me on my way,

by a blind sort of path; and in return, I told him he might appropriate to himself the saddle-bags which had sunk to the bottom of the pond, and the few books that they contained.*

Having reached the open road again, I put my horse on a gallop, both to warm our blood, and to regain the time we had lost. But alas! we had proceeded but a mile, ere we came to a large creek, crossed by a bridge; one end whereof had been washed loose by the flood. Here was a predicament again! "How now, friends?" I enquired of a brace of men, who were pushing about on some large timbers, which had probably drifted from above. "What's to be done here?"

"Nothing, but to go back again," they replied, "and remain till the water subsides."

"That won't answer my purpose, though; I *must* push on at every risk, for my engagements demand it; and, if I can't do better, I will swim my horse."

"Can't do it, sir;" said they, "no horse could stem this current, and it would be next to impossible to hit the landing on the opposite shore, at any rate; for you see it's but a narrow point." Well, all that was most true; nevertheless, after much planning and contriving, they managed to get my horse over, by making him swim alongside of one of the timbers on which they were floating, while one of them drew the timber over to the opposite shore by a rope, I standing thereon, and holding my horse to his proper position. Altogether, I was detained there for a full hour, shivering in my wet clothes the while. But, I have surmounted all the difficulties of the way now, thought I, and by pushing rapidly forward, I may get to McConnelsville in due season.

Aha! I was reckoning without my host again, for a quarter of a mile's ride brought me once more to the river shore, and I was in the act of turning up at a right angle, when a voice, issuing from a small log building near the road-side, greeted me with the discouraging intelligence,

* H. P. Sage writes—see Star in the West, March 30, 1844—that it was not for naught, that myself and horse had our difficulties, in that treacherous pool. The books fished up from its bottom were subsequently read to good effect in the parts; the Baptist preacher himself became a convert to the faith; and by the co-operating agencies of several of our zealous ministers—Sage, Edwards, and Flanders—a good society and meeting-house now exist there.

"You can't come it, sir." "Why, what's the matter now?" inquired I. "You'll find your road ten feet under water, sir, in half a mile farther." "Indeed! and is there no way of getting around it?" "Yes, but the devil must show it you, for you can't find it without." "But, my dear sir, I have no particular acquaintance with that personage; he is no friend of mine; could *you* not do as well?" "Can't, sir; I am too much hurried; but I can *direct* you in part. Keep the plain road till you come to a cabin on the hill-side, about a quarter of a mile from here—there take a dim path directly up the hill; you will find that to branch off in various directions—take the northernmost of these, and keep it if you can; but I forewarn you that you will need good eyes to be able to trace it." In this last particular, my invisible friend proved a true prophet certainly, and I should also have needed the assistance of some such personage as he referred me to, I trow, if mere accident had not thrown other help in my way, for I had got to the very termination of that same northernmost path, and found myself in a wild place, amongst bushes and fallen trees, where not the faintest trace of a path was discernable. I was wondering what to do next, and was scratching my head to assist, as I suppose, the sharpness of my wits, when two gentlemen most opportunely rode up, who informed me, on inquiry, that they had just come from the point which I was aiming to reach, and that it was well for me they had, as I should otherwise have been unable to trace the way, which was a blind one, even to persons acquainted with the ground. They directed me, however, with such particularity that I succeeded in getting round to the open road beyond the backwater, and no thanks to the devil. At a quarter after ten at night I reached McConnelsville, as cold as a rat, for it was in the middle of February, and I had been in my wet clothes for full eight hours, and had rode since morning full fifty miles. Howbeit, at my friend Esquire Gage's, I found a warm fire, and a warm welcome, which soon solaced me for all my troubles.

To relieve the monotony of these numerous narratives of travel, I will recite a conversation I had about that time with a sort of Baptist preacher, as we rode together from the village of Rising Sun to that of Vevay; both are on the Indiana shore of the Ohio river. He had remarked that heaven, to him, would be no heaven at all, if every

body is at length to be admitted there; and I, in return, had remarked upon the unfeelingness and phariseeism implied in such a sentiment.

"But," remonstrated he, "can you deny that there are many individuals, with whom you yourself would disdain to associate *in the present* world? Take a drunkard, for example, who lies about in kennels, a nuisance to society: more nauseous even than the sow in her wallow. Would you have me associate in heaven with such a wretch as he? Your doctrine supposes I shall, and therefore I reject it as degrading and unreasonable."

"Well, my friend, to *you* the conclusion may seem vastly satisfactory; but to me it is not in the least so, for look you: Suppose that you *really are* as much that drunkard's superior as you fancy yourself—though in God's esteem the difference may be less immeasurable than your self-esteem would make it—but, be that as it may; let me ask, Is not Christ, are not God's angels, quite as much superior to *you?*"

"Oh! of course they are," was his reply.

"But you, nevertheless, expect to companion with them in heaven, do you not?"

"Why, y-e-s," replied he, hesitatingly.

"But suppose, my good friend, that *they* should prove as fastidious on the score of the company they keep, as *you* appear to be! *You* would keep that drunkard out of heaven, because he is not as good as you. Christ and God's angels must then object to *your* admission, because you are not as good as they!

"Well, furthermore," continued I, "as you would keep the poor fellow from heaven, pray tell me where you would have him go? for we must dispose of him *somehow*."

"*My* Bible tells me," he rather pettishly answered, "that the wicked shall be turned into hell."

"But for what *purpose* would you send him thither? Not for his injury, I would hope, for he is bad enough already. And if for his benefit, *how* is that to come about? I have never learned that there is a temperance society in hell, whereby the drunkard can be reclaimed."

"I don't say there is," said he; "neither do I suppose that he goes to hell for any good: for the longer he is there the worse he will be. This is *our* doctrine on the subject."

"Yes, my friend, I am aware of that; and in relation

thereto, I can only say, that God is infinitely less the drunkard's friend, than is the Washingtonian society. The latter appeal to the drunkard's interests, to his pride, to his self-respect, to his obligations to his family and society; and, by such appeals, they succeed in arousing him from the wallow of intemperance, and making him a sober and useful man. But God, the infinite God, knows of nothing better he can do for the drunkard than to *burn* him! Whom, then, does reason say we should most admire; those who would *reform*, or him who would *burn* the drunkard?"

"Still further, my friend," continued I, after we had remained in silence for a while; "is it your expectation that you will be taken to heaven, *just*, in moral respects, *as you now are?*"

"No; by no means," he quickly answered; "God's grace must purify and prepare me for the place before I can be admitted."

"Why, then, were you so uncandid in relation to the drunkard's case, as to argue on the supposition that he is to go to heaven *without* that preparation? You surely must know that Universalism contemplates the eventual *felicity* of all mankind, on the ground alone of their eventual *holiness*. These states, we hold, are essentially one and inseparable. Now you surely can have no objection to the drunkard, to all men, being made pure and good eventually, have you?"

"None, whatever," was his prompt reply.

To which, I added, "Then you have *none whatever* to Universalism, for *that* is precisely what *it* contemplates."

CHAPTER XIV.

Extensive journeyings in Kentucky, and Middle and Western Tennessee.

It was just two o'clock, on Thursday, March 26th, 1840, when I stepped off the ferry-boat, at Newport, Kentucky, in commencement of a tour to the South, by a different mode of traveling from what I had used in either of *my three* former journeys. My first, the reader may

remember, was performed on horse-back, but after riding fourteen hundred miles in this way, I determined that, should I travel so far again, I would take a less fatiguing mode for it. My second and third, were made by steamboat, the former of which passed over pleasantly enough, but as in the latter I was first run aground some ten or twelve times, then snagged, and finally blown up; I concluded I had traveled enough after that fashion, for some time. I am, therefore, making my present journey in a buggy, which enables me to ride dry in wet weather, and to carry books for the supply of such as may need them.

At noon, on the second day, I stopped at a private house to refresh myself and horse, there being no Inn on the road; the mistress of the house seemed a devout old lady, and quite disposed to make me devout also, provided I was not so already. After trying to pump me on this point, and receiving so little satisfaction that she began to set me down as one of the *world's people*, she exclaimed with a pious sigh, "Oh-h-h! it's a ter-ri-ble thing to fall into the hands of God!" "We must all fall into his hands, madam," I replied. "Yes, but it's an aw-ful thing to fall into his hands *unprepared*." "And how many of us, madam, acquire the needed preparation, do you suppose?" "Ah! very, very few, indeed; it is an awful thought, how few there are who stand prepared!" "Are *you*, madam, among that favored few?" "I hope I am, sir." "And are all your children also?" The old lady's answer to this question was evasive; I believe she began to suspect me of a design to quiz her.

The same night I arrived, about seven o'clock, at Oldham's ferry, over against Falmouth, which is the shire town of Pendleton county: it had kept me busy till that late hour to make a distance of twenty-seven miles that day. Such was the extreme roughness and hilliness of the road, which, with the exception of its having been denuded of the trees which originally covered it, exhibited no marks of its having been subjected to repairs since the fall of Adam. Three miles of my way ran along Kinkaid's creek, and ever and anon the road runs into the bed of the creek itself, which is exceedingly rough, being covered with loose rocks, as they are termed in the West and South, or large stones, as we should term them at the East.

Persons should never travel in a strange country after

night; so says one who has a hundred times violated the precept in his own practice; but never mind that, reader, "do as I say, not as I do," in this particular at least, for I have run many a fearful risk in neglect of this maxim, and on the very night of which I speak, I came near running another. It was quite dark when I arrived over against Falmouth, and being ignorant that it lies on the Licking river, a stream deep enough to float a steamboat, I supposed the water I saw between me and the town, to be a continuation of the creek, in whose bed I had been several times traveling for some miles back, and I was about to drive into it; but as it looked much larger than it had done, I concluded that it would be safer to make inquiry as to its fordability, which I did, and was startled to find how nearly my presumption had run me into danger.

On Saturday, as it had rained very hard during the night previous, and the road was extremely hilly, I found it as much as I could do to travel to Cynthiana, but twenty-two miles, and though I stopped not to bait on the way, it was dark when I got there. I put up at Webster's hotel, as I knew of no friend to our faith in the town. The country through which I passed since leaving Cincinnati, until I got within four or five miles of Cynthiana, a distance of nearly sixty miles, is very uneven, of an indifferent soil, and extremely sparse population; it is an almost unpeopled solitude.

But from the point I have specified, the character of the country changes, and the traveler finds himself in a terrestial paradise; it equals the Miami country in fertility, and surpasses it in beauty; what makes its aspect the more pleasing is, that it is covered with so luxuriant a coating of blue grass. Cynthiana is an old town, well paved, and compactly built, but its business is not large, nor is it much of a thoroughfare of travel.

There is an incomparably finer taste prevalent throughout this part of Kentucky, than is any where to be found in its younger sister, save in the Western Reserve portions of it; not only in the buildings does this taste display itself, but also in all the out-of-doors arrangements —gardens, enclosures, shrubbery, copses, fields, every thing.

In Ohio, (not the portions of it peopled by New Englanders or New Yorkers, of course,) it is not unusual to

see a great pile of bricks and mortar, called a house, standing alone, without a tree or shrub to ornament or shelter it, and in itself more resembling a prison than a dwelling; with little narrow doors, and windows so diminutive as scarcely to admit any daylight; often without front door-steps, or cornice, or paint, or any kind of ornamental or even convenient appendage; and to complete its chapter of discomforts, in addition to a smoky chimney place within, it is annoyed by hogs and geese, to grunt, squeak, and squall, and paddle up the mire without. I would scarcely, methinks, accept of immortality, on the condition of its being spent in such a rural heaven as this; it would puzzle even poetry itself, which, every body knows is licensed to lie, exempt from the penalty of damnation—it would puzzle even poetry itself, I say, to make such habitations tolerable to men of taste and sensibility; and the wonder is, how those who tenant them can keep from hanging themselves in such conditions of the weather as confine them within doors.

I arrived at Versailles about eleven o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, April 5th, and immediately inquired of the Innkeeper if he could acquaint me with any persons of my faith in the place. He could not. I had with me the names of several subscribers to the Star, whose papers are mailed for that town, but on inquiry, I found they all lived a number of miles out. The person named as agent for that paper, lived five and a half miles in the country. I deemed it best to drive out and see him, supposing that he could put me into a way of employing my time in that region to best advantage. On my arrival at his residence, a most beautiful plantation, I found him absent at meeting, but his mother was at home. The following exact account of my reception, will give the reader some idea of the mortification to which the Universalist itinerant is liable, from the bigotry of those with whom he often has to do.

"I will be brief with you, madam; I am a Universalist preacher. Your son is an agent for a Universalist paper, published in Cincinnati, where I reside, and I supposed him a suitable person to call on for information connected with my business in these parts."

"I know nothing about it, sir; I don't believe your doctrine, nor do I think my son reads your paper."

"Well, madam, I have no expectation of finding believ-

ers of my faith in all I meet with. I have come a long way from town to see your son; you will not object to my remaining here till he returns?"

"No, you can stay, but I've no opinion of a preacher that travels on the Sabbath—no christian will do it."

"Why, as to that, madam, with the clergyman who is wholly devoted to his profession, all days are alike; for his whole business is religion. Now, your objection would hold good against me, if my visit was one of mere pleasure, or curiosity, or for the transaction of secular business; but as it is strictly relative to my profession, I think, that on reflection, you will withdraw it. You must not be too hard on a poor heretic, madam."

"There are a good many preachers going about the country, who had a good deal better be at the plow or some other business."

"And do you include me among those, madam?"

"I don't know anything about you, sir. I never saw nor heard of you before. You say you are a Universalist preacher, but I don't know it."

"True, madam; but it would be more in accordance with charity to presume in my favor, since you know nothing against me? Besides, madam, did you ever tell a preacher of one of the popular sects, that he had better be at the plow?"

"I—hem—I don't know but what I have done so."

"What! and under your own roof too, madam?"

"I—hem—I don't know but what I have."

"And how did he take it, madam? Did he think it very polite and christian-like in you to insult him thus in your own house?"

The lady here figited and hemmed somewhat uneasily, and at length told me snappishly that she didn't wish any conversation with me; and, as I was quite as little pleased with her *spirit* as she was with my *faith*, I took up a paper, and sat out of doors, perusing it, till about three o'clock, when, the young man not having returned, I drove back to Versailles.

I delivered but one discourse there, in the court-house. I should have staid to deliver two or three others, for there were many who seemed sincerely desirous of hearing for themselves, but a combination of circumstances acted against my wishes.

On the night of Tuesday, 7th, I preached at Nicholas-

ville, to a crowded audience, gotten together on short notice; and the expense of negro services, with reference to the meeting, amounted to something over two dollars. Charges are higher there than in Ohio; even turnpike tolls are, in some cases, fifty per cent., in others, one hundred per cent. higher. On the road to Versailles, although scarcely wider than a private lane, twenty-five cents are charged on a one-horse buggy for every five miles. I have often, when plunging and floundering in the common roads, resolved that I never would grumble at turnpike tolls, but when they come on me at this exorbitant rate, I am only kept from breaking through my resolution by the reflection that grumbling will do no good.

As to size, Lexington somewhat surpassed my previous expectations, but as to beauty it fell considerably below them. A part of the ground on which it stands is very rough and uneven; several portions of the city present a mean and decayed appearance; of really splendid edifices, it contains but few; and, taking it all in all, there is a too general want of neatness and order about it to admit of its being pronounced a handsome place.

The deficiencies of the city itself, however, are amply compensated by the exquisitely beautiful character of the surrounding country. I cannot believe that it is surpassed by any region of equal extent in the United States. Its forests are magnificent; and it is every where finely watered by springs, from which large ponds are formed, by the making of artificial basins.

I passed Henry Clay's plantation, on my way to Colbyville. It is almost within sight of Lexington, on the Richmond turnpike. No description of mine would do justice to the fine taste displayed in its cultivation and embellishments. At the gate commences a line of various forest trees, which sweeps toward and beyond the rear of the residence, in a nearly semi-circular form; it is not composed of one or more regular rows, but, on the contrary, and with better taste, it is formed of trees growing so closely and promiscuously together as to give it the appearance of nature's own work. Shrubs and flowers of different varieties intervene among the trees, and along in the midst of them runs a gravel path, which, by its coolness and seclusion, must be a fine promenade during the sultriness of noon, or the dews of evening. I should have

called on the great statesman, had he been at home, for, though no political partizan, my heart cannot withhold its homage from talents which have elevated their possesssor from a state of pennyless and friendless orphanage, to an honorable and imperishable place in the affections and history of his country.

I delivered two discourses in the Methodist church in Winchester; one in Mount Zion, (Reformer's) church, eight miles out; one in the Republican church at Clintonsville; one at the house of Dr. Taylor.

This is one of the oldest settlements in Kentucky. Some of the plantations have been in cultivation since a time when not a house stood where Cincinnati now stands; many of them are very large. I passed through one, belonging to a Mr. Cunningham, which comprises four thousand acres, all under cultivation. I was delighted with the beauty of the open and woodland pastures, and the numerousness and fineness of the live stock. Indeed, the adaptedness of this country to grass, constitutes its principal charm; for what is more refreshing to the eye, than to see the fields and woodlands clothed in a rich and mellow mantle of green!

I returned to Millersburg, and thence to Carlisle, which is the capital of Nicholas county. I had a fine congregation there, in the Court-house, where a meeting was arranged for me by Lyford Marston.

On the evenings of the 14th and 15th, I again preached at Millersburg. On the 16th, I borrowed a horse and rode to Poplar Plains, in Fleming county, where I got up a meeting the same evening in the Methodist church. My way to the Plains was quite rugged; for several miles it run along Fox Creek, and crossed it some fifty times; it then took me to Slate Creek, which it several times crossed, at wide and deep fords; at length, it crossed the south fork of Licking river, at the mouth of Fox. On all these streams, on the Slate especially, there are broad and fertile bottom-lands.

On the 21st, at four o'clock, I preached at the house of Captain Blackwell; from thence, on the 22d, I passed on to Mr. Fox's, within three miles of Richmond, where, mauger the darkness and storminess of the night, I addressed a pretty good and very attentive audience. On the way I crossed the Kentucky river, and was much gratified with the grandeur of its scenery; it is the nearest approach to

sublimity of any I have witnessed west of the mountains; I should judge the bluffs to be full three hundred feet in altitude; to ascend to the summit of these the road has to wind about in a most singular manner.

The situation of most of the towns in that country are very charming, and many of the private residences in them are extremely neat. There is a much more prevalent taste displayed, than in the Ohio towns, in the rearing of ornamental and shade trees; these give to the villages a beautifully rural aspect, which is infinitely preferable to the nakedness of unsheltered and unshadowed streets and houses. I am greatly surprised that such a luxury, both to the sight and feeling, so cheap and of such easy attainment, should in any case be neglected. Of the towns I have seen in this State, Paris, I think, is decidedly the most handsome: among its other very decent public buildings, is an Episcopal church, which is an exquisite little structure. "*Churches of them air sort, stranger,*" said a man of whom I inquired its kind, "*is mighty skearce in this country; this one is all-fired handsome inside; it was rared a year or such a matter afore it was done finished.*"

Some situations in life are exceedingly comfortable, and some again are exceedingly not so. It is comfortable, for instance, for one to sit under his own vine and apple-tree; to listen to the hum of his honey-making bees, and the frolic glee of his rosy-cheeked children, and, looking complacently over his broad acres, for which he holds a good and clear title, in fee simple, to be able with Alexander Selkirk, to exclaim—

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

Beyond controversy all this is very comfortable, and the wight thus blessed has small temptation either to drown himself, or to go sulky and supperless to bed.

But what think you, reader, of being up to your knees in a mud-puddle, with your horse down and fast in the mire, and while you are endeavoring to extricate him from his gearing, a torrent of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, is pouring down on you from above? I trow you would not deem this very comfortable. Well, such exactly was my situation on Tuesday, April 28th. About an hour before, a most vivid flash of lightning had

struck a tree and set it on fire, so near to me that my horse was knocked down, and my eyes so utterly blinded that for a minute or more I was unable to see whether or not my horse was killed. He proved to be only stunned, however, and soon arose and proceeded as though nothing had happened.

It is not prudent, I know, to travel in such a state of the weather, but my word was out to be in Springfield, Tennessee, on the following Sunday, and full one hundred and sixty miles lay between me and it; I resolved to persevere, therefore, be the weather what it may. But mud-puddles are no respectors of engagements, and they as little respect persons; they soil a parson's broadcloth with as little scruple as a peasant's home-spun; and the one described, brought me to in spite of my teeth. After disengaging my horse from the carriage, I had to leave the latter sticking in the mud; and tieing the former to a fence by the road-side, I shouldered my trunk, and wading knee deep through the meadow grounds and a wheat field, I at length reached a house about an eighth of a mile off, wet to the skin, and completely exhausted. Never surely was one of the "Lord's annointed" in a much worse plight!

The master of the house proved to be a Reformer, and a right good fellow, to boot; as soon as the rain had in some measure abated, which was not however till within an hour of night, he sent his negroes with his oxen and a good pulling horse, to get my buggy "out of the horrible pit and miry clay," and bring it under the shelter of his barn. The village of Perryville was in sight of his house. It having got out among the villagers that a Universalist preacher was at hand, they sent word to me that the Presbyterian church would be at my service, if I would consent to occupy it that evening. Of course I would not fail to improve an opening of this kind, and, despite the mud, and darkness, and extreme shortness of the notice, I addressed, I should judge, full a hundred people.

Amongst them were four clergymen, two Methodists and two Presbterians, who all I believe took notes of my discourse; so soon as I had closed, a Methodist and a Presbyterian preacher came into the desk, and delivered each an harangue. The former commenced by eulogizing my ingenuity, and he *guessed* that, like himself, I *must be a Yankee!* he cautioned them against being seduced by the *extreme* plausibility of my arguments; having lived among

Universalists, he said, for a considerable part of his life, he had become aware of the seductive character of their style of preaching.

The Presbyterian next arose. He also seemed to think that the best way to operate against me was, first to commend my appearance and manner, and then denounce my doctrine for by that course he would get people to think that the air of truth which the latter seemed to wear, was altogether owing to a certain smoothness and tact on the part of the preacher.

"It is sometimes the case, my friends," said he, "that a person presents himself before the public under very plausible appearances; his tongue will be as smooth as oil, his voice soft and winning, his language chaste and scholar-like, and his whole bearing such as becomes the Christian profession; and after all, when found out, he has proven to be to the very opposite of what he seemed. Not that I would insinuate that the stranger is a man of this description," etc., etc.

Now, what a sly and malicious mode of stabbing is this! Another of the preachers was next called on to pray, which he did for full thirty minutes, at the top of his voice; and most earnestly was the "poor stranger" interceded for, that "he might be shown the error of his way," and like Paul of old, that he might be made an "eminent instrument in building up the faith he is now laboring to destroy," etc. Then followed a hymn in full chorus, and the meeting was dismissed, taking great care that no opening should be left for a word more from me. It was half past ten o'clock when the meeting broke up.

Well, my mud-puddle calamity, together with the impassable state of the creek at Perryville, detained me two entire days, and put it out of my power to reach Springfield agreeably to appointment. This was a most severe mortification to me. I determined that rather than disappoint, I would leave my horse and get to Springfield by stage; but neither could that be accomplished, for the high waters had materially broken in upon the stage arrangements; I therefore had no alternative but to proceed as I best could by my own conveyance.

From Perryville, I pushed forward through Lebanon to New Castle, where commences a short graded and turnpiked road over a sort of mountain, at the foot of which rolls a very rapid stream, called the Rolling Fork of Salt

river. I made thirty-four miles that day, April 30th. On May 1st I made thirty-six miles, crossing Green and Little Barren rivers, which are six miles apart, and run, both of them, in very deep troughs. This, indeed, is common to all the rivers in Kentucky, they have cloven passages for themselves of a startling depth through beds of rock, and hence, Kentucky is the only Western State which I have visited, that affords scenery of a grand and wild character; for the western country is very deficient, generally, in bold and varied scenery.

In crossing Green river, I had another mishap, but it did not very seriously incommode me: the rivers had fallen some eight or ten feet in twenty-four hours, and the strip of bottom on which I was landed, having been so recently submerged, was in so soft a state, that as soon as my horse stepped off the boat he sunk in it up to his belly; it was with extreme difficulty he could be raised; and as to my carriage, it positively took the ferryman, a large strong man, and his two negroes, full twenty minutes, pulling and prying with their setting poles, before they could get it out. With the exception of a thorough besmearing, however, I sustained no damage from the affair; but, depend upon it, a large loaded wagon would have stood a poor chance in such a situation.

On May 2d, I reached Bowling Green, a handsome and growing town on the Big Barren river.

May 3. Being Sunday, it was my design to lie by, and deliver some sermons at Bowling Green; but the signs of the weather indicated a coming rain, and I was told that the road between that place and Franklin would be rendered almost impassable by a rain for several days; I therefore deemed it best to push forward to the latter place, which was only distant twenty miles, and there get up a meeting at night. In my way thither, I found that the bad accounts of the road were not exaggerated: it had been newly plowed and scraped, and in some places had received the first layer of stone, ever and anon it was fenced up, and the traveler had to take a by-path which fell into it again.

Every body who has traveled this sort of road, knows that the difficulties of passing over it with a light carriage exceed description. I had proceeded about ten miles, when one of my hind wheels slipt up to its axle in a *rut, and*—oh, reader, have you patience to hear me detail

more calamities—well, then my axle-tree snapped short off at the shoulder, and my wheel was left sticking in the mud. Here was a pretty piece of business.

What added to the difficulty of the case was, that the wind was blowing an absolute gale at the time, full in my face, and a few big drops began to fall as harbingers of an impending rain. Not a soul at hand to aid me. I turned my carriage around with its back to the wind, and buttoning down its curtains, prepared it to stand the storm as best it could. I then, with my horse, and carrying my trunk on my shoulder, made my way to a house in sight, about a quarter of a mile off. I again had the good fortune to find, in the man of the house, one who was disposed to help me; he immediately got his axe, and went back with me to my carriage, where we worked in the pouring rain and tempestuous wind, for a full hour, in so fastening on the wheel as to enable the horse to draw it to his house; we accomplished this at length, and I put up with him for the night.

The next day I got my carriage to a wheelwright's, two miles off, where, as he had no timber suitable for a new axle-tree, I got the blacksmith in his establishment to substitute an end piece of iron. Thus was I thrown back two days more, and subjected to a cost of five dollars. I was not idle, however; wherever I was, or under whatever circumstances, I was inculcating "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The smith and wheelwright were Methodists; nevertheless, "they received the word with all readiness of mind," and bought a copy of my *Pro and Con*, in order to get a full and fair understanding of the matter.

Well, having now got to the southern limit of Kentucky, I am prepared to express an opinion of the State, so far as I have seen it, as to its general appearance, soil, waters, and tillage. On all these heads I have a higher estimation of it, after seeing it, than before. I am quite sure that Ohio cannot boast of so large an extent of rich and well-lying land; neither, I think, can Indiana. It is, indeed, an exceedingly fine country; finely watered withal, and with just a sufficient quantity of stone in every part to answer the purposes of roads, buildings, and fencing. I never saw a country so well provided for in this respect. In addition to these advantages, Kentucky is so finely supplied with navigable rivers: there are the Tennessee, the

Cumberland, Green, Big Barren, and Kentucky. These are now navigable for steamboats; the Licking, and some others, are about to be rendered so by locks and dams.

Her common roads are not quite so bad as are those of her western sisters; I found, after some experience, that there is this difference between her mud-holes and theirs, viz: that hers, in general, are not near so bad as they look to be; whilst theirs are nearly always worse; to a Kentucky mud-hole there is usually a bottom, and there *may* also be to those in Indiana, Illinois, and Mississippi, but God help the luckless wight whose hard fortune it is to find his way down to it.

It is pleasant after toiling long through heat and dust to find a shady arbor by the way-side, where one can at once both rest and cool his weary frame; some such refreshment did I experience when I reached my point of destination in Robertson county, Tennessee. So many untoward events had befallen me by the way, that I began to think there was a fatality opposed to my ever getting there; and when at length it was arrived at, I was ready to infer from appearances, that the object of the journey would scarcely justify the pains it cost.

I found the friend whose written application had induced the visit, to be living as literally *in the woods*, as can well be conceived; no open ground being visible from his log domicil. But first appearances often deceive us, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, and in the present instance, the former proved the case, to an extent that surprised and delighted me.

It was on May 6th that I reached Mr. Arthur Woodward's, and on that same night, and in that same log domicil, I delivered my first sermon in Middle Tennessee. It would have astonished you, reader, to have seen how the good people did flock out; Where can they have come from? you would have exclaimed, for trees are far more plentiful than folks in that country. Nevertheless, indoors was filled squeezing full with women, and an out-of-doors arrangement of benches under the open sky, was closely occupied by men. I took my stand in the door-way between, and thus preached for the first time in Middle Tennessee.

On the next night I was to have preached at Cross *Plains*, seven miles from Mr. W.'s, but was prevented by

the severest thunder-storm I ever witnessed. I postponed it therefore until the night succeeding; but then another obstacle occurred. The church (Presbyterian) in which I was to preach, was pre-engaged for that night by a minister of that sect; a *visiting* minister too, and yet, will you believe it, reader, he actually had the liberality to forego his right, and attended as an auditor, as did also the pastor of the church, and a Methodist circuit preacher. I preached there again on the next day, Saturday, at eleven o'clock, and at night, and these clergymen attended all my meetings. We rarely meet with such cases of liberality among Presbyterian preachers at the North.

On Sunday I preached twice in a large Baptist church, full ten miles from the Plains, yet, full half the men of the village were there, and an immense multitude besides, made up of all religions. Large as the house was, it could not contain the whites alone. Not one in that large crowd had ever before heard a Universalist preacher.

On Monday night I went to Springfield, the county seat, and preached in the Methodist church to a very large audience, including several preachers. I also preached in the same house next day at two o'clock, and at night. A female school, held in the church, was suspended for my two o'clock meeting. I was sorry for that, for religion ought not to interfere with the concerns of the six days allotted to labor.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, I discoursed in as many different neighborhoods, to crowded assemblies; always crowded, rooms and piazzas full, when private houses were thus used. At eleven o'clock, and at night, on Saturday, I preached at the Sulphur Springs Hotel, to a large and interesting company. This is a celebrated watering place, whither resort, in the summer, numerous individuals and families for purposes of health and pleasantness. It is a delightful spot, comfortably and tastefully arranged for the accommodation of guests, and withal, furnished by nature with some scenes of as wild and secluded a description as ever poet could desire. General Jackson and his wife spent the summer preceding his Presidency at this place.

Sunday, May 17th, was the last day of my tarry in Robertson county; and oh! what a congregation assembled at the Cross Plains. The meeting-house would not have contained the half of them, the meeting therefore was

held in a building adjoining, which was erected for camp-meeting purposes; it is very large, open at the sides, and seated to contain full a thousand people; on each hand are a number of little wooden structures which are used on such occasions instead of tents. They go in strongly for this kind of meetings in the South, all denominations; the Methodists have not a monopoly of them, as at the North; in fact camp-meetings originated with the Presbyterians of this country, and since they have proven such a tremendous proselyte-making machine, it must be a source of occasional regret to them, that they had not the foresight to secure a patent for the article.

This was the Presbyterian minister's day, in course, for preaching at this place, but he gave way to me. Some three or four Presbyterian ministers attended my forenoon discourse, and some seven or eight my discourse at four o'clock. They had come thus far on their way to a General Assembly of their church. One of them preached at night, and, in a part of his discourse assailed some of my positions of the afternoon; this he did with no *avowed* reference to my discourses, but it was very evident to all, nevertheless, there was such reference; especially as he had been seen to take notes during my sermon. I therefore felt it incumbent upon me to defend myself as soon as he had concluded his meeting; my apology to the congregation for the intrusion, was, that I was but an occasional visitant, and might not soon be in the parts again, whilst my opponents were always with them; they would have very frequent opportunities of hearing my faith assailed, and but very few of hearing it defended. I therefore took up each point in its order, and briefly replied to it. The preacher had very strenuously insisted that the sinner could not enjoy heaven, if even admitted there, and that therefore God would act mercifully in sending him to hell! I showed that, according to that logic, the preacher himself had no chance for heaven, as he also is a sinner, and that God, in mercy to him, ought to send *him* to hell also.

"Why," I asked, "can I not enjoy myself in heaven, if the preacher can? We look so nearly alike, and have so many attributes in common, that if he can manage to find comfort there, I think I also can."

In his rejoinder, which was very brief, and as weak as brief, he charged me with personal discourtesy toward *him, inasmuch* as I had been permitted to occupy their

church at my pleasure; had had the attendance of their preachers from time to time; and had in no case been opposed and questioned. Now I had forseen that my defence would lay me open to this charge, and I had so introduced my remarks on his sermon as to give, as I sincerely believe, no real ground of complaint on the score of discourtesy. I had stated that I took no exceptions to his personal course in his attack, and that, however strongly he had preached his own views, or against mine, *in general*, I would have said nothing in reply, as I fully accorded his right to preach his own doctrines in his own church, without interruption; but that having referred in his sermon to my positions in particular, he had lain me under an imperious obligation to defend them.

And such, reader, I assure you, was the real state of the case. You know how it would have been represented over the country, had I allowed my positions to be publicly attacked in my presence, and had shrunk from their defence. Madam Rumor, with her hundred tongues, would have reported me as a poltroon, and my doctrines as untenable, all over the land. This is the only circumstance which occurred during my stay in Robertson county, to mar the pleasantness of my recollections of the treatment I received from the Orthodox denominations there. I much doubt whether there is a chapter in Universalist history, ancient, or modern, which in this respect, affords as much matter for grateful feeling to every liberal and christian heart, as does this.

In Robertson county, amongst numerous cordial friends, and under the influence of the most kind and liberal treatment, I recovered the wonted tone of my spirits, which the many reverses I had experienced were well adapted to depress. Ah! well a-day! life at best, is a continuous alternation of cloud and sunshine, and such, also, had my journey proven. Now, thought I, as I was driving from Robertson county for Nashville, on the 10th instant, I have just got into the sunny part of my rambles; no more mishaps from henceforth; no impassable roads, nor detentions by high water; no, that part of the business is over; all to come is pleasantness and sunshine. I was aroused out of this revery by a crash, and, looking out for the cause, I found that a tree, which leaned over the narrow road I was traveling, had very badly crushed my car-

riage top! Thus it is that "disappointment waits on hope's career."

At Nashville, a Universalist in faith, though for lack of co-laborers in the place, a member of the Reformed Baptist society, pressed me to shift my quarters from the Hotel to his residence, and applied for and obtained for me the use of the Campbellite church, which is a spacious and handsome building. I preached in it three successive nights, to moderately good audiences; only moderately good, for but very limited means had been used for notifying the public of what was going on; nevertheless I should judge the number of hearers to have exceeded a hundred each night; in those who did attend a considerable and very favorable interest seemed to be awakened.

Nashville can boast of many elegant residences, but the general state of its streets is far from good, and it is destitute of tasteful suburban establishments: the skirts of the city are rude and unsightly; they afford no shady walks nor pleasing views, and from their general aspect one would infer that the city was of much more recent origin than it is. It is older than Cincinnati.

On Sunday, 24th, I preached at the dwelling of John Davis, who is an old and respectable resident in the country, and for many years was County Surveyor. The audience was large and respectable; the meeting was to have been in a grove, but the day proved showery.

On the 25th, I bent my course toward Perry county, in a south-western direction from Nashville, and I was, on the evening of the twenty-seventh, but thirty miles on my way: the country is a perfect wilderness. I traveled some thirty miles, seeing not a house for the last eighteen or twenty of them, and for a part of the time in an absolute deluge of rain, accompanied by severe thunder and lightning, and over roads which required all my limited skill in driving to avoid upsetting. At the end of the day I found myself about fifteen miles from where I started in the morning; although I had certainly used more than ordinary care in selecting my way, sometimes stopping for full ten minutes at a fork or crossing, to deliberate as to which was probably my road. But what has one to do in such a perplexity, when there was nothing for miles on miles to be seen, of which to make inquiries, but black-oak trees? An interminable wilderness of black-oaks! I

stopped over the night at a little village called Vernon: I shall make no attempt to describe the tavern; God has not endowed me with descriptive powers at all adequate to the task. Gentle reader, thou mightest travel thirty miles in that country without seeing a pane of glass, and as to paint, or plaster, they are luxuries not even to be thought of.

I am now, says my diary of that date,—let me see, where am I—in truth I have not asked the man's name at whose house I am. It is on the banks of Duck river, however; and said river is swollen beyond a fordable depth, nor is there any ferry at this place, nor any other in which I can obtain egress from here; for I have a river before me, and another behind me; the latter I crossed at seven different fordings this morning, and it has been rising ever since. How I am to get from here, or when, I have not exactly found out—yes I have, it is just determined; I am to give my host one dollar and fifty cents to get my carriage over, and he has determined to take it apart, and, making two loads of it, float it over on a canoe.

Well, I must now go to work and take out my books and other plunder, preparatory to this experiment, for the canoe is but a fragile thing, and should there occur a capsize, the less there goes to the bottom the better.

28th. My carriage is safely over, thank God! and now my horse is to be swum, and myself and plunder to be taken after him in a canoe, and then I have the day before me to get to Perryville in, about thirty-five miles, through, they tell me, an extremely broken and desolate region; and withal, and what I most dread, another large stream is to be passed in the route, on which also there is no ferry; and there I am likely to be again brought to a halt. Heigh, ho! If ever I am caught driving a carriage into this country again—why, it will be the second time, that's all.

"A large portion of the inhabitants in this country are originally from North Carolina—that is the poorest of the States on the eastern sea-board, I believe; very much of it is a sandy waste, dotted over with scrub pines. To the emigrants from such a country this may seem a paradise, for aught I know; and, in truth, there *is* much fine land in Tennessee, but it is, comparatively, but a very small portion of the State that is thus fine, and even it is mostly rocky and uneven.

Extremely little attention is given in this country to elegant improvement; one scarcely ever sees a brick building out of the towns, rarely even a painted or framed one; they are mostly built of hewn logs, without daubing, white-washing, or even glazing; the people, both white and black, seem to take the world most marvelously easy; they are not affected by the cotton mania as in the States farther south; and the thirst for gain is, therefore, less inordinate.

The negroes of Tennessee and Kentucky, are actually the happiest part of the community; one hears them whistling and singing in every direction, and they seem to have an abundance of leisure; they are, also, at very little pains to restrain their conversation or bearing in the presence of the whites. "By de debil, Sam!" I heard one of them say to another, in Lexington Kentucky, "fo' a nigger, if you is'nt de meanest man I eber did see; wheneber I meet a nigger I spec to find a genneman; but, by golly! if you is'nt as mean as a white man."

It would have done you good, reader, to have heard the hearty laugh with which this speech was responded to by the party addressed, for negroes are very prompt to applaud such displays of flippancy by those of their own color. He fairly awakened the evening echoes with his "Te-hah! Te-hah! Te-hah! hah! hah! Te-hah! Dat beats de debil out, by golly! Te-hah!"

My readers, I hope, will not interpret this testimony concerning the treatment of negroes as an apology for slavery; I consent not to being considered as its apologist. With Sterne, I can truly and sincerely say of it, "Still slavery, disguise thee as we may, still thou art a bitter draught." Yet, as the slave-holders have been much belied on this point, I can do no less, in justice, than to record the evidences of my own eyes and ears.

This is May 30th, my birth-day too, and a happy day with me for other reasons, for I am safely arrived in Perry county, and am comfortably quartered with our respectable friend, Dr. Harris. Appointments are flying through the country for meetings for me in all directions, and the prospect is that I shall have a good time here; another slip of sunshine after a dark cloud; and that my good natured readers may the more fully sympathize in my joy, I will rehearse to them something of my experience during *the past* two days.

On the 28th, as above stated, I was on Duck river, and the cost to me of getting over it, in money and other things, was actually about six dollars! I then had Buffalo creek on my route some ten miles before me; no description can possibly exaggerate the ruggedness and desolation of the road intermediate; unpeopled hills, covered with prostrate trees, and whose steep declivities were scooped into gullies by recent torrents; narrow vallies, the way through which, for the same cause, was choaked up with impassable barriers of trees, brush, and heaps of loose gravel; ever and anon the path was suddenly turned, to avoid these obstacles, and these abrupt deviations were so blind as to bewilder the traveler almost inextricably; my own carriage made the first wheel-tracks on these new paths. I sometimes walked about for several minutes endeavoring to find a practicable way through, for my horse and vehicle.

Well, at this rate I was from seven in the morning till six in the evening, in getting over the distance to Buffalo creek. Happily, a ferry is kept thereon within a mile or less of a little town called Beardstown. Arrived over against the ferry, I bawled my throat sore before I got a response. I was at length answered by some children, who informed me that their "pap and mam" were gone to see some sick people about three miles off, and that there was no one left to set me across. Here was another agreeable incident. I had no notion of going back two or three miles to find entertainment during the night; quite as little had I for lodging in a marshy woods, exposed to hoards of mosquitoes; I therefore scolded the poor children for allowing their "pap" to neglect his business, which gave me vast satisfaction; and I then despatched them to the little town to get some one who could set me over.

It was after sun-down when they returned, with the word that they could find no one who would consent to do so. I therefore turned about, and drove to the point over against the town, with the purpose of leaving my carriage there, since I could do no better, and swimming my horse over alone. When arrived at the spot, I hailed a man I saw on the opposite shore, and inquired of him my best way over. To my great surprise he answered me very angrily, "You may go to hell, there's where you *ought* to go."

Affecting an utter unconsciousness of his wrath, and the

exact purport of his reply, I asked him, "Is the place you speak of, sir, on this side the stream, or the other? "At any rate," I added, "it is now too near night for me to get there, except it is close at hand."

The ludicrousness of this answer, with the grave air in which it was rendered, cooled down his wrath at once by exciting his mirthfulness, and he told me he had been to the ferry for the purpose of setting me across; that he had arrived thither in a minute after I had left, and had hallooed with all his might to bring me back, and supposed I must have heard him, as he could plainly hear my carriage.

After apologizing to him, and remarking that the rattling of my carriage must have prevented my hearing him, he consented to go back, which I also did, and after considerable trouble and danger—for upon my word there *was* extreme danger in getting off of a very abrupt and crumbling bank into the boat—I got safely over, and found quarters at a farm-house for the night. Thus passed May 28th.

On the 30th, I resumed my journey toward Perryville, which was still sixteen miles ahead, and the remaining part of the road, of the same broken and difficult character as before described. At two P. M. I reached Perryville, which is handsomely situated on Tennessee river, and is the shire town of Perry county. It is but a very small place, however, although a shipping point for a wide scope of country. The Tennessee is a noble stream, wider I should think, than the Ohio at Cincinnati; the country bordering it, though, is mostly very poor, the soil being very shallow, on a basis of coarse red gravel.

It was my ill-chance to fall upon a route to Perry county which is never traveled with vehicles; one, indeed, which the inhabitants are at no pains to keep open; and this circumstance, in conjunction with an unusually stormy season, subjected me and my horse to a very hard experience; he however, happy brute, took his troubles very philosophically; the time lost to me was clear gain to him; for whenever I was brought to a stop by the perplexities and obstructions arising from fallen timber and diverging paths, he would fall to upon the grass and oak leaves within his reach, with as good a will as though nothing *was the* matter. Well, it was really a source of satisfac-

tion to me that the poor fellow could take matters so easily, for I often felt as much concern on his account as on my own. The consequence of this christian-like endurance of his misfortunes was, that Davy looked every whit as well, after a travel of near seven hundred miles, as when I led him out of his stable in Cincinnati.

To the simple inhabitants of these sparsely peopled solitudes, a pleasure carriage is almost a phenomenon; it was amusing to see how they gathered around it when I stopped at a little village, and to hear their conjectures as to the calling of its owner, and his object in passing through their parts. "A Mississippi or Alabama merchant, I guess," one would remark. "Perhaps a member on his way from Washington," would suggest another. "More likely a Northerner, on a collecting tour," would be the judgment of a third. Now it did not exactly suit me to be regarded in either of these characters, because I might be presumed to have money enough about me to repay the trouble of whizzing a bullet through my body, or cutting my throat, and in that frightful wilderness such a thing might be done without any very great risk of detection. I would not be understood as insinuating that there was any actual danger of the kind to be apprehended; although the man who ferried me over Duck river, and with whom I tarried all night, told me some frightful stories to that effect.

I preached numerous discourses in different neighborhoods about Perryville, and two in the Court-house of that village. On the 5th the congregation were most imminently endangered by a storm which blew up just as I had got through prayer. The house was a mere pile of round logs, with openings between nearly as wide as the logs themselves; such are all the meeting-houses in that country; it stood in the midst of the forest. The storm which arose was one of wind, lightning, and hail; the cloud was so dark and angry in its aspect, that I perceived every countenance to wear an expression of alarm; for a half hour or more we sat in silence; during which I could not distinguish a letter in a large Bible before me; a tree was blown down near the house, which much startled the people by its crash. I confess that I felt a fearful responsibility resting on me in having been the occasion of so many people being brought together in so dangerous a situation. Happily the storm passed harmlessly over, and

I arose and preached a sermon. I have since learned that the storm did a great deal of injury elsewhere.

On Saturday, at two o'clock, I preached at the county seat. On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, in Mount Zion (Methodist) church, and at four o'clock at Dr. Harris'. I had the presence of two Methodist preachers at Mount Zion, who had been chiefly instrumental in procuring me the use of the church.*

In Perry county, as elsewhere, the interest visibly increased on the part of the people as they heard the more of the doctrine; there were quite a number of Universalists in the county, male and female, who shrink not from openly avowing it; among them was a Colonel B., for several years a member of the State Senate; a very primitive and interesting character—a second edition of Davy Crockett. He lived in an open log cabin; has fought Indians, trapped plenty of bears and coons, and hunted lots of foxes in his time; he once lived forty-eight miles from any white inhabitant, and depended on his rifle for his subsistence. By the way, Crockett, whatever we at the North may think of him, was a genuine type of the people he represented.

Some persons had attended my Sunday meeting from a distance of ten miles, on my way to Jackson: at their request I authorized a meeting to be appointed for four o'clock on Monday, at Mr. Walker's, who kept a house for the entertainment of travelers. The congregation was large, despite the brevity of the notice. Next day, continuing on toward Jackson, I stopped about one o'clock at a farmer's house to bait my horse. As is my invariable custom, I soon let my profession be known; this led to a whispered consultation amongst the male members of the family, and to my being asked at length, whether I would consent to stop and preach in their meeting house that night. They were Methodists. I told them that preaching was my only business, and that I was ever ready to attend to it where a congregation could be convened. "But," said I, "your neighborhood seems to be thin, and the time is short; how will you give the notice?" "We'll manage that," was the answer, "say you'll preach, and we'll send

* One of these, M. P. Fisher, of whom I then received an exceedingly good account, has since become a proclaimer of universal salvation.

out our boys in different directions to give the notice; you may rely on a congregation."

I consented, of course, and the boys were soon mounted and despatched through the neighborhood: they returned with the report that all the people seemed glad that I had been induced to stop; but one of them was the bearer of a note from their preacher, which read as follows: "Br. Sherrod—this is to inform you that I am not willing the Universalist should preach in our church—yours, etc." Mr. Sherrod however maintained that as he was a trustee of the church, and had given more towards it than any other member, he was equally entitled as the preacher to control it. I preached to a very fair congregation, comprising the preacher aforesaid, who arose after meeting, and in a short address to the audience, attempted to justify his conduct in objecting to my occupancy of the house.

The Methodists are a singular people as it respects religion. Their ideas resemble a bunch of tangled yarn, full of knots and kinks. I am much amused by the questions they sometimes ask me. "Do your people believe in experience?" "Do you believe in faith?" "Do your people ever get sanctified?"

"I tried for eleven years to believe your doctrine," observed one, "with all my might; but I *couldn't come it*, for I knew I would be eternally lost, if I did."

"You think, nevertheless," I replied, "that you are a free agent."

"O yes, to be sure I am," was the answer.

"Well, my friend," I rejoined, "should you ever be saved at length, it will be more by good luck than good management; for by your own account you tried hard for eleven years to damn yourself eternally, but you could not make it out." Truth is, that the mass of the Methodists do not know what they believe, nor why.

June 13. I reached Jackson; and glad enough to have got once more into a region where the tokens of civilization were visible. Upon my honor, reader, until I approached this place I had scarcely seen a decent building in a distance of one hundred and fifty miles; all log cabins, and they of the rudest and most comfortless description, without window lights, or daubing, or whitewash, or the least approach to indoor or out-of-door embellishments; no gardens deserving the name; no shrubbery; none of the fruits or vegetables of the season on the table, none to be

seen; a dry and unvarying diet of bread, meat, coffee, and sour milk. Now if this state of things was unavoidable, if it resulted from poverty, I should hold myself inexcusable in remarking upon it; but such is not the fact; it holds with regard to all, poor and rich, with slaves and without, with large and with small plantations, with fertile or with sterile lands. It results either from an inordinate cupidity, or a want of refinement; possibly from a union of both these causes.

La Grange, Tennessee, is a handsomely situated town, on Wolf river, within a few miles of the northern limit of Mississippi; it used to be a place of considerable trade with the Chickasaws, previous to the purchase of their territory by our National Government: it has now lost that resource.

I tarried something over two weeks in La Grange and vicinity, preaching every day, when the getting up of a meeting was practicable. If at any time, when out on my tours, I could be tempted to give up to indolent self-indulgence, I could have been at the very agreeable residence of our friend, Charles Mickie, Esq.; for while without the weather was burning hot, there were ample means for luxuriant relaxation within, together with the assurance of a very cordial welcome. But most heartily do I despise a clergyman who can indolently lounge for days together where he finds entertainment to his liking, until he fairly wears out his welcome, and becomes a nuisance to his entertainers.

I cannot much boast of my audiences in La Grange: the other sects had recourse to a measure which can alone avail against our doctrine—I mean that of *avoidance*. Their ministers most rigorously enforced this principle; and in order to succeed the better in it, they kept their own meetings a-going during the whole time of my stay. When asked how long they intended keeping up their operations, one of them answered, "for as long a time as the devil continues in these parts."

Somerville is a very neat town. I preached three sermons there, and put up with two respectable physicians of the place. At Salem, Holly Springs, and Ripley, in Mississippi, I also preached; as well as at Berlin, Van Buren, and Middleburg, in Tennessee.

It was my purpose to sell my horse and buggy, and

take boat for Cincinnati, at Memphis or Randolph; but money proved too scarce to admit of my succeeding in that object. I, therefore, commenced my return by land travel, on Monday, June 29th; and delivered a discourse at Middleburg, at four o'clock in the afternoon. I stayed with Esquire Hodge there. My meeting had been appointed to be held in the Methodist church. One of the preachers, however, went previously to the hour appointed and procured the dismissal of the school which is held in the church, in order that he might lock the door against me; but this circumstance did not in the least incommode me, for I preached under an arbor before the house, which was seated for the purpose.

On July 3d, I had an adventure at which the reader may be amused. It was, however, not very amusing to me at the time, but I can join in the laugh now. About noon in the day, the weather being intensely hot, I stopped under the shadow of a tree by the roadside, and after stripping and rubbing down my horse, I left him at large to pick some grass which grew plentifully in the woods. After an hour or so I went to catch him, but found him to be not exactly of my mind on that point—he made from me at full gallop, in a direction at a right angle with the road, and in spite of all my efforts to head him, he would run by me and keep in that direction! The chase continued for a full hour, and I, having become exhausted by heat and fatigue began to despair of catching him at all, when suddenly he seemed to relent, and stopped until I came up with him. By this time I was completely bewildered in a wilderness of bushes and scrub oaks.

I knew not what course to take to get back to the road, so making the best guess I could, I traveled and traveled several weary miles, seeing no indication of any opening or a habitation, and I began to fear that I should have to spend the night in those desolate barrens. At length I had the happiness to strike a path of some kind, which led me, finally, to a wagon track, and that, after a while, to the road I was in quest of. The next point was to determine which *end of the road I should take*, (as they say in the South,) in order to get to my carriage, which all this time, full four hours, had stood in the broad road with all it contained, at the entire mercy of such as chanced to pass by: in it was my trunk, containing two hundred and fifty dollars in money, without a lock, and

only guarded by a strap and buckle. I had the good fortune to find all safe, however, two full miles from where I got back into the road.

I have great reason to be thankful to that kind Providence which takes far more care of me than I do of myself, for the issue of this affair, and others of a similar nature which have occurred to me in my several tours.

July 4th, I re-crossed the Tennessee river, over against Reynoldsburg, which is but a small huddle of mean buildings. There is a horse-boat ferry there; it was on the opposite shore when I arrived. The negroes who have the management of it, reported, when they came over, that a canoe they had passed in the middle of the stream, and which seemed to have no one in it, contained two runaways, who were lying down in the bottom for concealment. This report set the man at the ferry to cursing in great wrath, threatening to bring out his rifle in order to give chase; meanwhile as he was expending his wrath in threats, the current was wafting the canoe more and more beyond his reach, until he saw that pursuit would be hopeless, and then he cursed the negroes for not hallooing out to him as soon as they had made the discovery.

When he had cooled sufficiently, I inquired of him what "runaways" meant. He informed me they were slaves effecting their escape into the free States by means of the river, which empties into the Ohio, about forty miles above its junction with the Mississippi, the State of Illinois lying over against its embochure. Very many slaves, he told me, escape from their masters in this way, and commit many thefts on the shores of the river in their descent. So long as the canoe was in sight, he eyed them—for they arose in a sitting position when out of gun-shot range from the house—as wishfully as a cat watches its prey, and when they had dwindled to a dim speck in the distance, he turned from them, muttering that "it was a *d—d wrong thing in our government to have free States.*"

The State of Tennessee seems to profit very little by the river of that name, although it is a most noble stream, of nearly the width of the Ohio; but its bordering lands are so barren and broken that no towns can be supported on its shores; its bottom lands too are narrow, and generally too wet for tillage; the stream, moreover, runs the

wrong way for the profit of the country it waters: It runs from southeast to northwest, and therefore makes no point which affords a market for the staple products of that region; if its course had been southwest or due south, it could have been very profitably employed for trading purposes. Nature really seems to have committed a blunder in this case.

I was as much annoyed by the rains on my return, as in my journey down. It rained hard for eight successive days: the country was flooded, and the rivers were full to the brim. I parted with my buggy, to an innkeeper, between the Little Barren and Green rivers, and prosecuted the residue of my journey on horseback, as far as Lexington, Kentucky, which I reached on the 15th.

I called at the plantation of Mr. Pullam, in the vicinity of that city, where I tarried until the evening of the 16th, when I preached in the Court-house in Lexington. I delivered, I judge, a very *moving* sermon; for, by the time I had concluded it, one-half of the congregation, agreeably to a very sensible and praise-worthy custom in Kentucky, had moved out of doors. As Mr. Pullam kindly offered to keep my horse, determined to go home by the stage, which leaves Lexington every day at five o'clock, P. M.; goes on to Georgetown, twelve miles, where it stops until the next morning, it then proceeds on and reaches Cincinnati, by sun-down. Being exceedingly anxious to get home, I set out on foot on the night of the 16th, after preaching at Lexington, and walking leisurely, I reached Georgetown at three o'clock in the morning. But, ah, my night toil proved to have been undergone in vain, for by a new arrangement, the stage had anticipated its stated hour of starting, and I was too late for it. Well, all was right, doubtless; for, in my excessively fatigued state, I could not safely have endured the seventy miles of rough staging, without a previous respite of rest. I reached my home on the 18th, at sun-down, and had the happiness to find my family in perfect health, for which my heart arose in thankfulness to God.

CHAPTER XV.

Journeys with his family through Ohio, and a large portion of New York and Pennsylvania—Visits several portions of New England—Various travels about the Hudson river, and the regions about New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore—Returns to Cincinnati, by a long and devious land journey, after an absence of a year.

As in my journey through Kentucky I had been much charmed with the country, on account of its exceeding beauty, I returned to it in the latter part of July, accompanied by my family, and spent a month in professional labors in the parts about Lexington. After our return, we started to re-visit the part of Pennsylvania in which my wife was born, and I had formerly labored. In this journey we traversed the State of Ohio diagonally from southwest to northeast, being a distance of two hundred and forty miles, through a country of almost uninterrupted fertility and beauty. It was the season when peaches are ripe in that region; and as throughout Ohio the christian-like practice prevails of planting this delicious fruit-tree along road-sides, we had nothing to do but to drive our carriage under the branches, which overhung the fences in our way, and help ourselves to as many as we wished. Even our horse had them every day for a desert after his oats. Our custom was, to drive into a woods about noon-tide, where the horse would be stripped of his gearing, and our children, two little girls, of whatever tended to impede the freedom of a romp; and thus we passed, in pleasant and cooling relaxation, an hour or two of the most sultry portion of the day. Oh! for what social sins has heaven suffered us to be cursed with rail-roads, whereby the poetry of travel will soon be destroyed forever!

On our arrival at Cleveland, the wind was blowing so tempestuously that no boat could enter the harbor, and it so continued for nearly forty-eight hours. We were hospitably entertained, meanwhile, at the residence of Mr. Burnam, a merchant of the place. As we were in haste to reach Auburn, New York, in time for the meeting of the United States Convention there, we put out in the first boat that left the port. This was just after night-fall. The wind was still blowing hard, and the waves were

surging against the beach with great fury. It continued rough through the night. My poor horse was washed loose from his fastening near the bow, by a large wave, and carried several yards toward the waist of the vessel. In the morning the wind had greatly abated, and the agitated surface of the lake soon subsided into placidity.

We stopped a night at Buffalo, with Benjamin Caryl, and next morning pushed on with all convenient speed toward Auburn. It was during the highly exciting Presidential canvass of eighteen hundred and forty; and every man, woman, and child we met, was huzzaing for somebody. Groups of urchins, let out of school for play, would greet us as we passed, with, "Huzza for Tippecanoe! huzza for Harrison! huzza for Tip and Ty!! Poor Van Buren, I could not but see, had a sorry chance for success in that campaign. These gusts of popularity, would be worth something to a man, if, after filling his sails, and driving him gallantly along over opposing waves for a while, they did not all too soon subside, and leave his canvass to flap against the mast, and menace him with an overturn.

After the meeting at Auburn, we kept on still easterly, to Utica. We stopped a day or two at Clinton, which was on our route, where I delivered an evening discourse. We tarried with Timothy Clowes, Doctor of Laws, who was the Universalist pastor there, and principal of the Liberal Institute. With the *cordial* welcome which he and his lady accorded to us, we were *more* than satisfied; but with the other residents of Clinton—those who called themselves Universalists, I mean; the rest, I would hope, were of a better stamp—we thought that, however *liberal* their *Institute* might be, *they* were the *least* liberal people we had ever found. I pray heaven, it may never chance to a certain wealthy couple there, that they may as pressingly need the hospitality of others, as we did theirs, and be as unfeelingly denied it as we were by them!

At the hospitable and beautiful home of Dolphus Skinner we spent two or three very pleasant days. It is situated three miles east of Utica, in the valley of the Mohawk, and consists of an elegant brick mansion, with various outbuildings, and some two hundred acres of fertile and well lying land. Thence we paid a visit to Trenton Falls, twelve miles north of Utica, and felt ourselves well compensated for our pains. How that scene would impress

me now, after having seen Niagara, I know not; but I never before nor since was so awe-struck as when, having descended a long flight of steps which conducts from the brow to the bottom of an almost perpendicular precipice, I found myself standing on a foot-wide terrace, which alone separated between a wall of rock which towered more than a hundred feet high on the one hand, and the dark, smooth, yet fearfully swift stream that almost washed my feet on the other. And oh! how infinite, from its darkness, seemed the depth of that stream! I could not keep the image of the river of death from haunting my fancy; and I almost looked for the grim old Charon to appear with his boat, to conduct us over that dark-gliding Styx. From such like scenes, methinks, must the imagery of that poetic fiction have been originally borrowed; and the cave of Cerburus must have been imagined to yawn in the side of some such deep and gloomy gulf as that.

But these falls comprise many scenes of varied *beauty*, also, as well as of gloomy grandeur. They extend several miles, and comprise several cascades in their course. Near their termination is a village, which takes its name from them, and derives, probably, a part of its support from the visitors they attract. I preached there on the evening of my stay in the parts.

From thence, proceeding southerly toward Pennsylvania, we passed through Marshall, and tarried two days there—on the evenings of which, as my invariable custom is, I preached—with an intelligent Indian called Captain Dick. He was a very sincere Universalist, and, although he could not read, was familiar with our principal writings; took one of our weekly papers, and could converse most rationally and in an admirable spirit, upon our doctrines and their influences. His family, consisting of a wife and several daughters, were of a much darker hue than himself. His children were receiving an education, and he had them to read his books and papers to him. He transacted a great deal of business, owned mills, kept a store or two, had several branches of mechanism carried on; and no man's credit stood higher for commercial integrity than Captain Dick's.

It would be difficult to describe the enjoyment, amounting at times to rapture, with which we re-trod the scenes of former travel amongst the beautiful Susquehanna and its tributaries. To even a stranger's mind, in which was

the smallest tinge of romance, communion with nature in those parts must needs be delightful: how much more so must it have been to us, who in every mountain, hill-side, vale, rock, stream, ravine, recognized a former acquaintance? Will the reader smile at my simplicity, when I tell him, that my spirits piped a joyous dance, as we trod again the grim solitudes of the beech and hemlock forests? Oh! but there are rich scenes of autumnal beauty there, to those who have eyes to see them, withal! Nature, however, has them pretty much to herself. She treads almost alone her carpet of leaves; and on few ears besides falls the music of the many and varied woodland sounds which come with so soothing an influence upon the heart.

We were guests, for a night, with Mrs. Scott, the poetess, with whom we had been intimate in former years. Miss Sarah C. Edgarton was also there on a more protracted visit, at the same time. Thence we pushed on to see our amiable friends of Susquehanna county, to whom I delivered several discourses; and thence to Wilksbarre, in the far-famed Wyoming valley. Much praised by poetry has that scene been, but not over-praised, I think. Yet its charms, it must be owned, are much enhanced by contrast with the ruggedness and sterility of the surrounding region. A broad alluvial plain, however, begirt on either hand by towering hills which slope to it in various degrees of inclination, and along which meanders one of the loveliest rivers in the world, cannot lack for charms of its own, independently of such contrast.

We next kept on to Carbondale, where are the mines of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company. Stupendous mountains, russet-hued with utter barrenness—deep, deep hollows, sun-excluding, dark, humid, and chill from their depth—and swift streams, winding their dark way amongst obstructing rocks, and fallen trees, and decaying leaves and branches—such, including tall hemlocks and massive ledges, are the characteristics of that forbidding region. And such it continues, with varied forms of ruggedness and sterility, relieved at intervals by tracts which are barely cultivable, the whole long distance to the Delaware river. In this region is situated the tract called the Beech Woods, aforedescribed, which is termed good, because grass grows there; and rye, oats, potatoes, and other products of cold and niggard soils, *can* be *made* to grow. Yet the everlasting New Englander is there! Of that

hardy and enterprising class, indeed, is composed the great majority of the population of north-eastern Pennsylvania. None but *they* could cope with its difficulties, and to them are due the thanks that it was not left to remain a wilderness until the consummation of time.

Thence we proceeded southerly to Philadelphia, stopping by the way at the Williams Settlement; at Easton; at Joshua Dungan's, in Bucks county; and other of my old resorts. From Philadelphia, after a stay of a few weeks, my wife and children returned by canal, railroad, and the Ohio river, to Cincinnati; and I remained behind to await the issue of the fourth edition of the Pro and Con. I had previously disposed of three thousand copies thereof in the western country, and have sold two thousand copies there since.

By several untoward circumstances, I was detained at the East for full nine months, ere I could get started on my homeward return. A part of that time I spent in Philadelphia. For seven weeks I supplied the place of James Shriggley, at Baltimore. Very pleasant weeks were they, too. I also preached several Sabbaths at Hightstown, New Jersey, and so loved our people there, that I could have been well content to end my days amongst them, had circumstances admitted thereof. Much time, off and on, I also spent in New York city, where I was often the guest of T. J. Sawyer—oftener of Abner Chichester—and oftenest of I. D. Williamson.

I visited Providence, Rhode Island, and preached a Sabbath there in the Universalist church, where W. S. Balch statedly ministered. B. H. Davis, of Attleboro', Massachusetts, drove in to my meeting in the evening, after his own labors of the day; and at his persuasion I took a seat in his vehicle for Attleboro', and thence to Framingham, where a Conference was to be held on the following Wednesday.

In some of its features, Providence is a place much to my liking. Very many of its dwellings have a rurality of situation and appearance. Almost the entire city is painted white: it covers much ground, from the circumstance that the most of the dwellings have the great advantage of liberal yard-room. Yet is the straggling character the city acquires from hence a *fault*, as well as a benefit; for it makes it necessary that so much fatigue *must* be incurred in walking from one to the other ex-

tremity of it. On the east side of the river is a high elevation of land, along the declivity of which, and on its level summit, are some exquisitely beautiful residences, which it would be hard to find surpassed, in point of situation, the wide world over.

On our way to Framingham, we passed through many villages, which afforded me much to admire. I was now in Yankee-land itself; and, with a confident pre-expectation of finding pretty villages and pretty churches, they had need to be eminently so, to please me; and such, indeed, I found them. The best situation the village site affords, I found, is invariably allotted to the churches; and pains appear to have been taken, in most cases, to create a pretty green sward around them. This is well. Our thoughts of God's temples should, in *all* respects, be pleasant thoughts; the fancy, as well as the heart, should love them; and memory, when it reverts to them from far-away scenes, should find them associated always with images of the holy and the beautiful.

When I entered the church at Framingham, the services of the Conference had commenced. A minister, I then knew not who, was offering an exposition of Hebrews 6: 1, 2. I was soon struck by the exceeding lucidness of his style, the conscientiousness with which he attended to every minute point in the passage, the scholar-like character of his diction, and his candid and gentlemanly bearing.

"Who *is* that gentleman?" asked I, in a whisper, of J. O. Skinner, the pastor there.

"It is Hosea Ballou, 2nd," whispered he in reply, "or 'Cousin,' as we familiarly term him hereabout."

By special request of the pastor, and much against my inclination, in the presence of so many abler preachers, I delivered a discourse in the afternoon. A social meeting in the evening closed the services.

Thence to Boston, by railroad, was but twenty miles. I arrived there on Saturday, and, at the offices of Thomas Whittemore, of the Trumpet, and Abel Tompkins, of the Repository, Expositor, etc., I soon obtained introductions to some score or so of our ministers. Benjamin Whittemore showed me many attentions. He took me into the Legislative Halls, and up to the dome of the noble State House—whence may be obtained such a varied prospect of the city, suburban appendages, the bay, the shipping, dis-

tant towns, intervening hills and vales, the blue ocean, etc., as few places in the world can command, I think.

Toward evening, on Saturday, I went to Cambridgeport, a suburb of Boston, whither had moved, from New Orleans, the family of my friend, J. H. Hilton. I had a new work in progress, to be entitled, TALES FROM LIFE. The series consisted of four illustrative stories. I wrote the second of them on the same marble centre-table on which, years before, I had written, in the far-off city of New Orleans, the chapter on "Fore-Knowledge and Fore-Ordination" in the PRO AND CON. The family informed me, that the latter circumstance had operated as a reason for their refusal to sell that article of furniture, at the time of their removal.

Thomas Whittemore resided at Cambridgeport, as did also Lucius R. Paige. The former was temporarily the pastor of our church there. They visited me together, at Mr. Hilton's, on Saturday evening, and the former engaged me to preach for him on the morrow. I liked, exceedingly, our place of worship there, as I also did the decorum of the congregation and the solemnity of the services. I must say the same, *en passant*, of *all* the New England assemblies for worship in which I was present.

I was frequently the guest of O. A. Skinner, and Sebastian Streeter, in the vestries of whose churches I enjoyed several excellent social meetings. I also preached an evening in Benjamin Whittemore's church, South Boston; and, after preaching for an hour, I gave them, by special request, an equally long discourse of a social, slip-shod character, which detained the congregation till nearly ten o'clock. A rather irregular proceeding for the "land of steady habits"—but as I was fresh from the *West*, I profited by the indulgence which refinement so considerately accords to semi-barbarism.

To Thomas Whittemore, also, I was indebted for many attentions. He took me to the dedication of a new church, at West Cambridge, a *chef d'œuvre*, I should pronounce it, of the semi-gothic style of architecture. It made, if I mistake not, the twenty-fourth of our churches in the single county of Middlesex. He also conveyed me to an evening party at Mr. Bacon's, father of Henry Bacon, of the Ladies' Repository, where were assembled some score or so of our ministers and their wives—*ladies*, is a more *modish*, *but not so good* a word, I think; for who would give one

wife for twenty *ladies?* not I, certainly—and we there made a most agreeable evening together by conversing, singing, and the like. As often as once in every year Mr. Bacon gives a similar entertainment, I was told.

I went by railroad to Lowell, where I preached thrice on a Sabbath, in the First Society's meeting-house, to very large assemblages. T. B. Thayer, for many years the pastor of that society, took me about that city of mushroom growth, and showed me its numerous large cotton-factories, and other objects of interest. I cannot say that I was much charmed with the sights I saw there. I have no faculty, no taste, for mechanism. For me, the clish-clash of machinery is no music; nor do I relish the lingering in districts where little besides is to be seen or heard.

To Manchester, New Hampshire, the distance from Lowel is thirty-five miles; the first fifteen bringing the traveler as far as Nashua, and are performed by railroad —whence the residue of the distance must be performed by stage. I preached on Sabbath in Manchester, which is a tolerably pleasant manufacturing place. Its meeting-house is a very substantial-looking one, of brick, surmounted by a steeple. I admired how, at the sound of the church-going bell, every dwelling seemed to empty itself of its inmates, men, women, children, all in best array—God's blessing on them—were thronging the walks to the several places in the town where "prayer was wont to be made;" and I could not but think how odious, in contrast with this, is the stupid indifference to religious worship which so prevalently exists in the West. I was the guest, while there, of a man who had resided for a number of years in Illinois. He informed me, that the circumstance last named was among the reasons which had induced his return to New Hampshire.

My health received a serious shock shortly after my return from New England. By improvident over-exertion and exposure of myself, I incurred a rhumatic attack, which affected my whole organism. I seriously judged for a time it would yield to no remedies, either authenticated or quack; and for several months I could not use my carriage, from an utter inability to get in or out of it. Nevertheless, I relaxed not in the least from my professional labors, only that I confined them to places which I could reach by easy modes of conveyance. I visited and preached in Poughkeepsie, Albany, Lansinburg,

Schenectady, Fort Plain, and other places on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. And as from New York there are facilities of egress to many neighboring places where I might thus employ myself, I made that city my chief place of sojourn. I. D. Williamson then resided there, and had charge of the Elizabeth Street church. At his hospitable dwelling, I mostly made my home. I was also much at Abner Chichester's, on Market street, where I ever found a cordial welcome and most agreeable household. But oh! what a blight did it about that time recive, in the loss of an only son, about whom, as well it might, a mother's love entwined with more than usual fondness; and upon whose uncommon and fast-unfolding intellect, conjoined with such moral and social qualities as are rarely met with in lads of his age, a father's fondest earthly hopes were founded. Alas! that so much in this dim world that is beautiful, should be blasted in its spring-time!

In company with I. D. Williamson, who also was in a delicate state of health, I made a pleasant trip to Red Bank, New Jersey, a little village about six miles from the seashore, up Shrewsbury river. There we and J. B. Brittain spent several pleasant days, in sailing excursions on the river aforesaid, and bathing in the ocean's surf at Long's Branch; while, on every evening, one or other of us delivered a sermon in the village.

I used, when in New York city, to be punctual in attendance at the social meetings, of which three were held each week. Despite of his advanced age, Menzies Rayner was invariably present at them, and *as* invariably found something lively and interesting to communicate. Many excellent laymen there were in that city who could speak sensibly and with effect at those meetings. By such auxiliaries a pastor's hands may be much strengthened and his heart encouraged. In sooth, sick in body as I was during my sojourn there, I had much enjoyment of a religious kind in New York.

At length my state of health a little improved; and finding myself able, though slowly and with pain, to get in and out of my vehicle, I started on a slow and devious progress homeward. For variety's sake, I will furnish the history of that journey in the form of two letters to my wife, which were written during its progress.

DEAR RUTH:—You will doubtless be glad to hear that the wandering sinner is returning from the error of his way, and directing his steps to his long-forsaken home. How protracted may be his stay, when he gets there, he promises not; but he thinks it must be a long while, *per force*, as rhumatism and rambling, (though the *words* all iterate well,) are things that agree not well together.

And shall I make you my *public*, Ruthy, and spread my *yarn* of travels before you? Well, you will prove a lenient critic, I warrant you; and I shall have the advantage of a more intimate sympathy, on your part, in my important doings and adventures, than I can hope for from the *larger* public, before whom I oft presumptuously display these trifles.

Your sister Nancy accompanied me from Philadelphia to Bordentown, where by arrangement, a friend met us with a vehicle and conducted us to Hightstown. This place, I must inform you, and that is more than your best geographys will, is about mid-way between Philadelphia and New York, on the railroad which runs from Camden to South Amboy. Between these two great emporiums, New Jersey, to use Dr. Franklin's figure, is in the situation of a barrel of cider, tapped at both ends. To the latter from South Amboy is *so* delightful a sail! Have I never described it to you, Ruthy? Have I never told you of the green declivities, and brilliantly white villas of Staten Island? and the magnificent approach to the many-masted harbor of New York by the bay of that name, which *would be matchless*, if there were no bay of Naples to eclipse it? Well, never mind; I will describe these to your private ear, most transcendentally, ere long. It were too wide a digression to do so here.

From Hightstown, where for six months my horse was kept, free of charge, by the kindness of two of our excellent friends, we proceded in a northerly direction, through Princeton, Somerville, Stanhope, Newton, and Branchville, toward Orange county, New York. That portion of New Jersey is fertile and very pleasing in its landscape appearances. It is diversified by abrupt limestone hills, lovely plains of great extent, and a horizon of mountains on its northern and western quarters.

At Branchville, Nancy took the stage for your father's, and I prosecuted my way alone. I need not tell you how warmly I was received by our old friends, Judge Bell and

his wife. Nor need I say how largely my meetings were attended throughout that region. Despite the brevity of the notices and the nights, I had always as many hearers as the houses I preached in could accommodate. I shook hands with many friends there, at whose fire-sides we have sat together in days of yore.

Poor Davy, from some cause, I know not what, for I had driven him very carefully, became so lame that I was compelled to borrow another horse with which to fulfill my engagements in Orange county. Misfortunes, every body knows, always come in troops: they are gregarious. On the night of my arrival at Centreville, New York, my borrowed horse left the pasture into which he had been turned, and I had to borrow a second on Sunday morning to convey me to my meetings. One of these was at Mount Hope, where I put up with Mr. Dodge, of whose hospitality I had more than once partaken aforetime; and you with me, if I mistake not. It was three days ere I found my stray, and the ill-mannered brute subjected me to ninety miles extra travel by his silly freak: but then, Ruthy, it might so easily have been worse, that I felt thankful it turned out as well as it did.

To Monticello, where was my next appointment, there are two routes from Branchville. Neither of them is quite smooth enough for a race-course. I chose the one over the mountain to the Delaware river, over against Milford, thence up the river to Fort Jarvis, thence up the Mamakating creek to Wurtsboro—I vouch not for the orthography of any Indian names, mind you—at which place said creek, and the Delaware and Hudson canal which runs along it, are crossed by the Coshocton and Great Bend turnpike. A stupendous mountainous region will the traveler find about there, believe me, and a charmingly fertile region too, if rocks, scrub-oaks, gravel and whortleberries denote fertility. Without a doubt, it might be emigrated to with advantage by rattle-snakes, desirous of an undisturbed retreat for themselves and progenies for some centuries to come. The country about Monticello, however, though cold, and of thin soil, is well watered, and finely adapted to dairying and the raising of cattle.

I found the remembrance of my adventure at the camp-meeting, to be as fresh about there as though it had transpired but yesterday. It was a novel affair for a Univer-

salist preacher to be admitted to argue his cause on a camp-ground, and on the last day of the meeting too, when they usually aim to produce their greatest effect!

I next proceeded to cross into Pennsylvania, and on to Honesdale. The latter is getting to be a large and handsome village; and that portion of the State, despite its broken, cold, and forbidding character, is getting to be well settled and improved. Prompton has swollen into the dimensions of a village. It was a densely wooded vale when I first knew it; and when we first visited old Mr. Jenkins there, Ruthy, it little looked as if his lone dwelling was soon to be surrounded by a huddle of some thirty or forty. As little likelihood was there, when the gospel of a world's salvation was first preached there by your nice little husband, that a temple was soon to arise on that unpromising spot, dedicated to God as the Father and Savior of all!

Thence I proceeded, by the way of Bethany and Mount Pleasant, toward our old home in Susquehanna county. I tarried three weeks there, preaching on the Sabbaths, and on several evenings. It was cheering to see how our cause was prospering there. Three beautiful meeting-houses now represent its physical condition, instead of the one which, when we first went there, was not only alone with respect to that county, but also with respect to the whole northern region of Pennsylvania. With our old friends, Dr. Streeter's folks, Col. Bailey's, Richard Williams', Walter Follet's, Thomas Tingley's, etc., etc.; oh! but I stirred up happy memories!

Next to Bradford county, where I lingered still longer. A sick man and a lame horse could hardly be risked in a race with a railroad car. I called oft at Dr. Scott's, in Towanda, and had several interviews with Julia. She made many affectionate inquiries about you. I regarded those interviews as the last we should ever have together on this side of heaven. She is very far gone, Ruthy; her earthly harp will soon be dumb, and she be called to make one in the choir of God's temple above. She got me to sing her one of my poor effusions, which, if I remember aright, I composed at her father's some eight years before. She paid me the compliment to say, that no hymn within her remembrance ever fell so soothingly upon her feelings. It must surely have been owing to some mysterious associations which it awakened, for it

certainly has no such high merit in itself. It is the hymn beginning,

> "Oh Zion arise! in thy glory appear,
> Thy garments of beauty put on!"

She tells me that she has entrusted to a certain female friend, a sister poetess, the publication, after her decease, of such of her poems as she shall judge meet to spread before the public eye.

The locale of my poor story of Alice Sherwood, is undergoing such alterations as bid fair to strip it of the only merit it can claim: I mean fidelity of description. Between Universalia and the Point, the Narrows no longer are visible. The rocky esplanade that bore that name, and which was formerly the only path between the two places, is now wholly abandoned, and a new road is formed by excavation in the mountain side, which overlooks its humble predecessor, from a height of nearly two-hundred feet. The new road is as fancifully overarched by the spreading tops of young chesnut trees, as poet could wish it; and, at this season, these have carpeted it with their falling foliage. A more bold and romantic terrace, and at the same time more safe, I remember not to have ever passed over. On the opposite side of the river, the whole breadth of the diluvial formation is spread out under the eye, comprising the very pretty village of Athens, or Tioga Point, while the stream itself rolls like a tide of molten glass between.

I went up the Chemung river to Elmira, and was a guest there with our old friend, Collingwood; also to Daggett's Mills; Fairport, or Horseheads, as they used to call it in our time; to Cooney Hollow, Oswego, Ithica, Caroline, etc., etc. In shire-towns I invariably found less of a disposition to hear our doctrine, than in rural districts. Lawyers and politicians are seldom troubled with enough of religious principle to dispose them to submit to sacrifices in its behalf. It was so in Christ's days, also; and the venerable Wesley had reason to complain on the same ground, when Methodism was young and feeble. To a solitary lawyer who attached himself to one of his societies, he gave the *sobriquet* of "the white crow"—but *he* backslid after awhile, and proved himself to be a bird of another color. Methodism is popular now, and crows *of this sort* are not scarce in that cornfield.

From Utica, whither I went from Elmira, it would seem a good and loyal husband should have kept directly on toward home, instead of retracing his steps for a hundred miles or so back to Bradford county. But then, Ruthy, one cannot always do what one would: necessity is stronger than choice. In short, I had become dreadfully embarrassed in my finances, by long illness and a train of mishaps, and it behooved me, by the sale of my books, to make every exertion for my extrication. Moreover, I had been strongly solicited by our friends at Monroeton, to return and dedicate their new meeting-house. Two circumstances, in addition to the one aforesaid, induced me to yield to this request. First: I had delivered there, some eight years before, the first of Universalist preaching they had ever heard, and I felt in regard to our now flourishing cause there, a sort of parental relation. And second: The Susquehanna Association was to meet in Monroeton at the time of the dedication. I had been present when that body was constituted, just seven years before, and had never met with it since. It was natural, therefore, that I should wish to do so now, and to shake hands again with many of our old friends which the occasion would bring together.

I omitted to state, that in passing from Elmira to Utica, I preached at Speedville, Vestal, Binghampton, South Bainbridge, Oxford, Panther Hill, Norwich, Hamilton, etc. On the route I counted forty-one bridges, big and little, which might fairly be pronounced impassable! If a bill of mortality for horses were annually reported in that region, it would not surprise me to learn that a good proportion of them die of broken necks; for the stranger finds nothing near these dilapidated bridges to caution him against attempting their passage. He must trust to his *own* cautiousness, and carry his neck at his own personal risk. But, I find my letter is in danger of assuming a querilous tone—mayhap, too, on the score of *necks*, you may think me over sensitive; and I doubtless *am* somewhat more so than if I had a duplicate of the article. But as I have but one, I must take the more care of that, both for your sake, Ruthy, and for his also who subscribes himsel.

Yours, affectionately,

GEORGE ROGERS.

DEAR RUTH: My last was written from Monroeton, which, you know, is four miles from Towanda. Our meeting was largely attended, and was a very happy one. Mrs. Scott was extremely desirous to be at it, but her soul is struggling hard for egress through the bars of its failing tabernacle. I preached several discourses in Towanda, always to large audiences. At Sheshequin I was much at the house of G. S. Ames, whose little wife we both like so well. In fording the Susquehanna near there, the other day, the exceeding transparency of the stream deceived me; and I got into so deep water, that my horse had to swim, and my carriage filled, so that I got well soaked up to my knees, and many of my books were rendered useless. In the judgment of good orthodox people, they doubtless were so before.

Walter Bullard is as active in those parts, as he was when we were about there. He preaches every where, knows every body, and doubtless has done more than any two men besides, to diffuse a knowledge of our principles throughout the length and breadth of that whole region. I was several times at his house in Elmira, and he accompanied me to several places. J. T. Goodrich is another very active and much beloved minister of our faith in those parts. His residence is in the beautiful village of Oxford, where I was several times his guest.

Poor Davy became so lame at Towanda, that I could proceed no farther with him; so, as he had done me good and faithful service for several years, I determined to give him a gentlemanly keeping through the winter, and procure another with which to come home. But how, and wherewithal should I get another? Well, at that juncture, William M. Delong, of Binghampton, was so obliging as to be out of health, and to need on that account a removal to a less rigorous climate. It was therefore arranged that we should get a horse between us, and he should take a seat in my carriage.

We were in doubt, for a while as to our best route; whether to take the ridge road along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and so homeward by a diagonal course through Ohio, or to take the lower route, across the southernmost counties of New York, and thence follow the course of the Allegheny river to Pittsburg. By either, the distance was at least seven hundred miles to Cincinnati; and late in the fall as it was, we had not the pleas-

antest prospects before us as to the character of the roads. We chose the latter, in the expectation that it would prove the less muddy, as it passed through a more mountainous region.

Our first stop was near Havana, where we both preached on a Sabbath. In ascending from the village of that name, to the mountain which forms the western boundary of the low plain in which it lies, the traveler passes over a bridge that hangs, in part, immediately over a chasm some two hundred feet in depth. It is somewhat startling to stand on that bridge and look down upon the village and the plain, and to get therefrom—as you can of a fair day—a glimpse of the blue waters of Seneca Lake. Meanwhile, a cascade is pouring down the sides of the chasm beneath you, which of itself is no mean object to contemplate.

We thence passed on through Bath to Kennedyville, where, if you remember, we once attended a meeting of the Steuben Association. We each preached an evening there to good congregations. Thence we continued on through the counties of Cataraugus, Allegheny, and part of Chatauque. Hill succeeded to hill in an interminable series: as to levels, the inhabitants of that country may have *heard* of such things, but of a surety they *see* nothing of them. No sooner is the business of climbing, over, than immediately begins that of descent, and then the climbing recommences. Well, our practice was, to reach some village toward evening, and to lose no time in effecting arrangements for a meeting there. In no single instance did we fail to succeed. We passed our second Sunday at Ellicottville—a ville at which I am not solicitous to spend another. On leaving there next morning, we looked down upon it from the top of a very high and steep hill, by which it is overlooked on the west, and we thought we could sympathize, somewhat, in the joy of Lot, at his escape from Sodom. We had found it, as we thought, as very a sink-hole of bigotry and intolerance as a narrow theology and priestly rule could make it.

One of our evening meetings (and an exceedingly crowded one) was held at Jamestown, which is a thriving village near the head of Chatauque Lake. You may know its situation to be high, and consequently its climate to be cold, from the circumstance of that lake's being the most elevated sheet of water on the American continent. Its length is about twenty miles, if I remember aright. From

that region, vast quantities of pine boards and shingles are floated down the Allegheny to Pittsburg, and thence down the Ohio to Cincinnati and Louisville—being a distance of some seven or eight hundred miles in all.

We each delivered a discourse on the same evening, at Jamestown. Mine was strictly argumentative. When I was about to close it, a gentleman in the audience exclaimed, emphatically, and by way of objection to its sentiments,

"*But*, sir, your doctrine is *not popular*."

"No," answered I, "it *is* not popular, of a certainty. It was not so when Christ and his apostles preached it,—as I conceive they did—nor have truth, benevolence, nor the principles of human rights, ever yet been popular, so far as history teaches. Nor are they likely to be, so long as ignorance, and corruption, and superstition continue, as now, to hold tyranous sway over the intellect and heart of humanity. But, my friends, when light shall have diffused itself over the earth; when the affections and moral principles of mankind shall have emancipated themselves from the enthralling influence of mystic and cruel creeds; then shall the principles of truth and benevolence be popular among men; and for that result we are laboring."

From Jamestown, we kept down the Allegheny valley to Warren, Pa., which is a pretty town, on an exceedingly pretty site, and seat of justice for the county of that name. We preached an evening there, and another about twenty miles south of there, at the house of a cousin of my traveling companion, of whom he accidentally learned by the way. And it was lucky he did; for a tempestuous snow-storm ensued while we were there, and it is no inconvenient thing to harbor at a *cousin's* in such circumstances. Thence we kept still down the Allegheny, to Butlerville, where French creek—a large and deep stream—falls into the former. The valley, which above was narrow, has at this point a tolerable breadth, with hills inclining to it in easy slopes. We there climbed the hills, and saw nothing farther of the river until our road again fell upon the right shore of it within a few miles of Pittsburg.

Our hearts beat gladly as we approached that murky metropolis, through its picturesque environs and summer-seats. The most dreaded part of our route was now past; that on which we had expected to be most embarrassed *with* bad roads; but the season, fortunately for us, has been

mild past all remembrance. It is needless to say how cordially we were received at Pittsburg by Manning Hull and his wife; whom, for their untiring and liberal devotion to the truth, may Heaven bless! and our earliest and ever zealous patron in that city, Ephraim Frisbee, who now lives on an island three miles below. May the calm of soul, which only the consciousness of well-doing can impart, be the lot of himself and his partner now and evermore!

From the mouth of Short creek, where we now are, (and which is seventy miles below Pittsburg, and nine above Wheeling,) it is but a short nine miles to the National turnpike, and thence about two hundred and thirty miles to Cincinnati. The rain, which we so much dreaded while we were among the mud roads, begins now to pour down as if it meant to avenge itself for its long delay. It has our permission to pour as hard as it will, as it cannot impede our progress now. We are holding some evening meetings here in the village of Warrenton, where at present resides our old and steadfast friend Doctor Tibbetts. Some years ago I was the first who, in this region, lifted up the voice for gospel truth: there now are several staunch believers here, of first-rate character and influence; and an excellent field for gospel labor would this region prove, I think, to a laborer who possessed the right qualities for the work.

This letter, Ruthy, will but a little outstrip us, I hope, in the race for the Queen City. Oh! how the distance will lengthen to my imagination, as it shall shorten in reality! Such, in his homeward journeyings, is ever the experience of

Yours most affectionately, GEO. ROGERS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Re-visits Louisiana once more, and diverges to St. Louis in his way—Reflections on Slavery, and a scheme of Progressive Emancipation—Attends the Indiana State Convention—Compiles a Hymn Book for denominational use in public worship.

On my arrival at home, and for sometime thereafter, my health seemed, from the cause aforenamed, to have undergone a shock from which it was not likely soon to recover. Indeed, I seriously apprehended that the active period of

my life was irrevocably past: and even several good physicians assured me to the same effect, except I would cease from my labors for a considerable time, and submit to a rigorous course of medical treatment. It chanced, however, that a Homœopathic physician fell in my way, and I was induced (with no faith whatever in their efficacy) to experiment with his remedies. The result was, that in a week's time I was perfectly recovered, and I have experienced no symptoms of a return of the malady from that time to this! Account how you will for this, reader, it was a most surprising event; and, for me, a most welcome one, truly. I was now in a state to push forth once more into distant fields of labor, and as I had received pressing invitations to renew my visits to Louisiana, I set out on that excursion in January, 1842.

My first two Sundays from home were spent at Louisville, where W. W. Dean was then our resident minister; and in the intermediate week I delivered several evening discourses at New Albany. The latter is a brisk little city, immediately below the falls of the Ohio, on the Indiana side. On the opposite shore is Shippensport, where boats enter the canal, cut to avoid the rapids of the river. As it usually takes a boat a couple of hours to get to Louisville by that method, passengers generally prefer to perform the distance in hackney coaches, which, at a charge of twenty-five cents each, takes them thither in about twenty minutes. A right stirring and interesting scene is that thereabout, believe me, and as full of beauty is it as of various life and motion. So often have I greeted it with a leaping heart after a long absence at the South; so entirely at home have I felt myself, on landing thither—though yet not really so by one hundred and forty miles—that I have learned to love it right well, and shall do so forever.

From Louisville I took boat for St. Louis. The distance between the two places is over six hundred miles by water—scarcely half of that by land. I tarried in that rapidly growing city for a month, preaching to large audiences on Sabbaths, and on several intervening evenings. I should think that my congregation frequently comprised six hundred persons, and those of very respectable character in general. St. Louis occupies a gently rising slope from the river, whence nearly every building in it is in plain sight. Nearly the whole street along the river is built of hewn

stone, in good substantial style; and, on the whole, the city presents a spectacle of much boldness and beauty to one approaching it from below.

The Mississippi, from where it is joined by the Missouri, is as far as possible from being a beautiful stream, except for nearly two hundred miles from its emboschure, and there it is rendered so by its confinement within artificial embankments, and the adornment of its shores with gardens, sugar plantations, and numerous tasteful and picturesque edifices. But from the mouth of the Missouri down to considerably below Natchez, (a distance of twelve hundred miles,) it is a turbid and unsightly stream, with low, thickly wooded, unvarying shores, inhabited sparsely by sallow-faced people, who manifest a semi-barbarous indifference to refinement in manners, and taste in the structure of their tenements. The river was in a very swollen state when I descended it from St. Louis. A large proportion of the wretched hovels we passed were completely surrounded with water, and had the appearance of having been built on piles in the midst of the river. The poor dogs had to shelter themselves within doors, and dispute the chimney corner with Tabby and Scratch. The fowls had no means of locomotion but by flying from tree to tree, and from the trees to the housetops; and the inhabitants could only communicate with each other, and with terra firma, by means of canoes. It required no deep acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek to account how these people came by their sallow complexions.

We had to put out a passenger, and a drove of mules, at a plantation on the Arkansas side of the river. This passenger, and owner of the mules, had bought a female negro during the passage, of a person who had a drove of *that sort of cattle*, which he was taking to sell in Louisiana. The poor negress had a sister in the gang whom she was very desirous of having purchased with herself; but the sum demanded for her arose, as is usual, as the disposition to buy her manifested itself, and the trafic for her therefore failed of being effected. I know not when I was more pained by a spectacle in the course of my life, than when that solitary female was landed, on a strip of artificial embankment, scarcely a foot in width, beyond which the river extended for an eighth of a mile, and was left standing there, while her purchaser waded with his mules to the

dry land. Poor desolate girl! She knew not into what sort of hands she had fallen; nor knew she to what sort of work, or degraded uses, she was doomed to be put; nor how her sister was to be disposed of; nor whether she was likely ever to meet with her again. As the boat moved off, and the waves it stirred up rolled over the feet of that poor slave, standing, as she seemed to do, in the midst of the river, my heart sickened within me; and in anguish of soul I asked the righteous God, how long this shadow of his wrath was still to darken our land? This shadow of his wrath, I say—for just Heaven has coupled an almost insufferable curse with that vice of slaveholding, which was meant by men to minister to their sloth and luxury.

We stopped one night in that same vicinity to take in wood. The owner of the wood-yard informed me of a case of lynching that had recently occurred there, which, had it taken place at Cape Blanco, or anywhere along the Barbary coast, would have been in good-keeping with the order of civilization which prevails there. About sixteen persons, charged with belonging to a gang of counterfeiters who had long infested that region, were made to cast themselves in the river from the end of a plank, having previously been bound hand and foot to prevent them from swimming! Eight others were a few days subsequent served in a similar way. Thus were twenty-four human beings, after a summary and of course very partial trial, hurried into eternity without the sympathy, or time for preparation, afforded to murderers and pirates! Our informant had ventured to remonstrate against this proceeding, and for that cause was threatened with a similar fate. If the reader should be hereby tempted to emigrate to that beautiful realm of justice and humanity, I can describe the locale for him to a nicety.

I was put out in the yawl at Fort Hudson, about midnight. This, on western waters, is usually a hurried opperation. They landed me, they knew not whither, and cared as little. Indeed, it was so pitch dark, that no objects were distinguishable. I knew the town stood on a table of land some eighty feet above the level of the river; but how to ascend the perpendicular bluff, I knew not, nor was I acquainted with its precise character. I therefore stood on the spot where they landed me, for some time, without moving in any direction, in the hope

that when my eyes had accommodated themselves to the medium of vision, I should be enabled to "define my position," in some sort. But for that purpose, as the night was cloudy, the darkness was too intense. I next poked about with my umbrella, as a blind-man with his staff, to ascertain the nature of the premises. I soon found that the ground had been scooped into deep fissures, and abounded with pits of slime and quick-sand. Having no particular inclination for a souse into one of these, I crouched down into a crevice, and, spreading my umbrella over me to ward off the mist that was falling, I slept in that situation for one hour or so, till the pattering of the rain on my umbrella aroused me, and I found myself stiff from the cold and humidity. I therefore arose and walked to and fro over a few feet of ground, which, by fumbling, I had ascertained to be safe, until the gray dawn enabled me to discover an inclined rail-track by which cotton bales are slid down into steamboats at that point. With some difficulty and danger, for it was wet with the rain and slippery, I crept up this on my hands and feet, and made my way to the hotel, where I was charged fifty cents for a bed until breakfast time, which was little better than my crevice under the bluff, for the damp wind blew directly on me through the glassless windows; and the latchless door, by its creaking and slamming, kept up a continual remonstrance against any attempt at sleep.

From Port Hudson there is a railroad to Clinton, which is distant from it in an interior direction about thirty miles. No part of Louisiana is comparable to that for beauty and fertility. It is also of an undulating surface, and beautifully wooded. One experiences an unspeakable delight on being landed there in one of the latter winter months, after a rapid transit from the frigid North, where all is gray and leafless; and one is suddenly greeted with the caroling of happy birds which are luxuriating among green leaves and fragrant blossoms; and the green buds are seen to peep forth in the forest, and the sweet voice and breath of Spring greet the senses in all directions. I have several times experienced this enjoyment, and it is one more easily felt than described. Yet, let none infer hence, that Nature has more favored the South than the North. Not so: She has dealt her favors and disfavors over the earth with a tolerably even hand; for, let one go to that same South, when it is Spring-time with us, and he

will find the heat to have already become insupportable. The face of the earth will present a yellowish hue, dusty and hot in appearance, which will cause the unaccustomed eye to long for a vision of green meadows, and the ear to long for the chime of tinkling rills, which tell of wholesome coolness in the shades whence they flew. For in far-southern realms holds literally true the language of an inspired apostle, "The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat than it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth."

I spent some two months in that part of Louisiana, and parts of Mississippi adjoining. As in the former, few regions are more beautiful than are the parishes of East and West Feliciana; so in the latter, few are more dreary than is the county of Amite, of which Liberty is the capital. The latter is one unvarying domain of tall pines, any one of which looks like any other throughout the forest. And to travel through those barren solitudes for a score of miles together, as I have done, without meeting a house or an object to vary the dull monotony, and the sun burning down on one with almost tropical fierceness, meanwhile, is by no means a pastime much to be desired.

I was walking near the environs of Liberty, with my friend, Dr. Caulfield, when I pointed to a neater tenement than is usual in that country, and inquired who was its owner. His answer, substantially, was as follows:

The man for whom that house was built, terminated his life by suicide! He seemed for a time to be a fair and honorable man; the people wondered at the rapid increase of his wealth, without at all suspecting him of dishonesty in the means. He displayed, as you see, an uncommon degree of taste in the arrangement and fitting up of his buildings and premises and had apparently prepared himself to enjoy a life of luxurious ease and plenty at this pleasant home. Unluckily for his plans, however, a stranger happened to come into the parts who knew him, and who accused him of being concerned in an extensive counterfeiting of money. The accused denied most vehemently the truth of this report, and requested that the accuser would meet him in an adjoining woods, very early on a certain morning, when he would fully satisfy him that he *was mis*taken in the person. The latter promised to yield *the meeting* required; but, suspecting that foul play was

premeditated toward himself, he went accompanied by several citizens. Meanwhile, the accused was on the ground long beforehand, waiting his coming with great impatience—he had been up, indeed, as his household testified, and was in great agitation the whole night preceding. When, however, he saw his intended victim to be strongly accompanied, he returned to his house, and discharged into his own vitals the pistol which he had evidently loaded for the murder of his accuser.

How veritably saith the wise king, and how slow, nevertheless, is man to believe him, that "*the way of the transgressor is hard!*"*

Ah! how many a Northern parson, burning with a desire to save souls, has had his ardor cooled amid the sordidness and scepticism of the South! How many an one has bartered his profession—yea, and his religion to boot—for the land and cotton-fields of a wealthy widow! I have direct knowledge of full a score of such. Mammon, methinks, has nowhere more numerous nor more devout adorers, than in the South-western States. In the very air of that region there seems an influence antagonistic to true piety. Even the well catechised Yankee forgets his creed on going thither, and adopts, instead, the decalogue of the Golden Calf. To the two general truth of this last remark, however, I must needs aver, there are many charming exceptions; and these mainly hold in respect to Yankees of our faith, who form, at present, our almost only ground of dependence for success in the South.

When the term of my labors in that part of Louisiana had expired, I took boat from Port Hudson for New Orleans, with no purpose of tarrying there, but mainly for

*This incident reminds me that, on an excursion near Cincinnati, some time since, I passed a little snuggery, on what my companion told me is called German street—from the fact that several German residences are strung therealong—I remarked to him on the extreme prettiness, of the little place I refer to. It was situated on a green hill-side; the buildings were in a unique, picturesque style; the premises were enclosed with a neat enclosure, and all was as white as white-washing could make it. The proprietor of that poetical little home is—where think you?—in the Columbus Penitentiary, for stealing! How many an anguished thought must he not send from that earthly hell, to his neat hill-side snuggery! And how intense must be his sensibility to the folly and madness of his bargain, when he bartered the certainty of virtuous happiness for the chance of ill-gotten gain, with the remorse and infamy which were sure to follow!

effecting a passage home on better terms than I could have done at the former point. On western waters passage may be had more cheaply than on any other line of travel in the United States, and, probably, in the world, *if they be previously bargained for*, but, mind you, *that* is an essential condition of their cheapness. From neglect of that, I have found myself charged more for a passage of one hundred miles, than others were for three hundred!

My arrival in New Orleans was on a Sunday morning, and I went directly to Mr. Clapp's church, and took my seat near the end remote from the pulpit. He got his eye on me, however, and coming to where I sat, he prevailed on me to preach for him. This was my last sermon in New Orleans, to the present time, and in all probability will be so forever. The hearing of a sermon is, there, too much a matter of mere pastime, for my liking; and many of those who thus honor you with a hearing, in the forenoon, will list with equal zest to a play in the evening. Heigh, ho! I am pretty well sick of my *far*-southern labors.

From New Orleans homeward, nothing occurred worth recording. I was neither run aground, run foul of, snagged, nor blown up—all of which I had formerly experienced to my hearts content. One little accident did good naturedly happen, to diversify the dullness of the passage, and afford my quill a pretext for running off into humorous description.

We had "come to" at the foot of the falls at Shippensport, in order to ascertain whether it was practicable to pass up over the rapids to Louisville, the river being in tolerably "high stage." Having ascertained that it was, we were in the act of "rounding out," when we were struck by a violent squall, which drove us foul of another boat. What particular thing had happened, the passengers, who were at dinner, to the number of sixty or eighty, knew not; but the crash—*crash*—CRASH—long continued, and increasing in loudness, gave us vague ideas of some terrible catastrophe; and answering screams from the ladies were not wanting, (when were they, ever?) to increase the din and confusion. Anon the table was deserted, chairs overturned, crockery broken, and each of us looking out for our individual selves, in most dutiful conformity to the first law of nature. For my own part, I would like to report that I played the philosopher on the

occasion; but, in truth, having experienced that steamboats can do a great many ugly things, I had become mistrustful of them; and had any one chanced to look under the table just then, I could name a certain little gentleman whom he would have seen there, endeavoring, as best he could, to keep himself out of harm's way, though he knew not precisely where that way was. However, the matter passed off harmlessly to all except the boat, and even *it* was but little damaged in proportion to the noise it had occasioned.

Several circumstances had occurred to my observation during this journey, which tended more painfully to affect me, in relation to negro slavery, than I ever before had been. Indeed, slavery is an evil, the full enormity of which, one is not prepared to comprehend, till he has been much where it is; and he then will see perpetually recurring evidences of its evil nature and bearings.

I am not an Abolitionist, in the party sense of that word. I would have the freedom of the slaves purchased, at a fair sum, by the General Government—for, assuredly, it were an unjust measure to require their surrender without an equitable compensation to the masters. I would also have the negroes colonized on a domain by themselves. This measure I would insist upon, not for any repugnance I bear to the race, but from motives of humanity toward *them:* for, assuredly, it would be more for the happiness of both the races, to sunder them from each other. But, if the blacks *must* be retained amongst us, then would I have extended to them *every* civil and political right which we ourselves claim and exercise. And, furthermore, if on no other condition, than that of freeing them amongst ourselves, slavery *can* be extirpated, then, in God's name, extirpate it on that condition, say I; and to one-third of my scanty all would I most willingly submit to be taxed to that end. Thus far, then, am I an Abolitionist.

I have traveled much in the South, as the reader will have seen, and am by no means disposed to take back any part of the credit for humane treatment of their slaves, which, in my former pages, I have sincerely awarded to the masters in general. Neither, if with truth I could, *would* I thus repay the uniform kindness and confidence I have experienced at their hands. I was a stranger, and they took me in—hungry, and they fed me—poor, and they ministered unto me. It was as a preacher of the

gospel that I traveled amongst them; not as a spy upon their conduct toward their slaves; and lest it should be suspected that, from obligations of gratitude, I conceal the truth on this subject, I here deliberately declare that I have witnessed, when a boy in Philadelphia, *more* instances of oppression toward apprentices, than, in the South, I ever did toward slaves.

It is, then, for other reasons, than the *direct* oppressions it involves, that I deplore negro slavery—though of its *incidental* grievances God's mind alone can comprehend the sum. I deplore it for its debasing effects on the minds and morals of the blacks, as well as for its tendencies to deprave the whites themselves; to vitiate their sentiments, to give them a mean opinion of labor, to generate in them habits of indolence and dissipation, to make them impatient of contradiction or denial; violent in their passions, and reckless as to the cost or consequences of their gratification. From these, and other inseparably attendant evils, it results, that slavery tends to the destruction of any country in which it exists; and no man can travel extensively in the South-west, without feeling convinced, that even the most fertile and beautiful portions thereof must, at no very remote day, become a depopulated waste.

I was seriously, and in the kindest of feeling toward our southern brethren, revolving these thoughts, as the boat in which I was journeying homeward was passing between the opposite shores of Tennessee and Arkansas. Happening to cast my eye toward the latter, it lighted on an extensive tract of bottom-land that stretched away as far as sight could reach. It looked lovely in the warm sunshine, with the green stalks of corn and cotton-plant just peeping through the surface, and the peach and plum blossoms fringing its margin here and there.

Now, thought I, suppose that from the numerous philanthropic men in England and in our own country, who are concerned for the extirpation of slavery, one million of dollars could be obtained toward that object. That would be but a trifling sum from so many; not more than a shilling from each. For one hundred thousand dollars of this sum, twenty thousand acres of that fertile plain could be purchased. Ten thousand more would suffice for furnishing it with comfortable quarters for negroes and superintendents; and another ten thousand would provide *domestic* furniture, agricultural implements, mechanic

tools, elementary school-books, etc. Let, then, eight hundred thousand be disbursed in the purchasing of negroes, in the portions of the slave States where their price is lowest, and in family groups as far as practicable. For that sum, about four thousand could be had, of big and little, male and female. These shall be considered as apprentices during their minority, if five years or more under age, or for five years in respect to those who have passed their minority. During that term they shall be instructed in agriculture, the mechanic arts, commerce, domestic economy, English literature, etc. When their term of apprenticeship is out, they shall be retained on wages for three years longer, and the excess of these, over what they need for their maintenance, shall be saved for them, so as to constitute a capital to commence upon when removed to a domain previously provided for that end.

By this means, if the matter were carried no farther, we should have four thousand human beings freed within a term of eight years, and all their posterity for ever. And not *freed* merely, but *fitted* for freedom and for self-support; raised in the intellectual and moral scale, fitted for self-government, self-dependance; and to retrieve their original country from barbarism and debasement; to introduce therein the religion of Christ and the principles of political equality, and to erase the reproach of natural incapacity which has long attached to the African race. What a work of philanthropy would this be. How insignificant, in comparison, the sum that would be required for its effectuation!

This, however, is but the beginning of what that sum, thus invested, would accomplish—the first fruits merely. For consider: four thousand negroes inspirited with the prospect of freedom—what might they not annually produce from twenty thousand acres of fertile land, in addition to the boat-wood they might sell, the bagging they might manufacture, the mechanic wares they might fabricate, etc? Is it extravagant to calculate that a yearly sum of two hundred thousand might be thus realized? For that sum, allowing a majority of them to be under age, full six hundred additional slaves could be purchased. Now, in my estimate of the sum produced per year by the original four thousand negroes, I have rated it at an average of fifty dollars per head—and this, considering the means and the motives, must be conceded to be moderate—but, as

the original stock would be increased by new purchases from year to year, their earnings would increase in an equal ratio; so that, on the whole, it might without extravagance be calculated, that within the first ten years, full ten thousand might be thus safely disenthralled and colonized, and a stock remain on hand equal to what it was in the beginning.

To this scheme of partial emancipation, it may be objected, that by diminishing the number of slaves in the country, we should necessarily raise the price on the remainder, and by increasing thus the value of the article, bribe the cupidity of men the more in relation to it, and so thwart the purpose of ever getting altogether rid of the evil. This objection I have more than once seen urged against the Colonization scheme by the Abolitionists. How it has been answered, or whether at all, I know not; but to me it seems to be more plausible than valid.

Let us admit that the price would rise on slaves in proportion as their number was diminished. What then? Why, as a thing of course, their dearness would necessitate those not having them to do without them, and to hire free labor as a matter of economy. Let free labor come into competition with slave labor in the South, and slavery is inevitably done forever. This holds, even as slaves sell at present: let their price increase, without a proportionate rise in the value of their products, of which there is extremely little chance, and it will hold with redoubled emphasis. There is, then, as I conceive, no validity whatever in the objection. Every body knows that the price of an article is regulated by the *demand* for it, as well as by the amount in market; and every body knows, too, that when more is asked for the article than it can be made to produce, the demand for it will diminish, and the price fall in the same proportion.

It may farther be objected to my scheme, that its operation would be partial; that, comparatively, but few out of the many, would experience its benefits. True—in about ten years, but ten thousand would be thus emancipated—ten thousand, and their posterity for ever. But is not even this something? Shall we not do all we *can* in the matter, because we cannot do all we *would?* And, besides; what might not be hoped from the *example* thus set? Would it *not* be likely to lead to *imitative* efforts in various parts of *the* South? And, in the ratio of the emancipations to

which these might lead, would be the diminution of the *slave interest* of the country; and would not *that* also be something?

Now, although I have put these cases hypothetically, yet they are not mere *might be's*, but actual *probabilities*. I *know* that in the South there are many benevolent masters who would willingly relinquish their property in slaves, if they could do so without too great inconvenience. But what shall they do? The laws of most of the slave States forbid their manumission, except on the condition of their removal beyond the State limits. Not only would this subject the master to great expense and trouble, but its operation might be inhumane in respect to the negroes themselves—inasmuch as it would introduce them into a state of life for which, by previous habits, they are totally unfitted, and in which, therefore, they must necessarily be exposed to the wants and to the temptations thence arising.

During my first visit at the South, I was the guest of a gentleman of high respectability, and of most excellent character, who informed me that it troubled his conscience to hold slaves, and that he was anxious to give freedom to the thirty of them he possessed, if he knew how he could do so consistently with their advantage. He *could* not, in addition to defraying the expense of their removal to a free State, advance a sum sufficient for their support until they should become able to maintain themselves in their new mode of life.

Now I had witnessed, when a boy in Philadelphia, so much abject want, squalidity, disease, and crime, among negroes who had thus been manumitted, that I most conscientiously believed myself justified in advising against their manumission, except on the condition of their being placed at the disposal of the Colonization Society—and of *its* affairs I knew not enough to know whether it would be at the expense of their transportation to Africa. I have since that time met with several Southern gentlemen, who have declared to me, (and I believed them, for hypocrisy is not a characteristic of Southerners) that they would most heartily rejoice if the country were well rid of all its slaves.

Well, what hinders now, that the scheme I have sketched should be carried into triumphant effect? Is liberality wanting on the part of those who would desire it? No, no, this cannot be; for the British people have already freed

their West India slaves at an expense of one hundred millions of dollars! *My* scheme contemplates as at first necessary, only the one-hundredth part of that sum; and if, on that foundation, ten thousand slaves could be emancipated in ten years, ten millions of dollars would suffice, within the same term, for freeing one hundred thousand; besides the many who, by virtue of the example thus set, would be liberated by generous-hearted masters without a pecuniary consideration.

And in this work of philanthropy, too, no injustice would be done to anybody. It is perfectly pacific in its nature. It is entirely lawful in its principle. It involves no interference with any question of rights, personal or constitutional. It looks to the elevation, as well as to the emancipation of the African race: and, in fine, it provides, as I judge, an easily practicable way in which the country may rid itself of an evil which is pressing like an incubus upon its heart, and seems destined to do so forever.

Oh! how pure a delight I enjoyed while indulging in this reverie! I cherished it for two or three days together, withdrawing from the rest of the company on the boat, that I might wholly abandon myself to the pleasing idea, and fancy it a reality. Up rose to my imagination, a fairy scene of some ten or twelve hundred cottages, brilliantly white-washed, with each its little garden, neatly enclosed, and the whole embowered amongst ornamental trees. Intermixed with these cots were schools, factories, and shops for artizans; and away in the distance, stretched cotton, corn, and hemp-fields. And, then, the community of this Utopia—happy in the prospect of freedom; happy, too, in the contrast of their present condition with the hopeless one into which they had been born; happy, likewise, in the new-born consciousness that they were human, and destined to act for themselves in the drama of human life. And of evenings, when their day's labor was over, how hilarious would these happy thousands be! What dancing! what glee! what fantastic exhibitions of merry-heartedness! Oh, God! if by thy ordaining, I might become the occupant of the proudest throne on earth, I might, as Solomon did, fill the world with the fame of my wisdom and the splendor of my courts; but, in my deepest heart I feel, that I should be incomparably more happy if I could but be ordained the humble instrument in a work of philanthropy like this.

On my return from the above excursion, I sat about a task of which I had long felt the necessity, though I had wished it to fall into other hands, viz.: the compiling a Hymn Book for the use of the Universalist denomination. The hope of pecuniary gain had nothing whatever to do with that undertaking, for the chances of that sort seemed anything but favorable, with the then universal stagnation of trade throughout the country, and the consequent scarcity of money. Nor was the task an agreeable one in itself—for, in a work of that sort an infinitude of variant tastes have to be satisfied; errors of theology have to be carefully guarded against, as well as defects in rhyme, measure, taste, devotional sentiment, tone, etc.; on which account, conjoined with the intensity of my solicitude to meet the public expectation, and justify the confidence they were disposed to accord to me in advance, I experienced it to be the severest literary drudgery in which I ever was engaged.

I had to restrict my ministerial labors of that season within a comparatively limited circuit about Cincinnati. I made one excursion of thirty miles, with John A. Gurley, into Indiana. During our absence we attended an Associational meeting of two days at Cambridge, twenty three miles from the city. It proved a rainy and disagreeable time, until the forenoon of the second day, when it cleared away, and a large congregation attended, to whom Mr. Gurley and myself delivered each a discourse from a stand out of doors, under the shade of some large sycamore trees, which there skirt a brook called Indian creek. E. B. Mann, A. H. Longley, and J. N. A. Gooch, were also in attendance, and preached at that meeting.

In August of that year, the Miami Association met in Hamilton, which is twenty-four miles from Cincinnati. From first to last, the meetings were largely attended, on the second day, especially, when the audience was composed of three thousand persons, by a moderate computation. The place of the meeting was a grove of tall young sycamores, on the alluvial plain which forms at that place the first bottom, or bordering shelf of land, of the Big Miami river. The trees were close enough for shade, yet open enough to admit easily of carriages being driven between them. The face of the ground was smooth and grassy; the slender sycamore trunks shot up like pillars in a cathedral, supporting the verdant roof above; and the

green sloping bank of the second alluvial shelf, hemmed us in semi-circularly; leaving us with as beautiful and secluded an area to ourselves as ever God was worshipped in, methinks, on this side of heaven. O! may our offerings, by their purity and fervency, have proved befitting that temple of God's own building! The choir of the Cincinnati society attended that meeting. It comprises some forty voices, with various instrumental accompaniments. It is at all times effective, but never had I heard its hymns and anthems swell up so melodiously, and with such grand effect on the soul, as they did on that occasion among those sycamore shades.

In September, D. R. Biddlecome, of Dayton, Ohio, took me from thence to Knightstown, Indiana, where the State Convention was appointed to be held. The distance was something over sixty miles. We had an appointment for an evening meeting on the way, in one of the numerous villages which are strung along on the great National Road. The task of preaching fell upon D. R. Biddlecome. When in the midst of his sermon, his shin received a nudge from the walking-cane of an old gentleman, who left his seat for the purpose of calling his attention to a certain scripture text, which he fancied to be germaine to the purpose of his argument.

"Quote Hebrews twelfth," muttered the old getleman, after administering the aforesaid knock on the shin; and he then passed on and re-seated himself.

Of the Conventional meeting at Knightstown, and the proceedings altogether, I really am puzzled to know how to speak, and it will therefore best become my page to be *silent* on the subject. The congregations in attendance were good, and their deportment orderly and respectful. A promising young minister, Benjamin F. Foster, was ordained on the Sabbath, and the services of the occasion were listened to with an interest which gave good hope that they would not prove profitless.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visits Wheeling, Virginia, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Has a discussion of three days duration in the latter city. Penetrates into several hitherto unvisited parts of Ohio. Attends the meeting of the United States Convention at Akron, Ohio, and returns with his family, by way of Columbus and Zanesville.

From December till April, inclusive, of 1842–3, I was engaged in arduous labors and travels in parts of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, bordering on the river, into which our preachers had seldom previously adventured. The winter was a more than usually variable one; rigorous frosts were succeeded by sudden thaws, and copious rains, which alternating states of the weather reduced the roads, even the McAdamized, nearly to impassability. On the first of February, however, a winter really Siberian set in, and with all its bad varieties of rain, hail, sleet, snow, and piercing winds, it maintained its almost unmitigated sovereignty until the middle of April.

Nevertheless, I know not when I ever addressed congregations so uniformly large as my appointments of that disagreeable season called out. In many of the places this was owing to the fact of their having never before been visited by our preachers; and in nearly all of them doubtless by the extreme unfrequency of such visits.

At Mason, twenty miles from Cincinnati, I was met by D. R. Biddlecome, and conveyed to Dayton, thirty miles further. Thence A. Sweet conveyed me to Zanesville, which from Dayton is distant something over a hundred miles. Thence to Wheeling, seventy miles, I proceeded by stage. Between my home and the place last named, I preached at many intermediate points. At Lebanon, John A. Gurley and I had a polemical tilt with a certain gasconading preacher of the Reformer or Campbellite school. This was before a crowded auditory in the Town Hall. He made an attack upon our faith, which was in the last degree trashy and vituperative; and we reviewed the same to the effect, as was thought by nearly all there present, of making his arguments and representations to appear most pitiably weak and self-destructive. Take a sample or two.

"The good old book tells us, that 'He that believeth not shall be damned;' but the Universalist comes along, and

says, Don't believe it, sinners—no danger—go ahead—you'll be saved *whether you believe or not.*"

Now, it happens, that in order to the salvation referred to in this text, *baptism* is required, as well as faith. If then the text is applicable to the *final* states of men, all will be lost eternally who are not baptized! Did our assailant believe this? Not he. Consequently, his *reductio ad absurdum* could be retorted on himself. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" but no matter about the terms of of the text, sinner, "You'll be saved *whether you are baptized or not.*"

Again; he represented that, according to Universalism, *God is cruel;* because of our holding that in all cases God permits the penalties of his law to take effect upon the transgressor. "There is no pity with the Universalist's God," he lugubriously exclaimed; "no compassion; the poor sinner may repent in dust and ashes; he may weep; he may implore; but the Universalist's God knows no mercy. With him all is justice; all the punishment deserved *must be* inflicted; not the smallest fraction can be remitted!" etc.

Well, for this sort of logic, if so we may term it, the process of refutation was, happily, brief and obvious. The Universalist's God is cruel—why? Because he permits the penalties of his law, in all cases, to take effect upon transgressors! What follows then? Plainly, that *the penalties of God's law are cruelty!*

I had a very interesting series of meetings at Wheeling, Virginia. The capacious Council Chamber in which they were held, was more and more crowded the longer they were continued; and although throughout I was unsparingly doctrinal, and my audiences were almost entirely composed of the members of different christian denominations, the discourses seemed, nevertheless, to give very general satisfaction. So evidently, indeed, was this the case, that when, at the close of my last meeting, a Methodist preacher arose and attempted to be scurrilous at the expense of my religious views, the entire audience demanded that he should be silenced.

From Wheeling I *walked* to Warrenton, ten miles up the Virginia shore of the river, which was covered with a glare of ice, formed on the surface of hard frozen snow. In addition to that discomfort, I was annoyed by the companionship of a drunken Irishman for the most of the way,

who whooped, and screamed, and jumped, and cut as many capers as a wild Indian. One while he would insist on locking arms with me, when he would stagger from one side of the road to the other, and make me describe as many zig-zags as himself. Anon he would curse me for a "d—d Methodist praacher thaief," and accuse me of eating up all the chickens in the country.

I was taken to Pittsburg from Steubenville by a zealous co-believer of the latter place, Ezekial Gile, whose guest I was during my several sojourns there. It appeared, on my arrival at Pittsburg—I had had no hint of it before—that I was engaged for a public debate with a popular minister of that city, on the merits of Universalism! The minister aforesaid had been delivering a course of lectures on that subject, and at the close thereof had signified a willingness to meet any of our ministers in a public discussion of the single affirmative question, "Do the Scriptures teach the ultimate salvation of all men?" Whereupon, our friends, in the expectation of my visit to the place, had taken up the gauntlet in my name. There remained to me, therefore, but the alternative of an acceptance or a declension—popularly termed a "back out"—and I decided on the former.

Of the merits of the discussion, it of course would not become me to speak. My opponent was an intelligent and gentlemanly man. The audience was so large, throughout, as to fill aisles, door-ways, and window-spaces; and the most quiet and respectful attention was given to both the speakers. In the last respect I was most agreeably disappointed, for from what I knew to be the bigotry of the place, I had expected some rude manifestations of their preference for the views of my opponent.

At the close of the second day of the debate, for it occupied three days—five hours of each, I was accosted by an intelligent-seeming young man, who told me that my arguments gave great relief to his mind, although they had not fully made a convert of him. He belonged, he said, to the same denomination as my opponent. He had some time since lost his father, who went to his grave in his sins, and he had since experienced much anguish of mind with respect to the eternal condition of that father. My answer to him was, that I was far from disposed to bribe his judgment over to my side through his filial affections; that the father whom he deplored, had also a Father, to

whom his eternal welfare was more a matter of benevolent concern, than it could possibly be to his surviving son; and that, seeing that his father was so well cared for, I judged it needless for him to borrow uneasiness on his account.

The boat on which I was to have left Pittsburg, departed without me, and, taking my trunk with it, left me to remain there over the Sabbath without a single change. Ammi Bond was then the Universalist minister at Pittsburg. I heard two sermons from him on that day, and delivered a third myself in the evening. As to my trunk, a porter brought it to my door in Cincinnati some two months afterward, when it had performed a voyage to Lafayette, on the Wabash, about nine hundred miles, and as far as Cincinnati on its way back to Pittsburg; being, in all, a distance of some fourteen hundred miles. It had taken a small jaunt to see the world, in imitation of its owner.

At Warrenton, Smithfield, Cadiz, Belmont, and several other places till then unvisited by a preacher of our faith, I held numerous and crowdedly attended meetings. I had to be dependent on the kindness of friends for conveyances from place to place, and as both roads and weather were exceedingly rough, it *was* a tax upon their kindness, indeed. Nevertheless, I had, as I think, the hardest of the bargain after all. My frequent preachings to crowded assemblies; my almost incessant conversations; and my long, weary rides in open wagons, over rough roads, and amidst fierce blasts and snow-squalls; these, altogether, put the soundness of my physical constitution to very severe proof.

And thereabouts, and wherever else my desultory rambles took me, I found those who had previously heard me in other parts; and among the rest, one who had been one of a small audience at Green Village, Pennsylvania, where, some eight years before, when I was moving with my family to Cincinnati, I had delivered a solitary sermon; the first, and to this day the last, without doubt, of that kind of preaching that ever took place there. The village is five miles from Chambersburg, and is the identical place where, the reader may remember, I took sick at the time of my earliest westward ramble. I was desirous of preaching the "gospel of the grace of God," in that scene of my former sufferings, although, as the *pious* family who

dismissed me so considerately when my funds had failed, were no longer there, I was a stranger to all in the place. Accordingly, I obtained permission of the landlord with whom we lodged, to make his sitting-room my chapel for the occasion; and, the word for a meeting being given out, some dozen or so collected together. I knew them to be about two-thirds Dutch in character, and I therefore simplified my English as much as possible. I was not long in perceiving that my doctrine was not at all to their taste.

> "The ladies first 'gan murmur, as became
> The softer sex."

My wife, who sat among them in an adjoining room, subsequently informed me that they kept up a continued fire of *Oh's*, and *Did you ever's*, and *Such stuff's*, and the like, during the entire discourse. Disregarding, however, all uneasy movements and mutterings, I continued to preach with great earnestness, until my gravity was discomposed by the following circumstance. A red-faced, and particularly red-*nosed* subject, whose breath, besides, gave token of an intimate acquaintance with the bar-room, had volunteered to snuff the candles during the meeting. For a while he performed this function with a very good grace; but as the discourse grew in length, he becoming dry probably, grew testy, and, at length, when he had again snuffed the candle that stood by me on the stand, he asked me in a crabbed under tone, "*Do you mean to preach all night? Say?*" This was too ludicrous for my risibles to stand out against, and I hurried to a close that I might let them take their course without restraint.

On my way homeward, I made a stop of two weeks at Columbus, the capital of Ohio, where, as I oft before was, and since have been, I was the guest of Demas Adams, to whom and his wife, as also to William Bamborough and his wife, I feel myself to be under obligations which demand an expression in this record of my public life. Our friends in that beautiful interior city have never been numerous; but amiable in themselves, and respectable in a worldly sense, they have always been; and in no western location, not even in Cincinnati, could I better content myself to settle down in the pastoral relation, than in that gem of central Ohio.

In July of that year, 1843, I revisited the Muskingum region, and had several pleasant meetings thereabout. I

preached a Sabbath at Belpre, another at Marietta; two evenings at Watertown, two at McConnelsville, one at Windsor. I was conducted by the friends from place to place, as I had no means of conveyance of my own. From the place last named, as I was proceeding down the right bank of the river, I saw two females at some distance before me in my road, endeavoring to wrench a long gad—as a twig denuded of its leaves is termed—out of each others hands; by and by they each clutched it with but one hand, and pelted away at each other faces with the other. I urged my conductor to speed up to the rescue, that we might effect a cessation of hostilities between them; but as we got up to them they were parted by two men who had sprung from among the bushes by the road side, and these immediatety exchanged curses, and squared up in a fighting attitude toward each other. I was puzzled to know what all these pugilistic manifestations could mean, until my conductor, who was acquainted with the parties, explained by informing me that the men were brothers, and the women a grand-mother and her grand-daughter; the former was the mother of the two men, and the latter the daughter of one of them. So it was a family affair throughout. The younger of the women was about seventeen, and was in a fair way to win the field against the older one, when we came up, for the latter was very corpulent, and her wind did not hold out well. But what a sad picture of morals was this. What a wife and mother might *she* be expected to make, who at seventeen had engaged at fisticuffs with her grand-mother.

From Marietta I went by boat up to Wheeling, where I tarried several days, and thence to Beaver, Pennsylvania, which is at the confluence of the river of that name with the Ohio, twenty miles north of Pittsburg. It is a spot of almost unrivaled beauty. The former river is rendered slack by lockage for twenty miles up it, and the motive-power it furnishes is so considerable as to have caused numerous manufacturing villages to spring up within that distance on its shores. I tarried thereabout for several days, at the elegant residence of my friend, Ovid Pinney, who thereafter conducted me into the Western Reserve of Ohio; first to Youngstown, then to Warren, then to Bristol, and lastly to Parkman; a distance in all of about sixty *miles*. Thence I was conducted to Ravenna, where re*sides* my old co-laborer, George Messinger; and thence to

Akron, where lives another, who was a co-laborer with me in the former field of my toils, Nelson Doolittle, whom, and his family, I was right heartily glad to see, both on their own account, and for "auld lang syne." I spent much time about there, in professional employments, of course; no otherwise is time of mine ever spent, nor do I wish it ever to be. I preached several times at a place up the canal from Akron, called Peninsular, where lived several warm and simple-hearted believers, two of whom were natives of Sweeden. I also visited Cleveland, and the labor-ground not far from thence of S. Hull, who ministers to the several societies of Olmstead, Laporte, and Medina. When I failed to find conveyance, I conveyed myself afoot. Think of me preaching two sermons to a congregation in the woods; then riding fourteen miles the same afternoon to Massillon; and thence proceeding up the tow-path of the canal on foot until twelve o'clock at night. This I did to enable myself to meet an engagement at Akron on the next day. An eccentric but shrewd and intelligent preacher of Akron, by some means got knowledge of that adventure, and he took occasion to introduce it into one of his sermons, by way, I presume, of illustrating the length to which men will sometimes go in promoting a *bad* cause.

I accompanied N. Doolittle to Newbury, where he held a public discussion for four days with a Doctor Alford, of the society denominated Free-will Baptists. Good temper, a good degree of calmness, and a high order of polemical ability, were displayed by both the disputants. I preached during the evenings of the debate to very crowded audiences. It were useless, and unfair besides, to award the palm to either of the combatants, or to express an *exparte* opinion as to the relative weight of argument between them.

On the 20th of September of that year, commenced the session, at Akron, of the United States Convention of Universalists: this was the first time that a session of that body had taken place west of the Allegheny Mountains, and it proved a season long to be remembered by all who were present at it. The meetings of the occasion continued over five days, and, throughout, an audience of not less than five thousand persons were in attendance. Nothing could exceed the order that was preserved; the quietude *maintained; the* attention given, both within the church

and without, from eight o'clock each morning, until—with intermissions for refreshment—about ten o'clock each evening.

To accommodate so immense an audience, so that all might hear, the arrangement was perfect. The windows were taken out of the north side of the church, and an enormous tent-cloth extended on that side over an arrangement of temporary seats. The speakers then took their stand in one of the window-spaces, where a temporary desk was erected, and thus they had the audience within the house on their left hand, and the audience without on their right. The weather was warm and dry throughout the term, so that there was no choice between a seat out of doors and one within.

Oh, what a delightful season was that! What an image of the land of the blessed, where five thousand persons are listening to gospel strains with beaming countenances, and hearts which thrill in harmonious unison to the themes of God's paternity; man's brotherhood; sins eventual overthrown; death's destruction; hell's defeat; heaven's triumph; Satan vanquished; Christ victorious; the grave depopulated; heaven the home of all! Say, Sceptic, does your cold philosophy afford themes that can interest the human heart like these?

> "Lord of the worlds above,
> How pleasant, and how fair,
> The dwellings of thy love,
> Thine earthly temples are!"

I wonder not at the Psalmist's aspiration when he exclaimed, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord forever, that I may behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in his temple."

From Akron I returned, my family being with me, on a canal boat, to Hebron, about one hundred and fifty miles, where the canal is crossed by the National Road. It was ten o'clock on a Saturday night when we reached that point, and our first business was to arouse from their beds some one of the several excellent families of our friends there, that we might procure their assistance in getting to Columbus, twenty-seven miles, in time for my appointment there on the next day.

The family on whom we called, Henry Lyon, rendered us the most cheerful and ample aid to that end, although

more than half the night was necessarily consumed in making the requisite arrangements. After I had preached a Sabbath and several evenings at Columbus, we returned to Hebron, and proceeded thence to Zanesville, where also we spent a Sabbath, and thereafter took a steamboat from thence to Cincinnati, which we reached after a passage of thirty hours.

Quite a pleasant trip is it, the reader must know, from Zanesville down the Muskingum river, which is rendered navigable, by lockage for steamboats of a pretty large class; the distance is about eighty miles. On the way are some six or seven villages, and besides them the shores exhibit, not, to be sure, a very rich, but a pleasingly varied landscape; now wooded hills; now grassy slopes; now tracts of level bottom-land; now precipitous ledges; and now a grouping of all these into one scene of beauty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Visits St. Louis, Troy, Missouri; Alton, Illinois; Robertson county, Nashville, and Memphis, Tennessee; also, Vicksburg, Jackson, and Brandon, Mississippi.

I spent my first Sabbath from home at Rising Sun, Indiana, where our friends have a good meeting-house and well organized society.

The Methodists there were holding a protracted meeting. I was present at one of their services on Monday: the sermon was so-so. It had no relation to *moral* duties, or the obligations between man and man, its sole end seemed to be to prevail on certain women to go forward and kneel at a semi-circular railing, termed an "altar,"—most significantly so named too, I think, for thereon are sacrificed, alas, how often, religion, good sense, decency, and many a guileless heart. Well may they call it an "altar." The preacher, instead of finishing his sermon in the desk, came out while still speaking, and concluded it with a wild rant on the platform within the railing; this he paced to and fro, bawling, and swinging his arms, at a rate that made him appear supremely ridiculous. If the gentleman could have seen his own picture at the time, it would have satisfied him at once that he was disfiguring

God's workmanship in a most culpable degree. It was a failure, so far as *he* was concerned; the "mourners" would not go up to the "altar" at his bidding.

Whereupon the matter was taken in hand by the preacher in charge, a Mr. D., who had rendered himself somewhat noted as a successful operator in that business. He commenced operations by gently upbraiding the mourners for not coming up to the altar—he prayed the tender-hearted Jesus to forgive them the heinous sin; "you have thereby missed," said he, "one precious opportunity of being prayed for by the people of God, and of being counselled by his ministers. O blessed Jesus!" he exclaimed, "have mercy upon them. Immaculate Lamb! lay thy comforting hand upon their hearts!" etc. Still none moved forward. I began to feel a sincere sympathy with the actors in this awkward drama, and to attribute the failure to the fact of its being enacted in the light of day; which every body knows is unfavorable to such performances.

It soon appeared, however, that Mr. D. had not yet pulled *all* his wires: finding that the maudlin sentimentalism about Jesus, which is usually resorted to by preachers of his class to make women weep, had by too oft repetition lost its power on this occasion, he changed his tone to one of piping self-commiseration. He had been reminded while praying in his closet that morning of his own poor wasted body, his poor pale face, his poor feeble limbs; they would soon see the last of their poor brother D.—his poor stammering tongue would soon lie silent in the grave, etc. The dear sisters began now to weep in earnest, they were more liberal of their tears to brother D.'s case than to that of Jesus; and now it was that the artful actor sprung his last wire. "Up now, and come forward, every one of you," cried he, "church members and all. Come all of you, simultaneously, and bring the mourners with you."

And sure enough, obedient to the injunction, the members arose *en mass*, and rushed to the altar, dragging the mourners with them. I had supposed myself acquainted with the various clap-traps resorted to on these occasions, but I was not prepared for this. I was previously aware that persons, deeming themselves to have been already converted, were in the habit of going to the altar in the character of mourners, as mere decoys for others; but I

had not supposed the moral sense of a whole church to have become so far blunted as to practice such duplicity. O, God, what is to be the fate of christianity in the world when it is thus shamelessly perverted?

My third Sunday was spent at Troy, Missouri, which from St. Louis is about fifty-three miles northwesterly; the ride to it passes through a country of moderate fertility, part of which is scantily wooded, and a part consists of prairies. It crosses the Missouri river at St. Charles, which is a handsomely situated, paved, and well built town. Troy is the seat of justice for Lincoln county, it is a small place, built without any discernible plan; its stores and tenements stand where they do, because they stand no where else. They shelter an excellent community of people, nevertheless, the substratum whereof are Yankees, who emigrated thither forty years ago, for the sake of a bounty in land which was granted by the Spanish authorities to actual settlers, previous to the territory's being purchased by the United States. These old people had, after crossing the Mississippi, to cut their way to their present abodes through a forest unbroken save by prairie land.

I was amused on my way to Troy at the imperturable philosophy of a couple of hogs, who were making their meal from the carcass of a horse; meanwhile their right in the carcass was being noisily disputed by a flock of carrion-crows, which were flying about them and *cawing*, lighting on their backs, and picking them most energetically with their beaks; all this, however, did not in the least disturb the equanimity of the hogs; they kept to the point with a most business-like perseverance, not stopping to discuss the abstract question of right, but keeping at their work like those who felt that they owed a duty to their stomach's, which they were bent on discharging at all hazards; they even treated the crows as if they didn't know they were there. Of all your *practical* philosophers, commend me to the hog. Very sage *precepts*, and *rules of life*, may be drawn from Plato, Epictetus, Solon, and others, but the hog concerns not himself at all about *maxims*—the *practical* part of the matter is what engrosses his attention. He may lose an ear or tail in quest of a dinner, but as these appendages merely set off his personal appearance to advantage, he can easily resign *himself to their loss*; for being a rigid utilitarian, and

without a particle of poetry in his composition, he sets little value on the mere ornamental parts of life.

I preached three sermons in Troy, to very good and attentive congregations. The Court-house is the only building used as a house of worship in the place. Our friends there are not numerous, nor wealthy, but they are strong in purpose, and by their excellency of character do credit to the cause they profess.

About half way between St. Louis and Troy, on the waters of Dardine, is another little society of Universalists. Esquire Farnsworth, whose family constitute its principal members, is one of the stock of old members aforementioned. I delivered two sermons there, and made Esquire Farnsworth's hospitable home my resting place.

I was to have been in Princeton, Kentucky, on the fourth Sunday in December. Well, early in the week preceding I bespoke a passage to Smithland, in a boat that was positively to leave at ten o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday. She was so far punctual that she started forty-nine hours after that time, which certainly was acting more nearly up to promise than western boats sometimes do. Steamboat Captains and clerks are usually a gentlemanly class of men; it is to be hoped, for their sakes, that the punishment for lying is something more agreeable than the being roasted in fire and brimstone.

Finding that I could not reach Princeton in time for my appointment, I got into another boat and went up the river, to Alton, Ill., where I remained until the following Wednesday, with J. P Owen, of the Upper village, in whom and his wife, I found a brother and sister indeed. Alton occupies a high and very broken site, on the east shore of the Mississippi, about two miles above the mouth of the Missouri: it is doubtless a busy; but very unsightly place: its buildings are devoid of elegance its main business street is narrow, and in wet seasons, excessively miry. Upper Alton is distant from Lower about three miles. A Baptist College is there located: it is a massive fabric of brick, in a better style of architecture than college buildings usually exhibit.

I read, while at Alton, the life of Lovejoy, who some years ago was killed by a mob at that place, on account of his persevering advocacy of negro emancipation. It was *a misfortune* for the memory of Lovejoy—a misfortune *for the* cause to which he was a martyr, that he died with

arms in his hands, and, if public report belie him not, with the blood of one of his murderers on his skirts: it had been better for him to die praying for his murderers, in imitation of his Lord, rather than in resisting unto blood; nevertheless I deny not that his course was justifiable, on *legal* and even on simply *moral* grounds.

In company with Mr. Owen I visited the burial ground in which he was interred. It is large, and has once been well enclosed, but the paling is now in a ruinous state: the yard is much overrun with scrub-oak bushes. The stone slabs and monuments are broken and lie strewn about, and the whole scene is adapted to bring to the meditative heart the chilling truth, that the dead soon lose their places in the remembrance of the living. Among other ruins I noticed a beautiful obelisk lying prostrate, and broken: it was evident that some Vandal agency had been employed in effecting such dilapidations, and to me it is a mystery how surviving friends, after testifying their respect by the erection of costly tombs and columns, should suffer the sacred precincts to be thus desecrated for lack of a little cost or care to keep up the enclosure! It was with some difficulty we were enabled to identify Lovejoy's grave: the memoir describes it as lying between two oak trees, with the head to the north and the foot to the south. We at length turned over a decayed piece of board on which we found his initials; this was the head-board of Lovejoy's grave! it is little larger than an ordinary shingle, the letters on it will soon be obliterated, and then, as no mound or other token distinguishes the spot as a grave, it will be hard to designate the spot where sleeps the martyred Lovejoy! Alas! for him—if worldly ambition was his object, he hath his reward.

I arrived in Nashville on Thursday evening, and on Saturday, the 6th, proceeded on to Robertson county, thirty miles due north from Nashville, in a vehicle sent to convey me thither. Arthur Woodard, of this district, is a striking instance of the much that can be accomplished for a good cause by a zealous and liberal layman: to him, as an instrument, is mainly owing the mental emancipation of the numerous individuals in Robertson county, who are now rejoicing in the gospel of a world's salvation: he is at great pains to procure a copy of every new book that issues from the Universalist press; several of these he has had sent him by mail at a postage equaling their retail

cost: he has lent them freely to all who were willing to read: he solicits patronage to our periodicals, and collects the pay for the same when due; for those who have not the money by them, he advances it, and takes the risk of being repaid. He has not thus liberally sown in vain, on the contrary he has the satisfaction of seeing a fair harvest of truth brightening around him. Long may he live to aid in spreading the gospel, and to rejoice in its triumphs!

I was two weeks and two days in Robertson county, and delivered in the time nineteen sermons: the weather was for the most of the time very inclement, and the nights extremely dark, but nothing could prevent the people from turning out. The interest was on the increase during the whole term of my stay; even the women with babies would attend from a distance of several miles, riding on horseback through mud and darkness. Dogs in a considerable number attended too, "but the word spoken did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Neither babies nor dogs are profitable auditors, to my thinking; the latter will get to growling sometimes, and the former will set up a squalling almost always, and this sort of music, methinks, is no aid to the general devotion, nor has it any great respect for the rules of harmony.

Robertson county, and indeed all that part of Tennessee, and the adjoining region of Kentucky, abounds with caves, springs, and rivulets, of a most picturesque description; nearly every cave in the country is the birth-place of a rivulet, which rushes from it with rapidity as if in haste to escape from its dark prison and cheer itself in the sun-beams. Either of these would be a little fortune to a person in the vicinity of a large city; thousands would resort to it in sultry weather for the coolness and poetry of the scene. One on the farm of Mr. Menice — formerly a Baptist preacher, at whose residence I held one of my meetings—exceeds in romantic prettiness anything of the kind I ever saw; the cave is only about twenty yards in horizontal depth—its base on a plain with the ground; it resembles a mimic gothic arch, about four feet high, and three feet wide at the base: from its smoothness and uniformity of figure, it has the appearance of having been chisled out of the solid rock by human art; and as the

rock is of whitish limestone, the cavity is sufficiently light for the eye to scan it in all parts; its whole breadth is occupied by the rivulet, which seems to gush in full volume from its innermost end. For mere beauty this little cave and spring carry off the palm from anything I have ever seen. On Thomas Woodward's place is a cave, and a stream issuing from it, on a larger and ruder scale; this stream is so large as to turn a grist-mill within a few yards of its source. Near Arthur Woodward's again, are a cave and spring which differ from the two former; in this case, the rivulet, after escaping from its prison, runs in a less broken and interrupted channel; it winds in easy and graceful curves, pent by solid rocks, along its whole length, within a channel so narrow that one can anywhere step across it, and its depth, withal, is so uniform as to give it the appearance of a race cut out by hand. Fancy, reader, such a rock-bound and winding rivulet; pelucid as a dew-drop; singing its own merry little song as it goes gliding under green arcades of natures own formation—what a thing to be dreamed of by the parched subject of a fever! What a picture to haunt the fancy of a toil-worn traveler over scorched and sandy wastes!

I was conveyed back to Nashville, where, in the course of my sermon I reviewed an argument against Universalism, which I have more than once heard from Methodists, and *only* from them.

Thus it runneth, When in this world saints are shouting and praising God, sinners are not comfortable among them, they make it manifest that they are out of their element. Ergo, sinners, if even they were admitted into heaven, would be incapable of enjoying themselves there—the employments there would be unsuited to their tastes, etc. I showed that this argument proves too much. Bring a Quaker, said I, into a noisy Methodist meeting—will he enjoy its hubbub? No, surely, he will suspect the worshippers of being crazy, or something worse. On the other hand, take a noisy Methodist into a quiet Quaker meeting. How now? If he stay there, he will assuredly go to sleep. I went on farther and showed that Protestants are not comfortable amidst the worship of the Catholics, nor the latter amidst the worship of the former; nor the different protestant sects amidst the worship of each other, etc. What then? Why this: all sects but those who exactly coincide must be kept out of heaven, for none else

would be comfortable *there*, inasmuch as they are not *here!*

Princeton, Kentucky, was my next destination, it is the seat of justice for Caldwell county, and contains a Cumberland Presbyterian College. From Eddyville on the Cumberland river, forty-five miles above its junction with the Ohio, Princeton is twelve miles. I debarked at the former point on Saturday evening after dark, and walked the next morning the twelve miles between it and the latter. The morning was very, *very* cold, the road deeply cut up, was frozen as hard as a rock, and almost impassably rough. I walked, because to have rode would have been a cold and slow operation, and my appointment demanded that I should go at *some* rate. Let no future slanderer of our faith cite the instance of this Sabbath-day walk, as an illustration of the evil tendencies of Universalism; for I met a Methodist preacher *riding* to his appointment; but perhaps there is not so much sin in breaking the Sabbath on horeback, as on foot; the latter being a more *vulgar* mode of locomotion.

I commenced my meetings at Princeton in the Methodist church, which I occupied three successive nights, preaching to large congregations, composed of persons of all sects. I had obtained the grant of the house for the whole series of meetings, but on the fourth day there arrived a very great personage; "*Preacher in Charge*," is his august title, and the master by virtue thereof, is he, of the souls, bodies, and churches of all the Methodists within his jurisdiction, and, some say, of their *hen-roosts* to boot; but for that I will not avouch. At all events this stupendous personage locked the door against me on the fourth night, and put the key in his pocket. I therefore held the residue of my meetings, in the Seminary kept and owned by J. C. Weller, Esq., who, though an avowed Universalist, is a member of the Methodist church, and one of its main stays. My congregation suffered no diminution in consequence of my unceremonious ejectment from the meeting-house. The weather was as inclement as it could well be, and the walking almost impracticable, but through it all, men, women, and children continued their attendance with undiscourageable perseverance. To what effect I preached at Princeton, and the people listened, time will make manifest. I had some of their clergy to hear me nearly every night, and the President of the College among the rest

It was about two o'clock in the morning of February 12th, 1844, when I landed at Vicksburg. It is not a place for a stranger to feel his way into, from the landing, of a dark night; in good sooth he would need twenty necks, and might be thankful if he broke no more than nineteen of them in the attempt. As I have but one such convenience, I did not try it, but took lodging until morning in one of the store-boats, where such accommodations are afforded. My bed was a sort of upper shelf in a narrow closet; magniloquently entitled a state-room; with a single dirty affair called a comfortable, scarcely a yard in width, for a covering; and for this accommodation from two till six o'clock, I was charged fifty cents, and thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for the shelter of my baggage during the same time. So no one need covet a night's debarkation at Vicksburg, nor indeed at any other point on these southern shores. A loafer who was just drunk enough to be super-abundantly good-natured and super-serviceable, dogged me with his polite attentions from the moment of my landing until I was lighted up to my lodgings. I first had to satisfy his curiosity as to the contents of my trunk, which being filled with books, was very heavy; then I had to tell him my name, avocation, faith, etc. At the mention of my faith he redoubled his kind interest in my behalf, on his good mother's account, as he said, who was a Universalist, and one of the best of women; but as to himself, he emphatically declared, he never could believe in that doctrine; he was afraid to risk it; afraid it wouldn't float a man when his boat went down; there must be a hell; if there was not, people would get drunk, steal, and do all sorts of mischief, etc. Poor fellow! he talked no better sense on the subject than even orthodox preachers usually do.

After rambling about the town and its environs till I was weary, I inquired my way to the residence of Judge Springer, where I was readily welcomed, and remained until the next day, when I took passage on the railroad to Jackson, the State capital, which is distant from Vicksburg fifty-six miles.

My night meetings were held in the old State House, used at present as the Presbyterian chapel. On Sunday, through the intervention of the President of the Senate, I twice occupied the Senate Chamber, than which it is

doubtful if there is a more magnificent public hall in the United States, except in the capitol at Washington.

I proceeded, on Monday, 19th, to Brandon, twelve miles easterly from Jackson, on a mule that was sent from thence for my use; it proved to be as unreasonable a brute as ever prophet, since Balaam, bestrode; it was callous to every form of argument which I could address to it, and when I tried the *argumentum ad hominem*, in the form of a whip and spur, it maintained so dogged an indifference as to convince me that the same had been applied to it with much greater emphasis before; it was clearly an incorrigible case. The result was, I got benighted, and did not reach Brandon in time for my appointment by more than an hour. However, I commenced on the next evening, and continued my lectures till over the following Sabbath, delivering there and in the vicinity, eight in all. The Presbyterian clergyman was a regular attendant, and was steadily employed in taking notes, of which, no doubt, he meant to make free use when I should leave the parts.

I returned to Jackson, on the 26th, and preached for four successive evenings; thus my lectures in Jackson amounted to eight in all. I had the attendance of the Governor on one or two evenings, and of several gentlemen of high respectability and intelligence, through the course. My audience, however, except on the Sabbath, was not large: not exceeding from forty to sixty persons; yet they were said to be very good, "considering"—that is, considering that the Jacksonians, like the citizens of southern towns generally, are in little danger of going crazy on the subject of religion; and yet, strange to say, they are all of them quite sure there is a hell in another world, for the punishment of those who are irreligious in this! In addition to the regular hearers, we had every night, more or less, of what may be termed "a floating population;" these were such as, in passing, would step in to gratify curiosity for a few minutes, and then step out again. And some of these (the Marshal of the district, in particular,) really took it in high dudgeon because I demurred at being thus treated with as little reverence as though I were a political harranguer, or the master of a dancing bear! "High times, by G—d! that a gentleman can't, in a free country, run in and out of church to suit *his* own convenience!"

I had to exercise my utmost ingenuity to keep together

the slender audience which tardily and scatteringly collected. Not two minutes must pass without some kind of exercise, or I should doubtless have lost the half of them in the interval; for in the larger southern towns the people are characterized by that restlessness of habit which makes them impatient of every thing which does not tend either to their pleasure or wordly interest. Pleasure and gain are the deities at whose shrine every knee bows, and every soul does homage. The God of heaven only knows, whether the heart's offerings at his own throne are nearly as sincere and undivided.

I arrived by steamboat at Memphis, on the afternoon of March 25th. On inquiring for a Universalist, I was referred to Mr. Chase, who recognized me without an introduction, as he had heard me preach in the interior of the State several years before. He immediately went with me to the residence of Z. Rudolph, who also proved to be a former acquaintance, in whose company I had several times been at Elkton, Maryland. I, of course, felt much at my ease there, and continued in the place for two weeks, "preaching the kingdom of God." This was the first preaching of the kind that had ever been heard in that thriving and superbly situated town. It was listened to with attention, and ardent wishes were expressed for the permanent settlement of one of our ministers there, which circumstance has since happily taken place.

The influence of Universalism is much needed in the South; it is needed not only for the benevolence and mildness it would infuse into the public heart, but also for the deeper conviction it would beget of the truth of Christianity; the greater confidence it would inspire relative to the goodness and superintending care of the Creator; the new beauty it would enable the people to discern in the pages of inspiration, and the apparent doubtfulness, mysticism, inconsistency, and contradictions, which it would remove therefrom.

Gentlemen in the South, of the first eminence, many such, have expressed to me the delight they experienced at finding, from my representations of the Scriptures, that they *could be Christians without a surrender of their reason, or a shock to their benevolence.*

CHAPTER XIX.

Various journeyings in North-western Pennsylvania, Western New York, Upper Canada, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois.

I left the Queen City on the 20th of June, 1844, in the packet *Ashland*, which, with another of inferior elegance and accommodation, plies regularly between Cincinnati and Portsmouth. I found myself at the latter place on waking next morning, and I sauntered over it for the double purpose of a survey, and of finding a co-believer. I succeeded but indifferently in the latter object, and had just began to feel fatigued and lonesome, when a known and friendly voice greeted me by name; the owner whereof proved a particular acquaintance, who had a canal-boat in charge, which was in an hour or two to start for my point of destination. Of course I became a willing passenger with him.

Reached Chillicothe the next evening, where I found Thomas Gilmer, with whom I tarried, and for whom I preached on the Sabbath, morning and evening. Chillicothe is an elegant little city, well shaded, well paved, and containing a larger proportion of tasteful edifices than any other town of similar size in the State.

On Monday, Thomas Gilmer drove me to Circleville, nineteen miles, whence the same evening I took another boat bound for Cleveland; where, with our then pastor there, G. H. Emerson, I tarried a pleasant day or two, waiting for a boat, and bathing, meanwhile, in the pure and bracing waters of the Lake. Bathing is a luxury which, in the season for it, I never forego, when an opportunity affords for indulgence therein, and that as well for the health as for the pleasantness thereof.

It was nearly sun-down, when the steamer Missouri, in which I took passage from Cleveland, touched at the wharf in Erie harbor. Amongst the crowd collected there, of porters in quest of employment, and friends in quest of friends, I soon saw the eager eyes of Henry Gifford glancing over the mass of passengers who thronged the deck, in the expectation of their lighting on a certain personage from Cincinnati, of whose purposed coming on that day he had been forewarned. Nature has kindly furnished *little men* with an instinct for making a due amount of *fuss*, to avoid being lost sight of in the thronged pathways

of life, and I was not long in attracting my friend's eye to the right spot.

Erie does not present a business-doing aspect, but it is a charmingly pleasant town; it is well built; and from it radiate roads in various directions of the very finest character. The country through which these run is but slightly undulated, of very pleasing surface, and affording at intervals, when the eye is directed lakeward, the most gorgeous prospects imaginable.

My stay in Erie was from the evening of the 3d, till the evening of the 16th, during all of which time I was the guest of Henry Gifford; from whom and his wife I received the attentions which but accorded with the uniform kindness of their character.

I embarked on the General Wayne, on the evening of the 16th; and found myself in the harbor of Buffalo next morning. As compared with Cincinnati that city is more magnificently built; its streets are broader, and, (what the latter, much to its discredit, has not) it has public squares. Its harbor, too, is incomparably more crowded with vessels, of every size and rig, and presents a greater show of business. Yet, withal, Cincinnati, to my fancy, is a far pleasanter city—its buildings exhibit less *pretention*, indeed, but they are in better taste, and wear a more comfortable air.

On the 10th of June, I started for the great falls, in the steamer *Waterloo*. The scenery, as we glided down the Niagara river, fell greatly short of my expectations. The shores are flat, and the improvements on either side are nothing to boast of. The only noticeably beautiful feature in the landscape is the stream itself; so rapid, so deeply blue, so clear withal. And then its destiny! to descend, by a single plunge, into a gulf of two hundred feet in depth!

After the many descriptions of Niagara, which have been given by various hands, an attempt at the same by mine might seem presumptuous. But, reader, in one respect these same falls have been exaggerated; they are not as *overwhelmingly* sublime, as they are generally described as being. Truth is, that the *beautiful* in that most gorgeous scene far transcends the awful. Or, it may be more accurate to say, that the beautiful is *so* transcendant, at least, as to detract from that gloomy grandeur which *is so essential an* element in the sublime. Oh! it is un-

speakably beautiful. In this respect no pen has done it justice; no pen *can* do so. A feather from an angel's wing, dipped in rainbow hues, might approximate a description of it; but it is impious presumption for human hand to attempt it. Every thing in its vicinity is beautiful. Goats Island, which divides the cataract, is a perfect gem of beauty; and the woods which skirt the falls on the American side, are so exquisite a scene as utterly to defy description.

But, for the life of me, I could not work up myself into feelings of *awe*—I tried to do so; I went, all alone, into points of view best adapted to inspire such feelings. I reflected that the wide and deep river over which I had glided but a few hours previous, the only issue from the inland oceans of Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, was tumbling at my feet from the height of nearly thirty fathoms. But it all availed not—my soul was drunk with the magnificent *beauty* of the scene, and every other feeling yielded to that of ineffable delight.

After seeing all that I could see by myself, I went up to the village, and found D. H. Strickland, pastor of the Universalist Society there, who accompanied me everywhere, where any thing of interest was to be seen. We bathed in the blue waters below the falls, within the reach of their spray; we also visited the whirlpool, three miles below, which, on my mind, produced a feeling more nearly allied to awe than any which the falls inspired. Fancy a gulph of three hundred feet in depth, with rocky, and nearly perpendicular sides, and along the bottom thereof a stream of most profound depth, rolling onward with a current of terrific rapidity. A sudden bend in this rugged gulph produces the whirlpool, by the check which the stream there receives from the wall of rock which opposes it at a right angle. It is a grand sight, if there happen to be timbers in the pool, which was the case when I saw it, to see them passing each other in opposite directions, and every now and then one of them brought by a sudden whirl into a perpendicular position.

On Thursday, I returned to Chippewa, and embarked on the steamer Emerald for Port Robinson, ten miles up the Chippewa River. There I saw some red-coated negro soldiers, who looked, and apparently felt, "ever so fine." From thence I passed in a boat up the Welland Canal, twenty-eight miles, to Dunville, where commences the

Grand River feeder of said canal, which has three times the width of the Miami canal in Ohio. Dunville affords great inducements to frogs and mud-turtles, seeing that its streets abound with puddles; and there is little else with which it does abound, except, perchance, such kinds of filth as would be to the taste of those aquatics.

From Dunville to Brantford is fifty-six miles, by the Grand River, which is rendered navigable by locks and dams. I passed it in a steamboat which plies regularly between the two places. For about half the distance the shores of the river are low and marshy, and are wooded with pines, but for the residue of the way they are higher and pleasingly varied. Brantford is a town containing full one thousand inhabitants: it has a handsome position amidst a fertile territory. Thence to London is sixty-three miles, which I passed in the stage, and saw on the route a much finer country than I was prepared to see in Canada; much of it, indeed, was as beautiful in surface, and as rich in soil, as even any part of the West can exhibit.

London, is on the river Thames: where else should London be? It contains some two thousand five hundred inhabitants, independently of the English troops which are cantoned there. It has not much to boast in the way of edifices, public or private, and its main, almost only, business dependence, is on the trade with the farming community for many miles around it. A Universalist church had been formed by the labors of A. G. Laurie, previous to my visit, and a meeting-house was in course of erection. I delivered a number of sermons in the town, to good congregations; and enjoyed, altogether, an exceedingly agreeable time there.

From London I was conducted to St. Thomas, sixteen miles, and thence to Sparta, eleven miles, at both which places I preached. Sparta is one of A. G. Laurie's stated preaching places. My meeting there, though on a week day in harvest time, was fully attended. From hence, father Miles, an intelligent and much respected old English gentleman, took me to his home on the Lake shore, near which I preached next day.

And how happens it, father Miles, inquired I, that you chose a spot so lonely as this for a residence, and so hemmed in by forest and bad roads? The amount of his answer was, that having adopted the Universalist faith

whilst a member of a Baptist society in England, he incurred much persecution thereby, and, in disgust, came over to Canada and located in a secluded place, in order to a quiet enjoyment of his religious faith. "And I must farther confess," said the old gentleman, "that the remembrance of an old song had no small influence on my choice of a situation—when I look upon the blue expanse of lake which stretches before my dwelling, I am reminded of the songster's wish for

> "A snug elbow chair, just fit for reclining,
> And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea."

On the day following, father Miles conducted me to Aylmer, where I preached at night to a very large congregation, and the next night to an equally large one at Temperanceville, where I was joined by Mr. Laurie, who came on purpose, (thirty-five miles from his home,) to conduct me to Smithville, which, from London, is distant one hundred and twenty miles.

From what I have seen of it, I have reason to think that all of that portion of Canada which lies between the Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, is equal both in fertility and beauty either to Western New York or Ohio. Its forest scenery is in many places exceedingly beautiful, owing to an intermixture of pines, spruices, and juniper, with oaks and other of the more common growths.

On Saturday, August 10th, commenced the meeting at Smithfield, called for the purpose of forming a Universalist Convention for West Canada: it concluded on the following Monday night, and besides eight sermons during its continuance, we had also three good, feeling, social meetings. Smithville was, till lately, included in Mr. Laurie's labor-ground, but the field becoming too large for his sole occupancy, he was compelled to restrict his labors to the region about London.

On Thursday, 12th, Mr. Laurie conducted me to Brantford, forty-five miles, where I preached on that evening and the next. Through all of Canada that I have seen, the practice prevails of forming their *trottiers*, or sidewalks, of pine plank; these when properly laid make not only a clean and pleasant, but also, as I am told, a very durable footway. It might not, however, be for the health *of some* of our Western folks to adopt them, for they have *been* so long accustomed to paddling through mud and

slop, that a change to comfort and cleanliness might occasion a violent shock to their constitutions. The plank *roads* of Canada is another improvement which has not yet been adopted in the States. It is as much superior to M'Adamization, as the latter is to the old-fashioned mode of turnpiking. Horses and vehicles pass over these roads as noiselessly as though they were passing over tan-bark, or sawdust; they *cannot* become miry at any time of year; neither rains nor frost can affect them, and they will endure ten or twelve years without repairs.

A. G. Laurie took leave of me at Brantford, to which point he had conveyed me, (and procured me conveyance,) over a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles in all. I am more than doubtful whether my visit to Canada was of consequence sufficient to repay him for so much trouble and cost of time.

From Brantford I was conveyed to Jersey Settlement, where I preached at night in the dwelling of a respectable old Universalist, who had never before heard the doctrine proclaimed in which he had for many years believed.—From thence I was 'brought on my way' (in Scripture phrase) to Hamilton, twenty-six miles from Brantford.

Hamilton has a population of five or six thousand souls. Its position is on the southern shore of a fine bay at the head of Lake Ontario; it has little to boast of at present in the way of magnificent buildings; but it is improving somewhat in that respect, and it will, doubtless, be a place of commercial importance in time.

At Hamilton I embarked for Toronto, on the steamboat Gore, which is a fast-going, snug, and comfortable little craft. Its Captain is a quiet and gentlemanly little man: its dinners by no means anti-dyspeptical, nor according to the Graham regimen; in short, it is a thoroughly English affair altogether, even to the roast beef and plumb pudding items in that category. With Toronto I was much pleased, beyond my expectations; it is nearly as large a city as Buffalo, and, to my thinking, a more agreeable one. I know of nothing in the whole United States that will at all compare with the grounds connected with the Upper Canada College, there; they are indescribably beautiful, and, being open to the public, they form a delightful scene for summer-evening strolls. I walked up one of the avenues, which was nearly a mile in length. In the middle runs a gravel carriage-way: on each side of

this is a strip of smoothly mown grass, and outside of that a stripe of bare turf for footmen. The latter is skirted by beautiful forest-trees, of various kinds, not growing in artificial rows, but in a hap-hazard way; as if nature had had her own way with them, and man had merely allowed them to stand in the beautiful order in which he found them. At the end of this avenue, another forms a right angle with it on one hand, and on the other a path diverges to a neat and shaded Inn, where, on summer evenings, a fine band is kept playing, and where also—alas! that it should be so—distilled ruin is allowed to be sold by the small.

King street, which is the principal business avenue of Toronto, is unsurpassed in the splendor of its stores, and in the regularity and general neatness of its buildings, by any business street west of Philadelphia.

At Toronto is a small Universalist society, without a meeting-house, or the prospect of one, except it may be in the dim distance, so far that a strong vision of faith is requisite to see it. My meetings there were held in a suit of parlors, belonging to an honest John Bull, who was, till recently, a deist, and whose Methodist wife regards Universalism with great favor, because of its having proved the means of making her husband a christian.

Returning to Hamilton on Monday, August 19th, I preached there on that and the next evenings, and was conducted back to Smithville on Wednesday, by Joseph Forsythe, who came thither for that purpose, a distance of twenty-three miles; which was a trouble quite disproportionate to the end obtained, but I could not make the kind-hearted Smithville friends believe it so. After preaching for them on Wednesday and Thursday nights, they again conducted me to the Falls, twenty-six miles, where I was to preach on Friday night. Judge of my pleasure, and of the home-feeling which sprang up in my heart, when, on arriving at the Falls, I found myself greeted by D. R. Biddlecome, his sister, wife, and wife's sister. Why, I was back in Ohio again at once. It was next thing to hearing a bark of welcome from my own house-dog.

Subsequent to my tour in Canada, I visited Nathaniel Stacey, at Columbus, Pennsylvania, which is forty miles from the town of Erie. We have not in our denomination a minister who is more beloved and venerated, or who deserves to be so. He is a man of patriarchal simplicity

of character, and closely approximating his seventieth year. His sole property is an indifferent dwelling, with an acre of ground thereto pertaining; which latter he cultivates with great industry and judgment. He also preaches every Sunday, either at home or elsewhere, besides making occasional distant excursions, when professional engagements so require. The old gentleman got a horse and buggy, and took me about to introduce me to his people. For full three miles in one direction from the village, *every family is Universalist in faith*, and they are quite thickly settled along that road too; it bears the cognomen of Universalist street, and it exhibits throughout, in the tenements and premises, the thrift and neatness for which Yankees and their descendants are noted.

Thence I went to Chatauque county, New York, where, and in Erie county, I continued for nearly two months, preaching from place to place. At their particular solicitation, I spent three weeks within the parishes of T. L. Clark and C. H. Dutton, who appointed meetings for me in different places, and kindly conveyed me to the same; and at the close of my term there I was re-conveyed by the latter some forty or fifty miles back towards Erie. This was my fourth and last Sabbath at Erie. My tarry there, during my several visits, was from first to last rendered in the highest degree agreeable by the unwearied attentions of Henry Gifford and wife, whose only fault with respect to me was, that they manifested *too* much solicitude for my comfort.

It was with no very agreeable apprehensions in regard to roads and water, that so late in the season as toward the end of September, I proceeded to Detroit with the the purpose of prosecuting my journey home by the circuitous route through Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana. Detroit did not strike my fancy very agreeably; its better class of buildings are more massive than elegant; it wants the front gardens of the Queen City, her shaded avenues, her environs of picturesque hills; it wants, in short, with the exception of a fine position, exceedingly fine, all things but cumbrous edifices and muddy streets.

I left for Ann Arbor by railroad on Monday morning, which is distant forty miles, and is, from its situation on the Kalamazoo river, and its clean gravelly soil, a very pleasant place. The same is true of all the towns I saw in Michigan; they are all finely situated, well-built, taste-

fully laid out, and exhibited a thrift that I was not prepared to witness in so young a State.

I preached eight discourses at Ann Arbor, including three on a Sabbath, and a funeral sermon preached in the Methodist church. J. Billings, who resides there, and is one of the most industrious of men, is the only one of our Michigan preachers I saw in my journey through that State; for, in truth, I hastened on to Illinois with as little delay as was avoidable, on account of the lateness of the season. At Marshall the railroad terminates, a distance of a hundred miles from Detroit. Thence, about sun-setting, I made one of a company which filled three stages, destined for the town of St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan. I left the stage at Kalamazoo, forty-five miles westerly from Marshall, and hired a buggy conveyance next morning to Schoolcraft. The stage in which I was, on the night before upset within a few miles of Schoolcraft; it contained eight passengers, and an infinity of baggage, and came down, as may be supposed, with a stunning crash. I happened to be on the under side in the fall, and had two corpulent old gentlemen on top of me, who weighed more than two hundred each. It was amusing to hear the outcry to have the stage-door opened and to be let out. The two lusty old subjects on top of me got somehow entangled with each other, and whilst they were contending which should arise first, I had to remain in *statu quo* until that point was decided. Happily, no damage took place, except to the stage-lamps and windows. I received a slight internal bruise, which caused me to spit blood for an hour or two afterwards.

Schoolcraft is situated on Prairie Ronde, which is some four or five miles in diameter, with a large island, or timbered tract, in the centre. It is as beautiful and fertile a plain as the eye could desire to look upon. We have a society there, to whom I preached two evenings, and was thence conveyed to Three Rivers, thirteen miles, by A. Y. Moore, whose guest I had been at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, ten years before. I little dreamed, as he then told me of his purpose of emigrating to Michigan, that chance would ever bring me to be his guest in his new home. From Three Rivers, I proceeded by stage some thirty miles to Niles Village, which is situated on the St. Joseph River, and thence I hired a conveyance to South Bend, where I was to preach on the morrow, which was the third Saturday in November.

The valley of St. Joseph is broad, fertile, and heavily timbered, but to my fancy, not beautiful, for it presents a sameness of appearance that fatigues the eye by its monotony. Its soil differs from that of the Miami and Scioto valleys, it being far more sandy, which, in a dry time makes the traveling there a slow and toilsome business. With the most of Michigan which I saw, and I passed over some two hundred and fifty miles of it, I was exceedingly well pleased. Its oak openings are very fine, and the soil thereof is so mixed with gravel, as to be secure from deep mud in all seasons. Interspersed with its wooded undulations are low meadow tracts, which much resemble the salt marshes of the sea-board. These are not only now timberless, but in all probability were always so. They are of great advantage to the settler, no doubt, as they bear to the timbered tracts about the proportion that the meadow portion of a farm should bear to the arable.

At St. Joseph I was compelled to tarry a day and a night for lack of the boat, which usually starts at a stated hour every evening, for Chicago. It was Saturday, and I feared that the frequent accident of a gale, or sudden squall, *might* prevent my reaching the latter place in time for my appointment on the Sabbath; but I was more fortunate, and, although a pretty hard blow *did* occur during the passage, which tossed me about in my birth somewhat roughly, I found myself safe in port on arising next morning, and lost no time in wending my way to the residence of W. E. Manley, who is the pastor of the Universalist church at Chicago.

I preached there on the Sabbath, to good congregations. With the city itself I was by no means in raptures; its site is low, and nearly a dead level, and the country about it, is to a wide extent so flat, and tame, and treeless, that the eye looks in vain for agreeable objects in any direction. In its size, however, as well as in the stir of its business streets, Chicago surpassed my expectations; it is also, for its age, extremely well built, and furnished with good plank side-walks.

I was right glad to grasp once more the hand of W. W. Dean; to take my seat at his friendly fire-side, and to join him in the exchanges of conversation about old times and mutual acquaintances. And, to my surprise and delight, I found that I was in the midst of old and very intimate *friends, who,* as well as himself, had been looking with so-

licitude for my coming. These were some leading Universalists from Pennsylvania, amongst whom I spent the first four years of my Universalist ministry.

Having preached a Sabbath at Juliet, I was conveyed by Mr. Dean to Aurora, twenty miles, where I had the pleasure of finding G. W. Lawrence, who resides and preaches there. He, also, was from Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, and needed, therefore, no introduction to me. We got up a meeting, which was largely attended. On the next day Mr. Lawrence conveyed me to St. Charles, where I held some evening meetings.

On the following Sunday morning I was taken back to Aurora, in time for appointment at eleven o'clock. Aurora is a pretty village, and, with the valley of the Fox River in which it stands, I was pleased more, than with any other part of Illinois that I saw. It is a beautiful stream, furnishing good milling power along its whole length, and the bordering lands incline to it with an easy slope, which suffices to secure them against being inundated when the river is swollen.

Mr. Lawrence conveyed me back to Chicago, forty miles, where I had an appointment to preach on Monday and Tuesday evenings. After a tarry of a few days at Chicago, I proceeded by stage a second time to Juliet. The weather was foul and the roads deeply muddy. It had been my purpose, after preaching a night in Juliet, to proceed on to Peru the following Sunday, but Mr. Dean was so solicitous that I should spend another Sabbath with him, that I consented to do so; and in truth I little needed to be coaxed into that measure, for I felt exceedingly at home at Juliet.

My next stage was to Peru, sixty miles from Juliet. On the way, toward night, the king-bolt of the coach broke, in the midst of the prairie. The evening was keenly cold, and I the only passenger. The driver happened to have a spare bolt, but we had not sufficient strength between us to lift the body of the coach back to its place; and as to a rail for a lever, a prairie is not the best place in the world to find such an article. So, after straining my feeble strength to no effect, until I was both fatigued and thoroughly chilled, I sat out to get assistance at a house which I saw, and which I thought to be half a mile off *at farthest*; after making what speed I could toward it, *however*, for full half an hour, it actually seemed farther

from me than when I set out. I was amazed; I rubbed my eyes to clear their vision, and looked around me to see if I had not passed the house toward which I had first directed my steps. But no, no object but the stage was to be seen on the boundless expanse in my rear. At length I reached the house, and started off some help to the poor driver. I found the distance I had walked to be full two miles and a half! The Lord help the wight who gets wrecked on a cold night in a vast prairie! He will have a hard experience to tell thereafter, methinks, if he live to tell it.

I reached the mouth of Fox River about three in the morning, and slept till day at the ferry-house, when a passage had to be cut through the ice to Ottoway on the opposite shore. Whence, after breakfasting and partially surveying the place, which is superbly situated, I proceeded down the right shore of the Illinois river to Peru, which I reached about noon, and where I tarried a few days, holding evening meetings in the Presbyterian church. I found a few pleasant friends there, with some of whom I had been intimate ten years before, in Bradford county, Pennsylvania; they are relatives of the late Mrs. Scott, the poetess.

Few places in Illinois, or elsewhere, can have the audacity, I should hope, to dispute the palm of supremacy in ugliness with Peru. It stands in a straggling Indian-file along the base of a steep and unsightly hill, and with barely a strip for a road between it and the river.

Thence to Hennepin is sixteen miles. I proceeded thither by stage on Saturday, and preached that evening and on the following day to large congregations. John Libby was then residing and preaching there. On Monday he took me to Caledonia, and the next day to Magnolia, and thence again to the stage-road, on Wednesday, with the view of intercepting the stage for Chillicothe, where I had an appointment to preach that night. On our reaching the road, however, the stage had passed, and my only chance of avoiding a disappointment at Chillicothe, was, for Mr. Libby to carry me thither, twenty miles, and the Illinois River to cross into the bargain! "Dont say a word," interrupted he, as I began to plead for his taking me on, "I am made up to see you to your appointment in time, of course, so not a word need be said, my brother."

On our arrival at Chillicothe, the first voice which greeted me was that of an old familiar acquaintance, J. Moffitt, whom but the summer before I had met and parted with in the beautiful town of the same name in Ohio.

Thence to Peoria is twenty miles, where on a Sabbath and several evenings, I discoursed to moderately good audiences. In point of situation it is scarcely possible to over-praise that town. Nature would seem to have specially tasked herself to render it perfect. With the pastor of our society there, F. J. Briggs, I went on Christmas day to Farmington, sixteen miles westerly, on the melancholy errand of ministering at the burial of the wife of one of our preachers there, A. Kinney; who has since been called to share with his companion the rest of the grave. Mr. B. preached on the occasion a sermon of much soothing power.

From Peoria to Springfield, the State capital, is seventy miles, and thence to Terre-Haute is one hundred and forty miles, through seemingly interminable prairies. I preached in the former, eight sermons, to good audiences; and in the latter four, to very large ones. Thence home, by the way of Indianapolis and Madison, nearly two hundred miles, I found to be a journey which put one's bones to severe proof in being jolted over *corderoy* roads and causeways, somewhat less tenderly than though one's conductors conceived their freight to consist of looking-glasses or china-ware.

Reader, here endeth the details of these various rambles and experiences. The author would hope that your time in their perusal has not been unpleasantly, nor even unprofitably occupied. True, *your* share therein has been but imaginary, while *mine* has been real. But then, you know, in this mocking world, the *ideal* of pleasure often surpasses the *actual*, and you may at least console yourself with one advantage over your poor journalist, namely, that as you have not personally experienced the *pleasures* of his journeyings, so neither have you had the fatigues, exposures, discouragements, and vexations thereof; such things, you know, are sure to make a serious per contra in every account of pleasure in this chaneful life.

CHAPTER XX.

The state of Universalism in the West at the time of the author's first acquaintance with it; its present condition and prospects. Reflections on the style of preaching best adapted for permanent usefulness; and the peculiar mission of Universalism to mankind.

Little, comparatively, or to little visible effect, had been accomplished for Universalism in the West, at the period of my first acquaintance with it in 1834. The number of our preachers west of the Alleghenies, who gave themselves wholly to the work, did not exceed half a dozen. Of those, William H. Jolly, and N. Wadsworth, have long since gone to their rest. Asher A. Davis has removed to another field of labor; and but T. Strong, A. Sweet, E. Beals, and A. Bond, remain. Jonathan Kidwell had, aforetime, labored extensively in Ohio, and parts of Indiana; but the influence of years was upon him, and he had well nigh ceased from active labors. E. B. Mann, also, had journeyed over a wide portion of the West, and had scattered, broad-cast, our publications of various kinds, and he yet continues to achieve undoubted good in that path of labor.

Of meeting-houses, owned wholly by Universalists, there were but three in the whole West, and they were all in Ohio. A fourth was erected at Belpre the summer following my first western visit. A fifth was built at Perrysburg, on the Maumee River. Its erection and the formation of the society there, were effected by the instrumentality of D. R. Biddlecome, about the time, or shortly subsequent to it, that I was laboring at Cincinnati to the same ends.

Subsequent to my settlement in Cincinnati, meeting-houses were erected at Brimfield and Akron, through the labors, at the former, of J. Whitney, and at the latter, of Freeman Loring. Also, not long subsequrnt to these, a church was erected at Olmstead, by the instrumentality of S. Hull, who has since labored with zeal and to good effect in those parts, and is at present among the most efficient of our many highly useful and laborious ministers in Ohio.

But the feeble showing which our cause made in the way of churches and ministers, was far from being its most discouraging aspect. There was also an almost total absence of organization in the West, and a prevalent reluctance, on the part of persons professing our faith, to

come into any kind of ecclesiastical order. The consequence was, that our people were scattered like sheep without folds or shepherds. The country, however, was comparatively new, its civil and social state did not present the regularity and order which older communities are apt to exhibit. Moreover, (and I state not this censoriously, for I too, as the reader will have seen, had formerly erred in like manner,) much of the Universalist preaching in the West had been by men who were latitudinarian in their views of church government: they denounced the paying of ministers, the forming of churches, the adopting of creeds, and in short, the coming, as they termed it, "under ecclesiastical trammels of any sort." Well, the result was—what every body experienced in these matters is prepared to be told it was—one preacher after another was starved out of the field; some three or four others withdrew from us in disgust, and attached themselves to the Reformers. Scarcely any societies were formed, or meeting-houses erected, or unity of action to any useful ends effected; and the whole struggle for gospel truth, as *we* view it, would probably have been in time abandoned, but that the above-named devoted men, with the aid of here and there an active and influential laymen, labored hard to keep the languishing flame from extinguishment.

Such was the condition of Universalism in the West in 1834. There were then within the boundaries of the Miami and Ballou Associations, comprising Cincinnati, and thence northeasterly to Chillicothe, not a single meeting-house, nor a single preacher. A pork-house in Montgomery, was the place of meeting of the former at the time of its formation. No building more respectable could be obtained from the courtesy or the christian kindness of the citizens of that village. There are now within those bounds, twelve meeting-houses and ten ministers. That the number of both will be doubled within something more than half the same time to come, it is not extravagant to expect, nay, the prospect of it is almost certain. Organization is now there, and the "Sage called Discipline;" and where these are, everything, in a good cause, may be hoped for.

In Indiana, where a laxer discipline prevails, the changes in our favor have been less favorable; yet even there the increase, within the term of which I speak, has been *from nothing at all*, in the way of societies and meeting-

houses, to one of each at Patriot, Rising Sun, Madison, Terre-Haute, Dublin, Crawfordsville, Perrysburg, Dayton, Bake's Settlement, and Knightstown. At Fort Wayne, also, a worthy minister is now located, who will not fail of soon effecting there the same results. Nothing, indeed, is needed, but a systematic course of proceeding, to secure a triumphant prevalence of our principles through the length and breadth of that State.

As to Illinois, especially the northern half of it, the prospect is, that it will even outstrip Ohio, in the progress it will exhibit in favor of our cause at no distant date. In Kentucky, also, there is a recent waking up in various parts to an interest in the truth. The church planted at Louisville, in that State, by W. W. Dean, is undergoing much enlargement under the ministry of E. M. Pingree; and the zeal and liberality of Dr. W. B. Chamberlain, of Warsaw, seems to have diffused through a portion of that State a zeal and liberality similar to his own. And this reminds me to remark, that, among the agencies whereby these changes have been effected for our cause in the West, it is due that a prominent place be given to the labors and influence of several respectable laymen, whose well-judged and persevering efforts could hardly fail to have been followed by such results. Nowhere, so far as I know, is Universalism so greatly indebted for its prevalence to the efforts of laymen, and so little, comparatively to those of ministers, as in that quarter of the great West. I would that this held true every where, for nothing affords me sincerer pleasure, than to see respectable and influential laymen thus zealously affected in a good thing.

When I first removed to Cincinnati, I was, as a Universalist preacher, lonely enough. Between that city and the Gulf of Mexico, there was not another in that direction, nor due westerly in all the immense distance to the Pacific Ocean. As my wife deplored our removal to our then so lonely position, in respect to co-laborers in the same work, and I promised her, hopefully, that it would not be many years ere we should have as many ministering brethren around us as we had left behind—I confess that it secretly seemed to me more a fond prophecy of hope, than a matter of sober expectation. Yet it has been realized: O, thank God, *more* than realized.

And, surely, with reference to later kindred publications, *it will not be invidious* to say, that the STAR IN THE WEST,

in the hands of John A. Gurley, assisted by his able co-adjutor, E. M. Pingree, has, like the heart in the human organism, given a main impulse and vitality to this important moral movement. For many years before, it is true, the STAR had shed its welcome beams over that vast realm, whereof it is still the most cherished gospel light, after, of course, the Divine book itself; but at the time when John A. Gurley became its proprietor, its prospects had become dim for continuing to shine with the same steady beams as formerly; clouds had gathered around it, and there seemed a probability that its already partial would soon become a total obscuration. That probability has passed far and bravely by, thank God!

And to the spirit of order, too, which has kept steady pace in the West with the increase of ministers, the progress of truth is greatly indebted: for what, in *any* cause, *can* be effected without a well-concerted system of co-operative action? And does not such harmony of action of necessity imply, that the parties engaged therein are well organized? As well, methinks, might the accretion of particles be expected to take place independently of the attraction of cohesion, as for a scattered mass of co-believers to become a compact body, moving to a given end with unity of design and harmony of action, without the adoption of an uniform system of laws and government. True, by the force of its own grand truths, our doctrine has forced its way, as afore described, amidst all the hindrances of an imperfect organization and defective instrumentalities. What, then, may it not be expected to do, now that its efficiency is in both these respects so materially improved?

With respect to what should be the tone of pulpit labors, I hope I will be pardoned the presumption of adventuring some advice. How much preaching is there which has *no* perceptible relation to human morals, or to human interests! Disquisitions upon white-washing; the construction of mouse-traps, the prevention of night-mare; any such matters, though alien to the purpose for which people convene on Sabbaths, would be more germaine to the interests of the hearers, than are a majority of the polemical ebullitions to which they are compelled to listen by the hour. But of all that goes under the name and *pretence* of preaching, that which tends only to stir up *rancorous* feeling toward others, who entertain a different

faith from ourselves, is by an unspeakable difference, the most *execrable*, and he who indulges in it, I hesitate not to affirm, would be less injuriously employed if he were robbing on a public high-way.

To *young* preachers the inducement is strong to show off their smartness at the expense of opposing creeds: those creeds themselves, by their absurdities, often furnish a large part of the temptation, and the gratification to the preacher's vanity, afforded by the approving smiles and nods, and after-meeting commendations of the auditors, fully makes up the residue. But ah, me! how little worth is this sort of incense! From whom comes it in general? From the wise? the good? the sincere? the lover of Christ's cause? Seldom from either. More generally rather, from those who would applaud Paine's ribaldries, at the expense of *all* religion; from those who would grin approvingly at the insidious sneers of Hume and Gibbon; or indulge in full-mouthed laughter at the *Ecce Homo* of Chubb. The preacher is in bad keeping with his cause, methinks, who panders to the liking of such as these.

That preaching doubtless is best, which most tends to lodge useful truths in the minds of the hearers, and which does this in a way most compatible with christian kindness to all. By *useful* truth, I mean that which is available for practical purposes; for comfort under affliction; for encouragement amid the vicissitudes of life; for enlargement of the charities of the hearer; the elevation of their aims; and the increase of their confidence in God.

It may be well, then, to close this work with some remarks upon what I conceive to be the peculiar mission of Universalism to mankind.

I say the *peculiar* mission. I speak not invidiously, but truly; for the work to which I allude, seems, by the other sects of christendom, to be left exclusively to the Universalist body; and that body alone, by the doctrines it holds, is qualified for the doing of it.

The peculiar mission of Universalism, then, is, Firstly, to lay in the human mind a foundation of love, gratitude, and trust toward God. This it does by teaching that God eternally, unchangeably, and unconditionally loves mankind; that he created us for merciful ends, and in regard thereto he cannot and will not be thwarted; that he will not, for any cause whatever, allow himself to lose sight of *his benevolent* purposes toward us; for those were found-

ed, not on merit in us, but on goodness in himself, and on his relation to us as Creator and Father.

In this view, we can love the Deity, "because he first loved us." We can be grateful toward him, because, in conferring being upon us, he conferred what shall infallibly prove a blessing to us—an unspeakable blessing. We trust in him, because he never can vacilate or swerve from his purposes; "he cannot deny himself;" he cannot cease to be good, be we ever so evil. His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, but, by the immeasurable distance that heaven is from earth, are his ways *above* our ways, and his thoughts *above* our thoughts.

Secondly. It is the peculiar province of Universalism to draw man into closer union with man, by teaching that the fraternal tie is now, and forever shall be, commensurate with the entire race. When, therefore, we minister to a fellow man, of what condition, nation, complexion, creed soever, we minister to one who shall, with us, coinherit the Father's glory and felicity for evermore. We have, then, *reasons* for our philanthropy beyond what any other form of faith can possibly furnish; for ours is the only one which denies that all relation and sympathy between man and man, except in certain cases, shall cease at death; and not cease merely, but that actual hatred and scorn shall then spring up between the saved and the lost, and that such antagonism shall co-endure with their eternity of being.

Thirdly. It is a peculiarity of Universalism, that it makes the paths of righteousness *attractive;* not merely by the above considerations, but also by showing it to be *invariably* to man's *present* advantage to walk therein; and that by sinning, we *inevitably* secure *present* misery to ourselves. That vice may yield certain sensual gratifications, we deny not, for these form the allurements to its perpetration; but a heavy misery, we insist, a misery outweighing the pleasure a hundred fold, is the hard price at which these gratifications are obtained. Oh! to human weal, to the cause of virtue, it is immensely important that we succeed in implanting this truth deep in the universal mind of humanity.

Fourthly. Universalism has a mission full of cheer to man's hopes, full of soothing to his griefs, of satisfaction to his discontents, of reconciliation to his enmities. What *else can* staunch the wounds of the bereaved heart as it *can?* What can so reconcile man to the hardness of his

earthly lot? What so enable him to smile through his tears? What so satisfactorily explain the mysteries of present sin and suffering under the government of an all-benevolent and almighty Being? And hence,

Fifthly. To Universalism, peculiarly, belongs the work of freeing the religion of the Bible from the objections which seem to lie against it, as explained by other faiths. Now, although, as I am aware is the fact, each creed may claim in its own behalf this peculiar distinction, yet, that it holds true of our doctrine only, will be manifest to the reason of every reflecting person. As to how the divine benevolence is to be vindicated, for example, in relation to present sin and suffering, Universalism alone, can, by possibility, furnish the kind and degree of satisfaction which enlightened reason requires.

For how many bleeding hearts have the comforts of religion hitherto proved inadequate. To how much hopeless human wo has her voice of soothing failed to impart the needed consolation? And why is this? *Is* Christ's religion, then, unequal to the blessed ministries for which it was designed? *Has* the infinite love vainly essayed to reach, by the hand of religion, down to the uttermost depths of human misery? To these questions we unhesitatingly answer, *yes*—leaving Universalism out of the account. But, in view of that faith, we triumphantly answer, *No.*

No, thank God, no; it would overtask the ingenuity of man to suggest a case of earthly anguish, for which Universalism cannot point to an adequate remedy in heaven. And to do this, is an important part of her peculiar mission to mankind. And, then, furthermore, has not Universalism a mission, all her own, to man's resentments, to his pride, to his exclusiveness?

To the first, because she teaches that God forgives infinitely; and that we must love our enemies as he loves his. To the second, because in her creed all distinctions between man and man are ascribable to the Almighty Disposer of all things, "who distributeth to every man severally as He will." And, because, also, she inculcates that the God who maketh us thus to differ is the impartial Father and benefactor of all, and will bring all at length to a level of glory and blessedness. To the third, or the exclusiveness of man, Universalism conveys the reproof, *that we all have* a common origin, a common end, a common *relation* to God; are pensioners upon his bounty in

common; are in a common condition of sinfulness, and are therefore dependent, in common, upon his free mercy.

Now, in respect to all and singular of the foregoing offices in man's behalf, Universalism is peculiar. Other offices she has, in common with other forms of christianity, but these are exclusively her own. Is it, then, extravagant to hope that in proportion as her influence is felt on human society, the tone and morals of that society, its legislation, government, civil and criminal codes, its domestic and social institutions, all, must be very greatly improved?

Except humanity is sadly belied by the histories of the past, bad forms of faith have impressed upon it a character after their own likeness; and why may not humanity be influenced for good, also, by creeds of religion which are equitable and humane? That Jesus had in prospect a vision of such good results upon human society from his religion, is certain; and that such, through the vista of intervening ages, were seen by prophets of old as the fruits of Christ's spiritual reign among men, is equally certain. What transporting scenes pass before the eye of faith through the glass of prophecy. How far transcending the poetic fiction of an age of gold! The lion and the lamb lie down together; the din of war ceases; all men are seeking Zion, with their faces thitherward. The North gives up, the South keeps not back; the multitude of the Isles, the fullness of the Gentiles; sons from afar, and daughters from the ends of the earth; all eagerly throng the highway of holiness, and in all the holy mountain there is nothing to hurt nor destroy.

> "One song employs all nations, and all cry,
> Worthy the Lamb! for he was slain for us!
> The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other; and the distant mountains
> Catch the flying joy—till nation after nation
> Taught the strain, earth rolls the rapturous
> Hosanna round."

Now, although poetic fancy may somewhat have extravagated in its picturings of these events, yet to *my* faith, they are no mere dreams, nor the fond hopes with which the imagination is prone to please itself, but the foreseen results which the universal spread of truth is *likely* to produce in the condition of human society.—AMEN!

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